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HOOD'S MAGAZINE *for*

AND

Comic Miscellany.



OUR FAMILY:

DOMESTIC NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR LUCK.

OUR Uncle Rumbold, though fierce of aspect and manner, was not absolutely hard-hearted; and his pride relented considerably when he saw the maid-of-all-work come down stairs, with her eyes red and swollen with weeping. But his apologies were disclaimed. "It wasn't the searching her box," she said, "she didn't mind that, nor the being suspected, that made her cry, but the sight of her dear mother's hair, who died, poor soul! of a bilious calculation."

"Calculus," said my father, "calculus. But come, brother-in-law, let us inspect the premises, and have the constable's opinion of the burglary."

The trio accordingly repaired to the kitchen, where they minutely inspected the window and its fastenings, from which it appeared that a piece had been cut out of the shutter, so as to allow of the removal of the bolt, the sill was scratched and soiled with clay, and the ground, on the outside, bore in several places the imprint of a man's shoe or boot, thickly studded with hobnails. There was no doubt of the manner in which the entrance had been effected; and the parties having come to an unanimous conclusion on the subject, the constable was despatched to take the necessary steps for the discovery and apprehension of the offender or offenders. Uncle Rumbold undertook to order the printing and issue of the handbills, whilst my father, with a heavy heart, proceeded to his escritoire in the parlour, with

task before him which, to a man who disliked letter-writing in general, was a heavy infliction — seeing that he had to indite three several epistles, all on subjects of the most painful and disagreeable nature, namely, to the Board, with his resignation of office; to Mr. Ruffy, communicating the fate of his presentation tankard; and to the curate, conveying the loss of the silver-gilt salts.* It would have moved a heart of nether millstone to have seen how he spoiled pen after pen, and sheet after sheet of paper, vainly turning his eyes for inspiration from the mirror, with its bird and ball, to the ceiling or the floor, the wall or the window, the poplar-tree, and the blue sky. Oh, if my father ever envied a rich or great man, it was then, just then, for the sake of his private secretary!

To add to his distress, his usual resource in such emergencies was unavailable. In reply to his application for help, Mr. Postle had excused himself, under the pretence of urgent business in the surgery; but, in reality, the assistant was indisposed with a fit of spleen. He had heard of the affair of the search-warrant; and after indignantly asking of the jar of conserve of roses why Mrs. Prideaux had not been suspected instead of Kezia, had solemnly promised the pestle and mortar to pluck old Rumbold, at the very first opportunity, by the beard — a threat he would probably have put in execution but for a positive injunction from the injured maid, who overheard him pledging himself to the same effect to the bottle of leeches.

"No, Mr. Postle," she said, "you will do no such thing. It's a heathen fashion, to be sure, and makes him look more like a satire of the woods than a Christian: but when you consider what hangs on it, namely, the future prospects in life of our poor helpless innocent twins, you'll respect his beard as if it belonged to Moses or Aaron. As for my being suspected, it comes natural to a servant, and, like a part of her work, to clear up her character sometimes, as well as her kitchen: and as regards the searching of my box, it's nothing to the rummaging of one's thoughts and feelings, which I have had to undergo in other places. But so long as master, and missis, and you don't suspect me, I can bear it from any one else. So, for the sake of the dear twins, you must let the matter drop, and not offend Mr. Rumbold by look, or word, or deed, and especially by touching his beard, which would be cutting off young heirs with a shilling."

Having extorted a promise to this pacific effect, Kezia repaired to the nursery, where she relieved her full heart and excited feelings by a good cry, and a hearty fondling of the precious babes. But, beyond this solace, she had a secret project of her own, in accordance with which she addressed herself to the genteel nurse.

"Oh, Mrs. Prideaux, isn't it a shocking thing to see a family like our's, for no fault of their own, coming step by step, deeper and deeper, into misfortune and misery! First, that dreadful supper, and then the robbery, and then the loss of the parish — it reminds me of one of my own runs of bad luck, when first I was knocked down by a runaway horse, and then picked up by a pickpocket, and then sent home in a hackney-coach that had just carried a patient to the hospital with a putrid fever."

"The planets," said the nurse, "are decidedly sinister."

"Then you think," said Kezia, delighted with the astrological turn of the conversation, "that it is our ill stars are in fault?"

"Of course," said the nurse. "The aspects of the planets, at this juncture, and as affects this house, are particularly malignant."

"They must be, indeed!" said Kezia, with a melancholy shake of her head. "According to the Almanac, their bad influences affect sometimes one part and sometimes another, and at different times; but here they are, as I may say, smiting us back and belly, hip and thigh, all at once!"

"The natural effect," said the nurse, "of the planetary configurations, and especially of the position of Saturn."

"Ah! with his ring!" exclaimed Kezia. "Mr. Postle once showed him to me through his refractory telescope."

"A refracting one, I presume," said the nurse.

"I believe it was," said Kezia; "and it brought down the moon till it looked as big as a silver waiter. Talking of which reminds me of the stolen plate; and which it is my private notion that you know as much or more about than any one else."

"That I do!" exclaimed the nurse, with a slight start, and fixing her keen eyes on the face of the maid-of-all-work as if she would read her very soul. "That I know who stole the plate!"

"Yes," said Kezia, "by means of the heavenly bodies. I have heard of many persons recovering their lost things through star-gazers and fortune-tellers; and of course, as you can cast nativities, *you can do the other.*"

This was the very point at which she had been aiming; but the answer of the nurse put an extinguisher on her hopes.

"Between ourselves," she said, "I have cast some figures on purpose; but there is a mystery in the matter that defies my art."

"The more's the pity," said Kezia; "for I made sure that you could discover the thief." And then that lost sheet, as was found in the churchyard,—how it was abstracted from a press to which nobody but ourselves had access: I owe to thoughts, and suspicions, and misgivings about it, that make me shudder!"

"Then do you really suppose," asked the nurse, "that your master was guilty of stealing the dead child?"

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Kezia. "I would as soon suspect him of kidnapping live ones for the Plantations! No, I was not thinking of him, but of a treacherous, deceitful being, whom to think of under the same roof, and in the same room with one, makes my very blood in a curdle."

The nurse again fixed one of her scrutinizing looks on Kezia; but the latter was thinking of quite another personage, as implied by her next question.

"What is your real opinion, Mrs. Pridoux, of supernatural agency?"

"The same as your own," was the prompt answer of the nurse.

"In that case," said Kezia, "I don't mind saying it's my belief that our sheet was purloined away by Satan himself, whose delight is in

casting down the good and the goodly, and for the express purpose of ruining my poor master."

"It is quite possible," said the nurse, who seemed to take delight in pampering the credulity of her simple-minded and single-hearted companion. "Such an act would be perfectly in unison with the diabolical character. My belief coincides with your own. But remember, Kezia, the age is a sceptical age, and its infidels especially repudiate astrology and demonology; so that the less we say of our own convictions the better. Indeed, it would cost me my bread were it known that I had cast the nativity of those dear twins."

"But it never shall be," cried Kezia — "never! Do you think I would break the solemn oath you made me take on the Testament?"

"No — I know that you would not," said the nurse, in her sweetest tone; "for if you did, there are lightnings to burn your body, and other fires to scorch your soul for the perjury." And so the conference ended.

My father, meanwhile, had toiled on at his irksome task in the parlour — blotting, blundering, erasing, correcting, tearing up, and beginning *de novo*, in a way that a corresponding clerk would have gone crazy to witness; for if my parent's sustenance had depended on the exercise of his pen, he must have died of starvation. At last, after infinite trouble, he had completed the whole of the missives, and was just in the act of drawing that long sigh of satisfaction with which a weary man is apt to hail the accomplishment of his labour, when my mother entered the room, drew a chair beside him, seated herself, and laid her hand on his arm. There was nothing in her face to indicate any interruption of the mental repose and relief which my father had promised himself; her looks were as cheerful as the tone with which she uttered her prelude monosyllable.

"George!"

"My dear!"

"Can you forgive me for keeping from you a little secret?"

"Of course I can," replied my father, with his old smile. "But will your own sex for being so unwomanly?"

"No matter for them," said my mother. "I meant to have hoarded it up for an agreeable surprise; but with such troubles as have come upon us, it seems only fair that you should share in any comfort which I am enjoying myself. You remember the 20*l.* note that you gave me last week?"

"Yes — for Mr. Lobb."

"Ah, Mr. Lobb must wait a bit," said my mother. "That note went quite a different way, and for another purpose. Up to London, George, and for a purchase. Can you guess?"

"For winter clothing, perhaps," said my father, "or a fresh stock of household linen."

"For winter wealth, George," said my mother, "and a stock of good luck. What do you think of a lottery ticket?"

My father made no reply — he was confounded by this new blow.

"Do you hear, George," cried my mother — "a lottery ticket!"

"Yes, twenty pounds gone," murmured my father.

"But they are not gone!" said my mother.

"As completely," said my father, "as if the note had lighted a candle. The last money in the house too, and which ought to have paid the butcher. That accounts, then, for Lobb's insolence about the tainted mutton."

"Well, well," said my mother, "we shall soon get rid of Lobb after the drawing. The ticket is sure to come up a prize."

"I wish it may!" said my father.

"It is sure to come up a prize," repeated my mother, "for I dreamt three times running of the number."

My father jumped up from his seat, and after pacing a few turns up and down the room, suddenly stopped short and addressed himself to himself in the mirror.

"If ever there was a minister deserved impeachment — if ever a chancellor of the exchequer who ought to have lost his head on the block — it was the man who first invented a mode of raising money by the encouragement of public gambling!" He then turned abruptly to my mother, and inquired whether the ticket was registered.

"Yes, and the lottery was to be drawn on the 16th."

"And this is the 18th," said my father.

My mother instantly started up from her seat, and rang the bell, to know if the post had come in, and whether there were any letters.

"Yes, one," which Kezia had laid on the kitchen shelf, where, in the unusual bustle of the morning, it had been forgotten. It was addressed to my mother, who seized the letter, broke the seal, glanced over the contents, and dropping the paper from her hand, sank, gasping, on the sofa — the blankness of her face sufficiently indicating the nature of the intelligence.

"Then the money is gone!" exclaimed my father.

My mother sobbed, and covered her face with her hands; Kezia wrung hers in mute despair. Our evil stars were verily shooting ones, and were practising on our devoted family as at a target!

"Well, what is this new disaster?" inquired the voice of Uncle Rumbold, who had just entered the parlour, but stopped short at two paces from the door, clutching his beard in his right hand.

"Nothing, nothing," replied my father, forgetting his own vexation in the affliction of my mother — "only a lost bank-note."

"What, another robbery?"

"No," replied my father, "thrown into the fire — blown out of window — washed down the sink — a mere trifle."

"A trifle!" exclaimed my mother, unwilling to forego any benefit to be derived from her brother's sympathy — "our last twenty pounds in the world — intended to pay the butcher."

But her indirect appeal had no effect. Liberal of advice and personal exertion, Uncle Rumbold, from habit and inclination, was slow in drawing his purse-strings. The amount, he admitted, was no trifle; but sometimes a loss became a gain in the end, by teaching those who had neglected their twenties to take care of their fifties. This new misfortune, however, seemed gradually to touch him, for shortly afterwards, having deliberately seated himself, he addressed

his unlucky relatives as follows : — “ Sister, I have been thinking over your various troubles, and have come to the conclusion, brother-in-law, that, what with your loss of the parish appointment and other drawbacks, your affairs are, or soon will be, in any thing but a prosperous condition. Such being the case, I feel called upon, as a near relative, to step a little beyond my original intentions for the family benefit, and especially as regards my twin nephews, though I trust I have sufficiently testified my regard for them already by that invaluable present, the *Light of Nature*. However, as I said before, I have determined to stretch a point, but on the condition that what I do shall be done in my own way.”

“ I am sure,” said my mother, “ we shall be truly grateful for your kindness in any way.”

“ I am not so certain of that,” replied Uncle Rumbold : “ however, what I propose is this, — to relieve you altogether of the care and maintenance of one of those two boys. As soon, therefore, as my godson can run alone, I am ready to adopt him ; to board, lodge, and educate — in short, to provide for him through life at my own cost and charge, and of course according to my own system and views.”

Here he paused, expecting an answer, whereas his proposition was met by a dead silence. My father, taken by surprise, was at a loss what to say, and my mother looked absolutely aghast. She had not forgotten certain features of the system alluded to, and in her mind's eye saw her poor offspring, now climbing a tree for his food, at the risk of his neck, and now thrown doglike into a river, to sink or swim as might happen — in short, undergoing all the hard discipline associated with a young Indian savage, or child of nature.

“ Humph ! I see how it is,” said Uncle Rumbold ; “ but I do not press an immediate answer. Perhaps you will make up your minds before my departure. I have ordered a chaise at five o'clock, which will carry me to Wisbeach, where I shall meet the coach ; — no words ; my arrangements once made are never altered, and, let me add, my offers once refused are never repeated.”

So saying, he rose and walked off to make his preparations for his departure ; whilst my mother took the opportunity of expressing her sentiments to her helpmate on the godfatherly offer.

“ No, I never will consent to it,” she said — “ never, never ! To have a child of mine climbing trees, and swimming ponds, and sleeping in the open air, like a gypsy, or Peter the Wild Boy ! And taught bird's nesting, and tomahawking, and all sorts of savage tricks, instead of the accomplishments of a young gentleman — and, at any rate, dressed up more like a Gty Fawkes than a Christian — and with a beard, when he's old enough, like a Jewish rabbi, — Oh ! it would break my heart, it would indeed, George ! to have a boy of mine begin the world with such a prospect before him !”

“ Well, well,” said my father, “ so be it. I am as loth as you are to have a son of mine bred up into a bearded oddity, like his uncle, or old Martin Van Butchell. So go and see to the dinner, and in the interim I will invent the best excuse I can to offer to my redoubtable kinsman.”

Thus comforted, my mother applied herself to the arrangement of the dinner, which, thanks to what Kezia called the "superfluities" of the night before, presented an unusual variety and profusion of the delicacies of the season. The meal, nevertheless, passed off very drearily. The spirits of the presiding pair were weighed down by the communication they had to make, and the certain resentment that awaited their decision; whilst the temper of Uncle Rumbold himself was still ruffled by a short but sharp argument on somnambulism with Mr. Postle in the surgery. The conversation, such as it was, had flagged into silence, when the post-chaise drew up at the door.

"Now then, sister," cried Uncle Rumbold, rising from his seat, "now then, brother-in-law, for your ultimatum. Am I to have the boy or not?"

"Why then, brother," began my mother, but her voice failed and died away in an inarticulate croak.

"The truth is," said my father, "we are deeply sensible of your kindness, and sorry to decline it. If the children had not been twins, we might have felt and decided otherwise; but we really cannot find in our hearts to separate, so early in life, a pair of brothers, that nature herself has so closely united."

"That's enough!" said Uncle Rumbold. "A plain offer has met a plain refusal — no offence on either side; but, by my beard, if ever I offer to adopt a child again—" What followed was inaudible or suppressed: he hastily shook hands with his relatives, and hurried into the gaping vehicle, wherein he threw himself back, as if determined on sulks and silence. In another moment, however, his face and beard appeared at the open window.

"God bless you, sister," he said; "brother-in-law, God bless you, — though how you are to be blessed, is more than I know, for you will never be guided by the light of nature!"

Every word of this leave-taking was overheard by Kezia, who with outstretched neck and straining ears listened eagerly for his least syllable. But those words were his last, — not a breath about the dear twins, his own nephews. The whip cracked, the horse-shoes clattered, the wheels rattled; and the few boys who had assembled set up a cheer for the Grand Mogul. The last chance was gone. In another minute, the black and yellow body, which contained Uncle Rumbold, was out of sight; and with it vanished, alas! all the hopes that he had engendered!



THE HARE COME INTO SOMETHING.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DEMONSTRATION.

"So much for relatives!" said my mother, as she poured out the tea, and handed a cup of the beverage to my father. "My precious brother, who would not shave off a hair of his beard for love or money, will now cut off his own nephews without a scruple!"

"Nothing more likely," said my father.

"Do you really think then," inquired my mother, "that he will leave them quite out of his will?"

She waited in vain for an answer; and at last obtained, in lieu of it, another query, far wide of her mark. Throughout his troubles and vexations, my father's mind had been haunted by a vague sense of a something amiss; but his thoughts had always been diverted elsewhere before his fears could assume a definite shape; now, however, his misgivings, after many gleamings and vanishings, suddenly recurred to him; and taking a distinct character prompted the abrupt question—"Where is Catechism Jack?"

Nobody knew. In the crowding events of the day he had not been missed; there had been no medicine to deliver, so that his services were not in requisition, and even Mr. Postle could not tell what had become of him. On comparing notes, he had not been seen by any one since an early hour in the morning, when he had slipped out at the surgery door.

Here was a new cause of anxiety for my father; if any mischance happened to the idiot, the blame in the present temper of the parish was certain to be visited on the master, who had taken the half-witted boy from the care of the old dame, and become responsible for his safety and welfare. Many were the conjectures that were hazarded on the cause of his absence. In my father's opinion, Jack had gone on a visit to his former guardian, and was spending the day with her: my mother, prone to dream of disasters, at once pronounced him drowned in the river; Kezia's fancy sent him tramping after a recruiting party which had passed through the village; and the assistant supposed that he was playing truant and chuck-farting with other young dogs as idle as himself. The last guess was most probably the true one; however, in the midst of their speculations, his voice was clearly recognised, and in another moment Jack, in an unusual state of excitement, burst into the parlour, round which he pranced with a sort of chimney-sweep's caper, exclaiming with ecstasy, "The tongs and bones! The tongs and bones!"

"Why, Jack," asked my father, "what is the matter with you?"

"The tongs and bones," said Jack, standing still for a moment, and then resuming his dance and his song.

"Speak, idiot!" cried Mr. Postle, seizing the boy by the shoulder and shaking him. "What is the meaning of this mummer?"

"O don't, pray don't beat me," whined Jack. "I will say my catechism."

"Poor fellow!" said my father. "Be gentle with him."

"Huzza! The tongs and bones!" shouted Jack, extricating himself by a sudden twist from the grasp of the assistant; and darting through the parlour door, and across the hall, into the kitchen, to the infinite horror of Kezia, who really believed, as she declared afterwards, that the boy had been bitten by "a rapid dog." Here he continued his capering and his cry; till observing the table with food on it, by one of those abrupt transitions common to weak intellects, his thoughts fastened on a new object; and at once subsiding into his usual demour, and seating himself at the board, he asked Kezia to give him his supper. The maid-of-all-work immediately complied; and as after some minutes he continued to eat and drink very quietly, Mr. Postle returned to the surgery and my parents to the parlour.

"The tongs and bones," muttered my mother as she resumed her seat at the tea-table, "what on earth can it mean?"

"Why, I suspect it means," said my father, "that the tag-rag and bobtail of the village have been treating some quarrelsome couple with what is called rough music; and Jack has been present and perhaps performing at the concert."

This explanation was so satisfactory to both parties, that Jack and his chorus were speedily forgotten; and the pair had resumed their quiet confidential intercourse, when Mr. Postle entered, with an ominous face, and placed in my father's hands something which he said he had just found upon the counter. It was a scrap of dirty coarse paper, folded note-fashion, and containing only the following words: "Let the Dockter and Fammily keep in Dores to nite And look to yure Fastnings. A Frend."

"Well, and what do you make of this document?" asked my father.

"That it is what it professes to be," answered the assistant, looking uneasily at my mother, as if embarrassed by her presence. — "I will put the thing technically. There is, you know, sir, a certain local epidemic in the parish, of a very malignant type, and attended with extensive irritation. Now this party intends to say that probably there will be an eruption."

"I understand," said my father, with a nod of intelligence — "but doubt very much if the disease will take that active turn."

"There is no doubt at all," said Mr. Postle. "I know a party who has been round amongst the infected, on purpose to feel their pulse; and the symptoms are of a most unfavourable character. For instance, tongue hot — breath acrimonious and offensive — voice loud and harsh — with the use of expressions bordering on furious mania."

"A mere temporary fever," said my father, "that will pass off without any dangerous paroxysm."

"I wish it may," said Mr. Postle, "and without a nocturnal crisis."

My mother's head during this mysterious discussion had turned mechanically from speaker to speaker, as if moved by internal clock-work; but she could gather no more information from their faces than from their words; and as the consultation might be a long one, and she hated medical matters, she briefly intimated to my father, that she should go up-stairs to the children, and left the room.

"And do you really suppose," asked my father, "that there is going to be any disturbance or outrage? Phoo, phoo!—I can't and won't believe it."

"So you said of the hostility of the parish Board," retorted the assistant.

"Well, well, do as you please," said my father. "I leave the matter entirely in your own hands."

"In that case," said Mr. Postle, "I shall at once lock all the doors, and secure the lower windows, and this one to begin with;"—and accordingly he pulled up the sliding parlour-shutter, and inserted the screws. "Now then for the others."

"Very good," said my father, "and then come to supper with us in the parlour. Poor Postle," he continued, as the assistant departed to look to the household defences, "he was always an alarmist, and I'll be bound expects the premises to be stormed and sacked, on the strength of an anonymous letter, intended, most probably, to play upon his fears."

True to his plan, the alarmist, meanwhile, proceeded from window to window, and from door to door, locking, bolting, barring, screwing; the surgery door alone, for convenience, being left but partially fastened by a single latch, which, however, could only be raised on the inside. The fanlight above he barricaded with a stout board; and ascertained, shutter by shutter, that the defences of the window were all sound and secure. He then took a final peep at Jack, who was still quietly making an interminable meal in the kitchen; and finding all safe, repaired to the parlour, and took his usual place at the supper-table; not without some bantering from my father as to the preparations in a certain fortress for a state of siege, and the strength of its garrison. But the joke was mistimed.

The meal was about half-finished, when attracted by the attitude of my mother, whose sense of hearing was remarkably acute, my father laid down his knife and fork, and began listening; in which he was soon imitated by Mr. Postle; and for awhile the three, silent and motionless, seemed stiffened into as many statues. There was certainly some unusual humming in the air.

"It sounds," said my father, "like the distant murmur of the sea."

"More like the getting up of a gale," said Mr. Postle.

"It's the noise of a mob!" exclaimed my mother; "I hear voices and the tramping of feet!"

"Say I told you so!" cried Mr. Postle, jumping up from his chair, and resuming the knife with which he had been cutting his cold meat.

"And if it be a mob," said my father, "it may not be coming to us."

"Hark! it comes nearer and nearer," said my mother, turning pale. "In the name of wonder, George——" she stopped, startled by a loud noise and a sudden outcry close at hand.

The distant sounds, which excited so intense an interest in the parlour, had reached the kitchen; where they no sooner struck on the tympanum of Jack, than, like a young savage who recognises the warwhoop of his tribe, he started up, overturning his heavy wooden

chair, and shouting his old cry, the "Tongs and boxes — the tongs and bones!" rushed through the hall, and the surgery, and out of the door, which he left wide open. Kezia, in hot pursuit, with my father and Mr. Postle, were soon on the spot; but only just in time to distinguish the flying figure of the idiot, before he disappeared in the gloom of the lane; his cry being still audible, but getting fainter and fainter till it was lost in the general murmur of the mob.

"They are coming up the lane — there is no time to be lost," said Mr. Postle, pushing Kezia, and then drawing my father by the arm into the surgery; the door of which he bolted and locked. They then hurried to the parlour; but my mother, with hen-like instinct, had flown up to her young ones, and was sitting in the nursery to meet whatever might happen, with her twin babes at her bosom. Kezia, by a kindred impulse, was soon in the same chamber; while my father and his assistant posted themselves at a staircase window which overlooked the lane. It was quite dusk; but at the turn of the road the crowd was just visible, a darker mass amid the gloom, and a moving one, which, as it approached, occasionally threw out a detached figure or two in front, barely distinguishable as of human shape. Now and then there was a shout; and more rarely a peal of hoarse laughter. As the mob neared the house, its pace quickened.

"There's Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, whose eyesight was much keener than my father's; "he's winding in and out among them like an eel!"

"And, if I mistake not," said my father, "they have something like a black flag."

"Yes, — borne by a tall big fellow," answered the assistant. "As I live, it's John Hobbes!"

"Poor man," sighed my father.

"As yet I can make out no fire-arms," said Mr. Postle; "but they have pitchforks and sticks. And yonder's a stuffed figure like a Guy — they are going to burn us in effigy. Yes, they've got faggots and a truss of straw. Here they come at a run! But ah, ah! my fine fellows, you are too late. Look! — they are trying the surgery door!"

The foremost of the mob, in fact, were endeavouring to effect an entrance as described; but, being foiled, commenced a smart rattling with their sticks on the doors and shutters, accompanied by frequent and urgent invitations to the doctor and his assistant to come out and receive their fees. Tired at last of this pastime, they set up a cry "to the front! — to the front!"

Anticipating this movement, my father and his companion hurried into the nursery, the abode of Terror and Despair. My mother, with an infant in each arm, was seated in the easy chair, her eyes closed, and her face of a ghastly white; so that she might have been taken for dead, or in a fit, but for occasional ejaculations. Kezia, with her apron thrown over her head, knelt beside her mistress; whilst the nurse, with folded arms, leaned her back against the wall between the windows — a position secure from any missile from without. The two babes alone were unconscious of danger — the one smiling and crowing; the other fast asleep.

Taking the hint from Mrs. Pridcaux, my father removed his partner and her progeny into a safe nook beyond the angle of projectiles; and only in good time; for the arrangement was hardly completed when a large stone came crashing through the window, and rebounded on the floor.

"Put out the lights!" cried Mr. Postle; "they only serve for marks to aim at,"—and in spite of the remonstrances of the females the candles were extinguished.

The whole mob by this time had weathered the corner of the house; and having vainly tried the front door, and thoroughly battered it, as well as the parlour-shutter with their bludgeons, proceeded to organize that frightful concert of rough music with which the lower orders in the provinces were accustomed to serenade an obnoxious character—a hideous medley of noises extracted from cow-horns, cat-calls, whistles, old kettles, metal pans, rattles, and other discordant instruments, described by Jack as the tongs and bones. The din was dreadful; and yet far less so than the profane imprecations and savage threats that were shouted out at every pause of the wild band. There were women too in the crowd; and the cry of "Where's Sukey Hobbes?—Come out, you body-snatcher!" were frequently repeated by voices much shriller than the rest.

"I must—I will speak to them," said my father; and before Mr. Postle could remonstrate or interpose, he had thrown up the sash, and uttered the first three words of his address. But he was heard no further. His appearance was the signal for one of those yells of execration so awful to hear from a multitude of human throats: a ferocious howl fit only to salute an incarnate fiend, and from which my father recoiled in soul, more than he shrank in body from the ensuing volley of stones. His place, however, was immediately occupied by another orator, in the person of Kezia, who, regardless of the pelting, presented herself to the assembly, screaming at the highest pitch of her voice:—

"You sanguine monsters! do you want to kill us with fright, and our poor innocent babbies?"

"Yes—and to make skeletons of you," replied a hoarse voice from the crowd; a retort applauded by so vociferous a cheer, and such atrocious expressions, that Kezia, with an exclamation of horror, precipitately withdrew to her old position.

Her retreat was hailed with a loud huzza, mingled with derisive laughter, and as it ceased ringing the dark room was suddenly illuminated by a red glare that projected the shadow of the window-frames, inwards, upon the ceiling. The mob had ignited a quantity of straw and wood, forming an enormous bonfire, by the light of which the persons and features of the ringleaders were easily recognised.

"There is Jack again!" said Mr. Postle, "flitting amidst the smoke like an imp of mischief. And John Hobbes is waving his black flag about like a madman—and yonder is Roger Heap, with a child's bonnet on a pitchfork!"

"And there am I, burning by proxy," said my father, pointing

to the dark stuffed figure that was dangling from a triangle of poles in the midst of the blaze. "I shall soon be done to ainder, and then the cooks will disperse."

"I wish they may," said Mr. Postle, "but the faces they turn up to us are desperately fierce and vicious, as well as their words. I hardly think that their excitement will be satisfied without an attack on the premises, and perhaps taking a few ounces of blood. But what is the matter now?"

As he spoke there was an uncertain stir and movement among the crowd, with a confused outcry, amidst which the words "justice" and "constables" were prominently audible. But it was a false alarm: his worship and his myræidons either did not or would not know of the tumult, and were snugly and safely housed at home, or in their usual haunts. The report, however, served the same purpose that their presence would have done; for after some hesitation and wavering of the mass to and fro, Roger Heap thrusting his pitchfork into the burning effigy, ran with it up the river bank, and pitched the half-consumed figure, still blazing, into the stream. The mob then dispersed in different directions, the last of them being Catechism Jack, who, after tossing about the glowing sparkling embers, squib-fashion, for a minute or two, ran after the main body.

The smouldering figure meanwhile slowly floated along on the surface of the sluggish river, silently watched by my father and his assistant; till after a few turns and windings, it vanished like the last twinkle of a burnt paper, in the black, blank, distance.

"So ends the auto-da-fé," exclaimed Mr. Postle. "Now, then, for candles to inspect and repair our damage."

It was less than might have been expected. Thanks to the precaution of extinguishing the lights, the majority of the stones had missed the windows: only a few panes were broken; and the holes were soon stopped with paper and rags.

"Are the wretches all gone, George?" asked my mother before she ventured to uncloset her eyes.

"All," answered my father — "man, woman, and boy!"

Thus reassured, my mother, with many broken phrases of thanksgiving, came out of her corner, and willingly resigned the dear twins to Kezia, who covered them with her kisses. The nurse also quitted her position, and in her usual calm sweet voice suggested that her mistress, after her fright and exhaustion, would be the better for some restorative; to which the assistant added that nobody, the infants excepted, would be the worse for some sort of stimulant.

Accordingly the brandy, the kettle, the sugar, tumblers, and spoons, were fetched from below; and cheered by a cordial mixture, the nerves of the company, manly and womanly, soon recovered their tone, and enabled the parties to discuss the circumstances of the recent riot. It was generally agreed that, for that night at least, there would be no further disturbance; they, nevertheless, continued to sit up, keeping a vigilant watch, back and front, till two hours having elapsed without any fresh alarm, they retired to their respective chambers.

"And how is all this dreadful work to end, George?" inquired my mother, as soon as she found herself, with her husband, in their bedroom.

"Heaven knows!" replied my father. "Only one thing is certain—that the practice must be given up, and we must quit the neighbourhood."

"What, sell the business!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, if any body will buy it," said my father. "He must be a liberal man, indeed, who, after this night's demonstration, will bid me any thing for the good-will."

"Why then we are ruined!" cried my mother.

"Or something very like it," responded my father—as indeed appeared but too probable when my unlucky parents came to talk over their future prospects; the only comfort before them being that very forlorn hope held out by the old proverb—



WHEN THINGS ARE AT THE WORST THEY WILL MEND.

THE GRISETTE AND THE GRANDE DAME.

in Book of the History of France
THE carnival of 1717 was drawing to a close: it was the last ball of the season, and the *salle de l'Opéra* was crowded to its utmost limits. All distinctions of rank were forgotten. Peers jostled pick-pockets, and courtiers, countesses, and even sober citizens, mingled with *chevaliers d'industrie*, *grisettes*, and opera dancers.

Here, masked to the teeth, might be seen some *grande dame* in whispering conference with a young *mousquetaire*, who, quick at a hint, has been all night waiting that black domino with a rose and silver ribbon tied at the wrist. There, a marchioness, the heroine of many an adventure, is trying to make a conquest of the young mercer her neighbour, who is impatient to see whether the beauty of his incognita answers to the charms of her conversation. That slight figure in the Turkish dress, who has made love to half the women present, is well known to be the Regent, Duke of Orleans: the group of bacchantes, bayadères, and heathen goddesses hovering about him, are the ladies of the court, several of them his mistresses; and the Venus who conceals her face, while through that thin veil she undauntedly displays her neck and shoulders, is no less than the Duchess of Berry, a princess of the blood-royal, and the regent's favourite daughter.

It may be readily supposed that many piquant adventures, and not a few scandalous intrigues, were the result of this intermixture of ranks, and under the protection of the mask more than one fair dame indulged in frolics, the discovery of which would have covered her with confusion.

Under a gallery at the farther end of the ball-room, and screened from observation by a row of pillars, two persons in close conversation occupied a sofa. The taller, who had thrown his mask aside, was dressed as a student. He was a young man of from eighteen to twenty years of age, and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. His dark brown hair fell in curls on his shoulders; his complexion was of a clear brown; and his large hazel eyes had that mild serious look that has been said to characterise persons fore-doomed to a violent death. At this time, however, their melancholy expression had disappeared, and they sparkled with animation as he conversed with the person at his side. This was a figure so carefully masked, that even the mouth and chin were concealed, but the slight graceful form, and the small foot that occasionally peeped from under the sable domino, left no doubt as to the sex.

The conference seemed at an end, for the lady made an attempt to rise.

"Do not leave me," said her companion; "or, at least, ere you go, let me gaze for one moment on those lovely features and the bright eyes that, even through that hateful mask, have subdued my heart."

"I dare not stay," she replied. "We are observed. Yonder Diana has been watching you for the last half-hour. Perhaps she means to choose you for her Endymion."

"When goddesses condescend to visit us poor mortals," answered the student, "they come in disguise—mine is already here," and he caught her hand.

"See!" she said, "your deity approaches. If she finds you with a rival, her vengeance will be terrible."

"At least I shall not merit the punishment of Actæon, for it is not her charms that I am contemplating," he returned, as he pressed to his lips the small white hand from which he had drawn an embroidered glove; "but fear her not, she is the goddess of chastity, and flies from men."

"Rather say the huntress, in full pursuit of you. I will not encounter her wrath." She disengaged her hand, and, mixing with the crowd, was out of sight in a moment. Ere he could follow her, the mask in the dress of Diana stood before him.

The buskined goddess was a curious specimen of the Grecian costume, as understood in Paris at the time of the regency. Her green satin hooped petticoat, looped up on one side with more than classic brevity, displayed a well-shaped leg, though not of the most slender dimensions. Her waist was extremely long, and below it hung an imitation of a panther's skin, which finished with a huge claw. She carried a gilt bow, which, judging by its size, and the length of the arrows suspended in a quiver at her back, never could have been intended to bring down any thing larger than a butterfly. A crescent of false stones sparkled in her hair, two or three locks of which hung down on her neck; but their jetty hue was disguised by a shade of powder, then first coming into fashion.

"*Je te connais!*" said she, beginning with the usual jargon.

"And I know you, Susette," returned the student, impatiently, "although you have taken the trouble to change your dress. Did you think all that frippery would disguise you from me?"

The goddess snatched off her mask, and her brilliant black eyes sparkled fiercely under her marked eyebrows, as she replied, "You are right, Etienne, there should be no disguise between us. Tell me, therefore, who was the mask that has just quitted you?"

"You know as much on the subject as I," he answered carelessly; "she is a stranger to me."

"Did she leave you this for a *souvenir*?" was the reply; "or as a token by which you are to find her again?" saying which she snatched a small glove from his hand. Her colour changed as she looked at it. It was of the scented leather once so sought after, called *peau d'Espagne*, and embroidered with very small pearls.

"Is it so?" she exclaimed. "Are *grisettes* no longer good enough for you, that you seek acquaintance among the fine court ladies?"

"Be silent, you do not know what you are talking about," he returned; by a sudden movement again possessing himself of the glove, and thrusting it into his bosom.

Her jealous fury increasing, she raised her voice so high as to

attract the attention of several persons near. "Do you think I am to be foiled?" she cried. "Be she who she may, she shall not seduce my lover with impunity."

"Ho! ho!" said a figure grotesquely dressed, stealing from behind one of the pillars, and jingling some bells fastened to a stick—"a lover's quarrel! then Folly must be at hand;" and he began skipping round them. Irritated at the laughter of the spectators, Etienne attempted to leave the spot; but linking her arm in his, Susette exclaimed—

"Are you going to your assignation? I will accompany you, for I have something to say to my lady Countess—or whatever she calls herself."

At these words, the delight of the mask representing Folly was excessive; he clapped his hands, jingled his bells, and a clown catching the infection, the two capered about till a crowd began to collect round the party.

Etienne, half mad with vexation, broke through the throng with the intention of leaving the ball-room. As he arrived at the door, his incognita gliding up to him, said softly—

"Gentle knight, you will not refuse to return a lady her glove, since it was not thrown down in defiance of you?"

Before he could answer he heard the hateful jingling of the bells, and preceded by Folly, and followed by a troop of maskers, he saw Susette approaching. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, and her nostrils were dilated with passion as, striding up to her rival, she crushed the mask on her face, and tried to tear it off.

Etienne catching her arm prevented a repetition of the blow; but his own passion roused, he threw her from him with a force that sent her staggering backwards.

"Fiend!" he exclaimed, "from this hour I counsel you to avoid me! Dare to cross my path again, and I swear by all that is sacred you shall bitterly repent it!" saying which, and taking the black domino under his arm, he left the ball-room.

"*Bon Dieu!*" said a female, who had just forced her way through the crowd. "It is Susette Lagarde and the student Etienne Grandier, her lover."

A few weeks after the ball, in the house of a family of high rank in Paris, a lady reclined in her boudoir in one of those antique chairs, the curved shapes and rounded backs of which are so characteristic of the graceful fashions of that day. A dress of pale blue satin set off the exquisite fairness of her skin. Bright auburn hair combed back from the forehead, fell in two or three large curls on her neck. Her features were delicately shaped rather than regular, her lips of that bright vermilion hue that we often see in children; and partly cased in a rose-coloured slipper, with a very high heel, a foot as small as that of a fairy rested on the lap of a young man who half kneeled, half sat, on a cushion at her feet. It is not necessary to describe his appearance, for it was the student Etienne Grandier.

The lady smiled tenderly on her lover; as looking anxiously at her

he said, "You say this to torment me: if the danger were tenfold, I would brave it; were but the peril mine alone."

"But since it is not?" she replied, "since to receive you any longer in this house would be fraught with danger to me as well as to you, the only course that remains is . . ."

"To part," he answered. "Be it so, but remember it is my life you ask — I will not live without you."

"How many have sworn as much?" said the lady, "and have found women credulous enough to believe them?"

"But you are not one of those," said Grandier, bitterly; "you have lived among courtiers, and judging all men by that standard, believe me to be as heartless as they."

"Ungrateful!" she exclaimed; "had I thought so, should I have trusted my reputation in your hands? Had you not interrupted me, I would have told you, that though we cannot meet here we may do so elsewhere — and this I was about to do for one who loads me with reproaches."

"Forgive me," he answered, pressing her hands to his lips; "the fear of losing you made me unjust. Call me not ungrateful; your generous condescension is written in characters of fire on my heart. Would to Heaven it were given me to prove how lightly I hold my life in comparison with your safety and fair fame."

Etienne Grandier was the only child of a merchant of Toulouse, who, having amassed a moderate fortune, was anxious to raise his son to a higher rank in life than his own. There were no other means of doing this than by educating him for the church, a course to which he was the more inclined from the docility of the boy's temper, and the superiority of his talents.

Etienne had been carefully educated; and so secure were his parents in the strength of his principles, that they sent him to finish his studies in a licentious capital, without casting a thought on the temptations to which he might be exposed there.

The character of young Grandier might be compared to a volcano under snow, for no one who saw the mildness and timidity of his demeanour would have suspected the fiery passions that slumbered beneath. For some time after his arrival in Paris, the hours not devoted to study were passed in the society of a priest, an old friend of his family, but intense application proved so injurious to his health, that even father Gerard advised him to seek occasional amusement. His advice was followed, and it was with sincere pleasure that in a few months the old man noticed the improvement in his appearance. Etienne blushed on receiving his congratulations, but did not think it necessary to explain that a total change had taken place in his habits, and that instead of study, his whole time was now passed in the society of the *grisettes* of the neighbourhood.

The smiles of the handsome student had already proved a fruitful source of discord among this amiable sisterhood, when Susette Lagarde, becoming the favourite sultana, succeeded in keeping every rival at a distance, as much by her strength of arm and volubility of tongue, as by the superiority of her beauty. Her empire had con-

tinued undisturbed until the night of the masked ball; but her conduct on that occasion had deeply offended Etienne, and though she employed prayers, tears, and even threats, to bring about a reconciliation, he was resolute in refusing it.

It must be owned that his determination found its strongest support in his passion for her rival. Since that evening they had met repeatedly, and the refinement of her manners was so new to him, and he was so dazzled by her charms, that he seemed to tread a new world, and Susette, who had for some time ceased to pursue him, was forgotten.

But he was not forgotten by her. If she could not have love, she was at least resolved on vengeance, and judging that his acquaintance with the black domino would not end with the ball, she determined to watch all his movements. Etienne, however, was forced to take so many precautions in visiting his enamourata, that she was completely baffled, until the lady's fears that her family should discover the intrigue, induced her to visit her lover in his own apartments.

It was an old and gloomy quarter of Paris in which Grandier resided. He had selected it as being quiet and retired, and because adjoining his room was a pavilion with a garden, which, though surrounded on three sides by houses, served him as a place of recreation after the hours of study.

It was here that he proposed to receive his mistress. With a lover's care the pavilion was made ready; his own hand arranged the garden, and when all was done he sighed as he thought how unfit was such a temple for his divinity.

Their meetings did not escape the sharp eyes of Susette. The sight of her faithless lover leaving his own house one evening with a female, put her on the alert; she recognised the figure of her rival, and only waited her next appearance to overwhelm her with reproaches.

Fortune soon favoured her projects. The lady arriving alone, passed through the house to the garden, and Susette, who knew that Etienne was from home, entered the pavilion after her. The dismay of the stranger at the sight of a female of the lower class, whose disordered appearance gave indication of the violent passions that agitated her, may be imagined. Scarcely had their eyes met than she remembered her as a girl who had worked in her father's family, and the astonishment expressed in the *grisette's* face showed that the recognition was mutual.

"So, madame! it is you who play these pranks!" she exclaimed. "Shame on you, court ladies! who call us bad names and despise us, while you envy and rob us of our lovers. But the whole neighbourhood shall know what a *grande dame* is the mistress of a poor student. We will see what the *grisettes* will say to it. Here Lisette, Martha, come and see the fine madam who visits Etienne Grandier!"

The lady, agonised with the danger to which her life as well as reputation would be exposed in the hands of an incensed populace, endeavoured to disarm her fury by supplications.

"My good Susette!" she cried imploringly, "do not ruin me."

"I will give you money,—make you rich,—only let me go, and I will never come near your lover again."

Her prayers were disregarded, and Susette, throwing open the window, continued to call her companions. The alarm was given, casements were thrown open, and the neighbours from their windows endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the cries. It was already dusk, and nothing could be seen; but the screams continued, and once the cry of "murder" was heard. Old and young now hastened to the spot. As they entered the house they met Etienne coming from the garden.

"For God's sake!" said the foremost; "what is the meaning of those cries?"

"Cries!" he repeated. "I have heard none. I am this moment returned, and came in by the back way."

"There have been dreadful shrieks heard from your house," was the answer.

"You are wrong, neighbour," interrupted an old woman; "they were not from the house. I opened my window at the first alarm, and I am sure the screams came from the pavilion. Let us go there."

"The pavilion!" said Etienne, starting. "There is no one there!—It is locked, and I have not the key."

"Nevertheless," said the old woman pertinaciously, "I am positive it was from there they came; and it is my advice that we search it."

Etienne in vain remonstrated. "My friends," said he, as they pushed past him, "let me enter first, there is a person there——"

"Why, just now you said it was empty and locked," said one of the men.

"Perhaps *Monsieur l'Etudiant* has one of his *masters* there!" observed another with a laugh.

"Or mistresses," put in a third. "Come, Monsieur Etienne, allow that there is a lady in the case, and we will wait outside."

"There is a lady," said the student, evidently confused. "I must speak to her before you enter." He sprang to the door of the pavilion without perceiving that the old woman, who had followed him, was stealthily peeping in. A shriek from her brought the rest of the people. Etienne, his face as white as death, his whole countenance the picture of horror, was leaning over the body of Susette Lagarde, which lay weltering in blood at his feet. The murderer was immediately seized. He made little defence, but seemed confused and overwhelmed by his situation. Indeed, taken almost in the fact as he had been, it was generally expected that he would confess to save himself from the torture, and though he did not directly avow his guilt, his silence when interrogated on the subject was looked upon as a tacit confession. It was only on the day of trial, and with the horror of his impending fate before his eyes, that he seemed desirous of making an effort to avert it; but he confined himself to general assertions of his innocence, and begged his judges to have mercy on his youth, and finding this appeal unsuccessful, he exclaimed, almost

wildly, that he was not guilty. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel. As the time of execution approached, he requested to see the priest already mentioned. Father Gerard had been deeply offended at the duplicity of Etienne, whose disorderly courses he had not suspected until the trial made them known; but though as rigid in his own principles as strict in exacting the performance of their duty from others, Christian charity forbade him to refuse the prayer of a penitent. An interview took place between them. Etienne was to die on the morrow, and as some hope had been entertained that a less painful death might be inflicted, it was a part of his friend's mission to inform him that his petition to that effect was rejected.

However severely Father Gerard might have been prepared to treat the criminal, the sight of his former pupil, changed by suffering of mind and body, turned his anger to pity, and though he reproached him, it was with gentleness.

"Behold," said he, "the fruits of vice. Who that knew you, Etienne, loved by all for the goodness of your heart, and of whom numerous witnesses have deposed that you never had a quarrel, never spoke an angry word to any of your companions, who would have believed that a few months of a licentious life would have transformed you into a murderer?"

"And might not their testimony have proved that I was incapable of committing such a barbarous deed?" faltered Etienne.

"Unhappy boy!" returned the other; "when at that fatal ball you uttered that threat, murder was in your thoughts. But enough of this: I come here as your spiritual guide, prepared to speak comfort to your soul, if by confession and repentance of your sins you would seek that mercy from Heaven, which the justice of man dare not show you."

Their conference was long, and the troubled countenance of Father Gerard showed that it had deeply moved him. There was still a painful duty to perform. Etienne's question anticipated it.

"Father," said he, "am I to die on the wheel?"

On a reply in the affirmative, the unhappy youth hid his face in his hands, but their convulsive trembling showed the agony within.

"My son," said the priest, "remember him who died on the cross! Did he suffer less?"

"Ah, Father, he was without guilt! What can give courage to one whose sins have cost him his life, and brought shame and sorrow on his parents?"

We should vainly seek in a modern drawing-room for the elegance and splendour presented by a salon at Paris in the time of the Regency. The lofty and spacious apartments were lighted by innumerable tapers, reflected in mirrors draped with the richest produce of the Indian loom. Thick Persian carpets half covered the polished floor. Before every door hung damask curtains, intercepting the air that might have blown too roughly on the delicate forms within. On the marble chimney-piece, between lustres with long glittering pendants, stood large baskets of golden flowers; and in the middle, the

clock of Sèvres porcelain, on which, in painted medallions, the hours hand in hand danced their eternal round, or swains, with crooks ornamented with ribbons, piped their amorous strains at the feet of garlanded shepherdesses. The japanned cabinets were set out with numbers of tiny cups of that delicate and transparent china that looks as if a breath of air would blow it away. Mandarin, pagoda, dragons, all the variety of monsters in which Chinese imagination revels, filled the intervening spaces. The picture was completed by the variety of colours and costumes. The brilliant scarlet distinguishing the officers of the Swiss guards, rivalled the elegant blue and gold of the cavalry uniform, or was relieved by the black velvet and silver facings of the *mousquetaires*. The embroidered coats of the peers, their diamond stars and buttons, and the blue ribbon displayed across the rich white satin waistcoat, were equally contrasted with the more sober dress of the little *Abbé*, with his smooth cheek, his short cloak, point lace cravat, and black silk *culotte*. These were the perfumed and powdered butterflies that fluttered round the fair circle, where waving plumes and necklaces, sparkling with precious stones, were not more graceful than their wearers, nor brighter than their eyes.

Such was the scene presented at the hotel of the Marquis de Ferriers, where a numerous and brilliant party was assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract between the daughter of the noble host and his nephew the Viscount de Beauvais. The Countess de St. Gilles, although a widow, had not yet seen her twenty-fifth year. She was married when almost a child to her late husband, and since his death had, by a family arrangement, been contracted to her cousin. The age, fortune, and personal qualities of the parties were so well assorted, that their union was the subject of general approbation. The Countess, one of the beauties of the day, had always conducted herself with a propriety that did honour to the excellent education she had received. Indeed the Marquis himself was generally respected for a purity of principles and conduct rarely met with at that time. The marriage had been for some time deferred in consequence of the delicate state of the Countess' health, but at the earnest solicitation of her father, it was now to take place without further delay.

The bride-elect had not yet made her appearance, and the guests amused themselves in conversation respecting the interesting event they were assembled to witness.

"My dear Marchioness, how delighted I am to see you!" exclaimed a lady, dressed in the very pink of the fashion, "and how charmingly you look. But the air of Paris is a great beautifier. Only think of me, *ma chère*, buried for twelve long months in a horrid province! It was impossible to endure it longer, so I have left *Monsieur le Comte* to govern his *barbares* by himself. But I have so much news to hear. Only think of our dear Countess marrying her cousin at last! They will make a charming couple. The Viscount is so handsome, and she—but here she comes. I must go and congratulate her. How could they say," she continued, on returning to her seat, "that she was in bad health? To me, she seems more lovely than ever."

"Your long banishment makes you see every thing *côleur de rose*, my dear Countess," returned her friend: "I think her sadly changed. She is much thinner, and her eyes, the expression of which was formerly so enchantingly soft, have now quite a haggard look."

"Do you not think that her rouge is a *souçon* too deep?" whispered the other, beginning to criticise in her turn.

"I think that effect is produced by the almost unearthly whiteness of her skin," was the reply. "It is true, powder, paint, and patches, make it difficult, now-a-days, to see what a complexion really is; but, under all those auxiliaries, I trace the ravages of ill health."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the preparations for signing the contract; the parchment was placed before the Countess for her signature, but her hand shook so violently that she could scarcely trace a letter, and it was only by a strong effort that she mastered her agitation sufficiently to write her name. Immediately after she sunk back in her chair, and became insensible. She was carried to her apartment, and on medical aid being summoned, was pronounced to be dangerously ill.

In a few days it was known that the young and beautiful Countess of St. Gilles, so lately on the point of becoming a Bride, was dying. From the commencement of her illness she had continued to sink rapidly, and her physicians were only surprised that she still lived. The house became a scene of mourning, crowded with friends anxious to show their sympathy, and to offer consolation to the Marquis and his nephew. The Countess was aware that her situation was hopeless; all her thoughts were given to religion, and her confessor was constantly with her. On the day that the last sacraments were to be administered, the numerous members of her family were, at her express desire, summoned to her bed-side.

"My friends," said the dying woman, "I cannot leave the world in peace, neither will my confessor give me absolution, till I have confessed a crime which has long lain heavily on my conscience. All here must remember the student Etienne Grandier, who, two years ago, was condemned to death for the murder of his mistress. At the place of execution he asserted his innocence, and his assertion was true. I was the murderer of Susette Lagarde!"

At this strange revelation a murmur of astonishment was heard, and all present looked at each other, as if to ask whether the words she had uttered were not those of delirium; but the priest made a sign to enforce silence, and the Countess continued—

"To this sin I was led by another; for, to my shame, I own that the reputation I had acquired for virtue was undeserved—Etienne Grandier was my lover!"

The old Marquis, already nearly heart-broken at the prospect of losing his only child, could not bear up against the knowledge of her shame, and, with a deep groan, he fell senseless to the ground. His unhappy daughter had scarcely power to continue her narrative; her breathing became short, and the damps of death already hung on her brow.

"He was my lover!" she repeated, at length; "and we met in that

pavilion in which the body of the murdered woman was found. Jealousy had led her to follow me there. She threatened to expose me:—more than my life was in her power, and finding her inexorable to my prayers, I snatched a knife that lay on the table, and stabbed her to the heart. The knife was marked with the name of the unfortunate Grandier, and, added to his being found on the spot, went far on his trial to condemn him. But I repeat that he was innocent, that he was not present at the time, nor did he even know by whom the deed was done—though he must have guessed,” she added, with a shudder. “Careful to save me from suspicion, not even to the priest who received his confession did he breathe my name.” She paused, and cast an anxious look at her confessor.

“Father Gerard,” she asked, “are you satisfied?”

“Daughter,” said the priest, stretching out his hand towards her, “depart in peace, I absolve thee of thy sins!”

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN Woman is in rags, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,
If Man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth — “Ease her!”

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If Man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth — “Back her!”

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth — “Stop her!”

T. H.

ANACREONTIC.

BY A FOOTMAN.

It's very well to talk in praise
Of Tea and Water-drinking ways,
In proper time and place;
Of sober draughts, so clear and cool,
Dipp'd out of a transparent pool
Reflecting heaven's face.

Of babbling brooks, and purling rills,
And streams as gushes from the hills,
It's very well to talk; —
But what becomes of all such schemes,
With ponds of ice, and running streams,
As doesn't even walk?

When Winter comes with piercing cold,
And all the rivers, new or old,
Is frozen far and wide;
And limpid springs is solid stuff,
And chrystal pools is hard enough
To skate upon, and slide; —

What then are thirsty men to do,
But drink of ale, and porter too,
Champagne as makes a fizz;
Port, sherry, or the Rhenish sort,
And p'rhaps a drop of summut short —



The water-pipes is friz!

A FISHING EXCURSION IN HESSE-DARMSTADT.

I WAS sitting one day last summer at the *table d'hôte* of the Prinz Carl Hotel at Heidelberg, when I heard my name pronounced behind me, and at the same moment a friendly hand was laid upon my shoulder. I looked round, and, to my great pleasure, beheld the good-humoured physiognomy of my old chum Harry Churchill, who had just arrived by the railway from Mannheim. He seated himself on a vacant chair beside me, and we were soon busily engaged asking and answering each other a hundred questions concerning all that had happened to us since our last meeting.

There are few persons whom I would rather have come across at that particular moment than Churchill. Independently of the pleasure of meeting an old and intimate friend, whom I had not seen for nearly a twelvemonth, his arrival exactly chimed in with my plans. I had been for some days at Heidelberg, wandering about the beautiful country that surrounds that town, and had only been deterred by the want of an agreeable companion from undertaking a longer excursion than I had hitherto attempted. I had heard much of the pleasant vallies and teeming trout-streams of the adjacent duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and was desirous of visiting the former and endeavouring to capture some of the denizens of the latter; but I had no fancy for going alone into a district where I should be pretty sure to meet none but peasants, and where I should consequently be entirely dependent for society on the companions I took with me. Churchill was the very man of all others whom I should have selected to accompany me. The best-tempered creature in the world, there was no danger of our quarrelling about choice of roads, inns, or conveyances, or any of the other small matters that sometimes breed differences between travelling companions. He was, moreover, a very pleasant fellow, with a constant flow of high spirits, never put out by any thing, and quite incapable of being rendered dull or blue-devilish by the wet jackets and foggy mornings, blistered feet and short commons, which are frequently the concomitants of the very best-regulated pedestrian rambles. He had been six weeks on the Rhine and in its neighbourhood, making the round of the various bathing-places, and he was now proceeding to close his ramble at that grand resort of water-drinkers and gamblers, Baden Baden. On hearing of the excursion I was projecting, he willingly agreed to alter his plans for the moment and accompany me; and as the weather, which had been variable for the preceding fortnight, was now again beautiful, we resolved to lose no time, but to start the following morning. While Churchill busied himself in writing some letters, I proceeded

to put the fishing rods in order, and procure the knapsacks that were to contain our moderate allowance of baggage.

I can strongly recommend all persons who have not already journeyed in that manner, never to venture on board a Neckar steamboat. To those who have already tried that delectable mode of conveyance, such advice would be superfluous, for they will assuredly never renew the experiment. Fancy a vessel about as big as a good sized coal barge, and nearly as dirty, with a narrow deck made shorter than it might be by the prohibition against walking over the frail roof of the fetid, greasy cabin; a smell of oil, tar, tallow, and wood-smoke, and a rate of progression (up-stream) somewhat less than four miles an hour. Add to this the constant splashing of water over the decks by a couple of men, who, with long sweeps, endeavour to aid the progress of the boat and supply the deficiencies in the feeble engine, and you will have rather an agreeable picture of Neckar navigation. It is necessary to be a most fervent admirer of the beauties of nature to find compensation even in the charming scenery on either bank for the abominations of such a vessel; and Churchill and myself were not a little glad when, after four hours' crawl against a strong current, the steamer deposited us at the village of Hirschhorn, some fifteen miles above Heidelberg. We had started at six in the morning, without breakfast, a deficiency which we were now anxious to repair, and for that purpose entered a decent-looking inn, the interior of which, however, by no means corresponded with the tolerably prepossessing exterior. The fare set before us was any thing but delicate; but our appetites were sharpened to a keen edge by the morning breeze, and the acid brown bread, ill-flavoured butter, and ham that, judging from its toughness, might have been cut off the father of all swine, disappeared rapidly before the exertions of my friend and myself. Even the bad vinegar, which our host dignified by the name of wine, and with inconceivable effrontery assured us was of the vintage of '22, was voted drinkable and done honour to accordingly. There was little inducement to waste much time over our meal; and as soon as it was finished we strapped our knapsacks on our shoulders and took the road to Michelstadt, a small town some twenty miles distant, which we had fixed as the limit of our first day's march.

It is astonishing what ignorance or negligence of their own interest is observable in the inhabitants of many of the districts adjacent to the Rhine. If that river has become of late years so great a resort of tourists, it may be attributed not only to the beauty of the scenery, and the attractions of the various watering-places, but also to the goodness of the hotels, the excellence of the steam-boats, and the travelling conveniences of all kinds. In Rhenish Prussia especially is the comfort of the traveller consulted in the minutest details; but if one leaves the river only for a few leagues, things assume a very different aspect, and one must be inveterately addicted to rambling and the picturesque, to put up with the wretched accommodations one meets with. In Rhenish Bavaria, they are improving in that respect, and an inn is occasionally to be found at which one may pass a day or,

two without risk of being starved or devoured; but in that beautiful tract of country, comprising the greater part of Hesse-Darmstadt, and known by the name of the Odenwald, no one need attempt to travel who is not thoroughly prepared to rough it, and to submit to execrable fare, and disagreeables of every description. Were it otherwise, there can be no doubt that a district which for beauty will bear comparison with many of those now most frequented by tourists, would become a great resort of the thousands of foreigners annually visiting central Germany; and the country would profit greatly, as the banks of the Rhine already do, by the influx of travellers. Many of the natives are themselves aware of this; but the interval between perception and execution is usually so great in Germany, that years will probably elapse before the Odenwald becomes, what it certainly ought to be, a favourite lounge of the numerous *désœuvré* English and others, whom every summer takes to the Rhine.

Michelstadt, at which we arrived about eight in the evening, having paused during the heat of the day to dine and rest, is a village or small town containing some three thousand inhabitants, but possessing no post. This is a great inconvenience in various ways. As we walked up to the inn-door the *eihwagen*, or mail, from the neighbouring town of Erbach drove up, and paused a few moments to leave some parcels. It was a square, clumsy, red omnibus, built for six or eight passengers, but on this occasion perfectly empty. Two foreigners, Frenchmen, I think, came up at the same instant, and wished to proceed by it to some place through which it was to pass. "*Unmöglich, meine Herrn,*" replied the postilion: "Impossible. I can take up no one here." The travellers inquired why not. From the reply, it appeared that the door of the vehicle was locked, and could only be opened by the postmasters in the different towns. So that although the carriage was empty, and might probably remain so till it reached its journey's end, these persons were prevented from proceeding to their destination. The reason of this extraordinary regulation is, that if the driver were allowed to take up and set down passengers where he liked, he might possibly pocket a portion of what they paid him. To prevent, therefore, the risk of postilions embezzling a few kreuzers, the unfortunate inhabitants of the villages not possessing a post are deprived of the benefit of the public conveyances, or compelled to walk to the nearest post-town, frequently some miles distant. A beautiful example of the paternal nature of German petty governments — the convenience of thousands sacrificed to avoid the possible loss of a few florins per annum.

It was five in the morning when we started from Michelstadt, our rods in our hands, our fly-books and reels in our pockets, and attended by a boy whom we had hired to show us the way and carry home the results, if any, of our day's fishing. We had only four or five miles to go to a village called Koenig, in the neighbourhood of a stream in which we were assured we should get good sport, and what was still more essential, permission to fish. Every inch of river in this part of Germany is farmed out, generally at an exceedingly trifling rental; not a rivulet two feet broad, but you must obtain leave to fish in it.

This leave is frequently very difficult to get, and what is odd enough, you may sometimes by interest or payment obtain permission to net a water upon which you will not on any terms be allowed to cast a fly. The people have some absurd notion that in angling the trout often get wounded without being caught, and that a vast number may be injured in this way. With themselves it may be the case, their own practice in old Walton's art being of so clumsy a description, that it is easy to understand they may not land a quarter of the fish they hook. There is probably no such curiosity in the world as a German artificial fly, whipped nearly up to the point of the hook, and of a form and colours that certainly resemble any thing but those of the insect it is meant to represent. Churchill and myself, however, were provided with some of Bond's best, and we had strong hopes of proving dangerous customers to the Odenwald trout.

The morning was a delightful one. The sun just rose above the hills as we left Michelstadt; and on ascending a small eminence outside the town, a view burst upon us that of itself would have amply repaid us for our early rising. A long and rather narrow valley lay blooming and smiling before us, hushed into a sabbath-like stillness, wrapt in a broad mantle of sunshine that imparted a golden hue to the varied and beautiful tints of green, made the slated and dew-covered roofs of some distant hamlets glisten again, and converted the countless drops of moisture upon leaves and grass into so many myriads of sparkling brilliants. The recent rains had given a freshness to the landscape not usually found in the sultry month of July; the pastures in the valley were of the brightest emerald green, the lower parts of the hills covered with a thick growth of dwarf oak saplings, of which the leaves shone in the sunbeams like a field of satin, while the summits of the mountains were crowned with a belt of fir trees that looked like a broad band of greenish-black velvet. Rather a luberdasher's comparison, that last, but one which nevertheless exactly expresses my meaning.

A walk of an hour and a half through a beautiful country and along a road bordered by fruit trees, brought us to Koenig. We met no one on the way but peasants, proceeding, some to their labour in the fields, others to Michelstadt to dispose of their vegetables and poultry. Germany in general, however beautiful the country may be, is far less interesting to ramble through than the more southern parts of Europe. There is a want of the characteristic, the peasants are peasants, and nothing more, and a stupid Crétin-ish set they generally are. There is nothing picturesque about them; they are heavy-featured, clumsy, and thick-headed, without any thing of the grace or of the wild half-bandit appearance of the southern peasantry. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities of dress and customs which strike and amuse the traveller. The women we met on the road were generally hideous, many with enormous *goïtres*, and all wearing a head dress that would have gone far towards spoiling the prettiest face. This was a close-fitting cap of some thick white material, that covered the whole of the hair, coming down to the ears, and on which were embroidered in various gay colours three flowers—two in front, one on

the back of the head. The men wore cocked hats, not laced, nor with feathers in them, but nevertheless most undeniable cocked hats; and Churchill could not for some time get over his surprise at seeing individuals breaking stones upon the road with large painted pipes in their mouths, and cocked hats upon their heads.

At Koenig we had no difficulty in obtaining the wished-for license to fish from the proprietor of the water, who was no less a person than the village doctor. Although it was little more than six o'clock, he was already up and at breakfast with his family. He invited us to partake of the meal, but we declined doing so, and set out for the river, which was at a distance of about ten minutes' walk from the village.

We strolled some way down the stream, until we came to a place which Churchill, who pretends to much skill in the piscatory art, in which I humbly confess myself to be a mere tyro, pronounced to be an exceedingly favourable one for our operations. It was close to a most picturesque-looking old mill, the moss-covered roof of which was shaded by the branches of three magnificent horse-chestnut trees. The stream at a short distance above was narrow, shut in between high banks, through which it roared and grumbled, as if highly dissatisfied with its confinement. On emerging from the pass it toppled over a rocky fall about five or six feet high, and then appeared so angry that it is impossible to say what it might not have done had it not been checked in its fury by a small island, covered with a profusion of foxglove and other wild flowers, that opposed a temporary bar to its violence. Below this island the river became considerably wider, perhaps about twenty yards across, and shallow, rippling and dashing over the fragments of rock that were plentifully scattered about its bed. There was no danger of any noise we could make alarming the fish, for the rattle and splash of the neighbouring mill-wheels were so great as to prevent our distinguishing each other's words at ten paces' distance. Nevertheless I heard the shout of exultation given by Churchill when at about the third cast of his fly it was taken by a trout nearly two pounds' weight, which, after a few minutes' contention between fish and fisher, was safely deposited upon the bank. The next moment I had a bite, also a good fish, but no trout, nor did I make out what it was till I landed it, when it proved to be a very respectable grayling; a kind of fish which, although I have caught them in Derbyshire and other parts of England, I had certainly not dreamed of encountering in the Odenwald.

We had been out nearly three hours, and had fished our way down the river to a place where a small wooden bridge was thrown across it, in the shadow of which the young trout were leaping out of the water at the flies that buzzed and danced over the surface. A narrow lane, enclosed between high, bush-crowned banks, led down to the bridge, and was continued on the further side of the stream, zigzagging amongst orchards and corn fields towards a village that was visible in the distance. Just as we had reached this point of the river, and as Churchill had insidiously cast his fly into a most fishy-looking nook near the gnarled stump of an old willow tree, I heard

a smart quick step in the lane behind us. Almost before I could look round, a man passed hastily by, traversed the bridge with long hurried strides, and in less than a minute had disappeared in the windings of the opposite lane. The short view I had of him enabled me to perceive that he was a young man of two or three and twenty, of agreeable countenance and erect soldierlike bearing. He wore a sort of peasant's frock of blue linen, descending half way down the thigh, grey cloth trousers, and a somewhat dilapidated straw hat. When he stepped upon the bridge he was within a few feet of me, and I observed that there was a mark down the side of his trousers, which were of military cut, as if a stripe of cloth of some other colour had been torn off them. The cloth was darker there, and the thread of the stitches had not been carefully picked out. The stranger turned his head twice before we lost sight of him, and cast an uneasy glance up the road by which he had come, as if apprehensive of pursuit. I then caught a full view of his face, which had an anxious expression, and was much sunburnt. Only across the upper lip and round the mouth was a bluish white streak, as if a moustache had recently been shaved off.

"I am much mistaken," said I to Churchill, "or that poor fellow is absent without leave."

But Churchill, who was just then *aux prises* with a trout, vouchsafed no reply to my observation, and as our sport was now proceeding right merrily, I soon forgot the incident.

By the afternoon we had filled a basket which our attendant archer had some difficulty in carrying to the village, whither we now returned to dine. We had had some notion of resuming our sport in the evening and returning to Michelstadt by moonlight, but no people more than anglers have occasion to say that *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*. In the Odenwald, as in many mountainous countries, three warm days are usually followed by a thunderstorm. This was the fifth hot day, and accordingly the storm came with as much violence as if it had meant to make up for being a little after date. There was nothing in the shape of a vehicle to be obtained at Koenig, and as we had no particular fancy for walking through the rain, which was tremendously heavy, we resolved to stop at the inn till it was over.

Time wore on, however, it became dusk, and there was no symptom of improvement. The rain descended by bucketsfull. I was standing at the window of the public room, drumming on the panes and watching the raindrops race one another down the glass, while Churchill was walking up and down the apartment with a cigar in his mouth, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a party of soldiers that marched up to the door. There were six of them, commanded by a weather-beaten old sergeant, and they were all dripping wet, marching with one skirt of their great coats wrapped round the locks of their muskets. In the midst of them was a prisoner with handcuffed wrists and dejected look. His head was bent forward, and the broad-leaved straw hat he wore overshadowed his face, so as to prevent me at first from distinguishing his features. As the party halted, however, he raised his head a little as if to see where he was, and I recognised the young man who,

had passed us when we were fishing near the bridge. The inference I had drawn from his appearance was a correct one—he was a soldier and a fugitive, probably a deserter.

The detachment filed into the inn, and entered the public room. They had evidently had a hard day's march: they were splashed up to the eyes, foot-sore and weary. They disencumbered themselves of their muskets after carefully wiping them, threw themselves upon the benches, and called for bread and *schnaps*. A large loaf of black bread and a bottle of the bastard sort of brandy common in that part of Germany were brought them; and while they were refreshing themselves I fell into conversation with the sergeant, a grey-moustached veteran, with a square inch of Waterloo riband sewn on the left breast of his dark-green jacket. He was anxious to continue his march, he said, and to reach that night the garrison town to which he was going, but some of his men were so knocked up that he doubted whether they would be able to proceed much farther. He had halted to give them rest and refreshment, in hopes of getting on better afterwards. They had been out the whole day, in search of —. He left the word unsaid, but completed the sentence by a significant motion of his chin, indicating the prisoner, who was sitting a little apart, apparently sunk in the deepest dejection. The soldiers seemed kind to him, offered him bread and brandy, but he refused both by a mute shake of the head. He had laid his manacled hands upon his knees, and was gazing at the opposite wall with a fixed look in which despair was legibly written.

"Why not take off the handcuffs while you are here?" said I in a low voice to the non-commissioned officer. "The poor fellow's wrists must be sore enough. He can hardly escape whilst you are all near him."

The sergeant shook his head. "I cannot trust him," said he: "he tried to throw himself on our bayonets when we took him. I am answerable for his safety. *Armer Kerl!* Poor fellow!" added the old trooper in a tone of compassion that contrasted with the stern inflexible expression of his features.

I have observed that veteran soldiers have generally the most unmitigated contempt for men who desert their colours. Inured to a military life, and liking it either for its own sake or from long habit, the crime of desertion is the one for which they can make the least allowance, and they look with mingled disgust and surprise upon those who are guilty of it. The sympathy which this old sergeant showed with his prisoner's misfortune made me think there must be some unusual circumstance connected with the latter. I ordered a bottle of wine into a small room that led out of the one in which we were sitting, and invited the sergeant to partake of it. He hesitated a moment, as if unwilling to leave his prisoner; but I observed to him that the door of communication might be left open, and, moreover, that an escape was impossible. He at last yielded, and accompanied us into the adjoining room.

The story of the deserter was a thrice-told tale, but not the less sad. The young soldier, who was of respectable family and irre-

proachable conduct, had fallen in love with a girl residing in the town where he was garrisoned. The damsel received his suit favourably, and it was understood that they were to be married when his term of service should expire. Meanwhile an officer of the regiment, young, rich, and handsome, saw the girl, took a fancy to her, and planned making her his mistress. Dazzled by the rank and wealth of this new aspirant to her favour, the maiden gave him some coquettish encouragement, and there were frequent disputes on the subject between her and her more humble admirer. At last one day the soldier met her walking near the town with his rival. Mad with jealousy, he forgot the presence of his superior, rushed up to her, and reproached her vehemently with her faithlessness. The officer ordered him to his quarters. He refused to go, and answered disrespectfully, and upon the command being repeated, in harsh and insulting terms, he struck the officer to the earth. After so gross an act of insubordination, he did not dare return to his quarters, but at once deserted. He wandered three days about the country, but numerous parties were in pursuit of him: without money or passport, it was impossible for him to escape, and he had at last been taken.

"I am sorry for the young fellow," said the sergeant: "he is a smart soldier and a good lad, and he was certainly aggravated; but," added he, stroking his moustache, "discipline—and then to strike an officer, and for a petticoat!"

And he shook his head as if to say, "Nothing can excuse it." At that moment there was a loud explosion in the next room, the sound of a heavy fall, and the rattle of a musket on the ground.

"*Verdammt!*" growled the old sergeant, and rushed out, followed by Churchill and myself. We found the soldiers crowded round the deserter, who was lying on the floor, the blood streaming from his face. A musket, still smoking, lay on the ground beside him, and the ceiling above him was perforated by a bullet that had brought down a shower of dust and mortar.

The soldiers, it appeared, had drawn round their bottle to one end of the table, and the prisoner had for a moment found himself unobserved. The musket of one of his escort was standing in a corner within two or three paces of him. Stooping noiselessly down, he brought it to full cock, and then placing the muzzle under his chin, pushed the trigger with his foot. He had been unable, however, with his manacled hands, to hold the musket steady; the recoil had caused it to swerve, and the bullet, instead of blowing out his brains as he had intended it to do, had merely furrowed his cheek and eyebrow, inflicting a wound slight in its nature, but that bled profusely. He was stunned, and his face was much burnt by the powder and wadding.

Our friend the sergeant was furious at this attempted suicide, furious with his men and with himself, and half inclined to be angry with us for seducing him from his post. He became somewhat pacified when the village doctor, who was immediately sent for, declared the wound unimportant; adding, however, a recommendation

to remain the night at Koenig, as the fatigue of a long march might bring on fever. This the party made their arrangements to do.

"And what will become of the poor fellow?" said I to the sergeant when he wished us a good night.

"God knows," was the answer, "how the court-martial will view it. It is a crime punished by death, but there are extenuating circumstances. *Zuchthaus*, perhaps; prison, hard labour. God knows."

It was still raining, besides being too late to return to Michelstadt that night. In German country places, people go to bed at the same time as the chickens. We decided, therefore, to commit ourselves to the tender mercies of the Koenig fleas, who did not show us much compassion, but we were sufficiently tired with our day's ramble to make light of their blood-thirsty assaults.

The next morning we were up with the lark. I inquired for the deserter and his escort, but they had marched at daybreak. We shouldered our fishing rods, and bent our steps towards the river. Every thing was bright and brilliant after the storm. Such a sunshine, and such a blue sky! But lo! upon reaching the stream that had been the scene of our yesterday's exploits, what a change had taken place! The water, which upon the preceding day had been clear and sparkling as crystal, was now of a deep yellow colour that put angling out of the question. The soft reddish earth that formed the banks of the river had been washed in by the rain in quantities; and our cunningly devised baits, our palmers and moths and May flies, and the fifty other artificial insects that lay glittering in the pockets of our fly-books in all the glory of gold thread and badger's hair and peacock plume, were for the nonce of no avail. We might as well have cast them on a bucket of pea-soup. And as it was evident that some days would elapse before the river was sufficiently clear to fish in, we resolved to retrace our steps to Hirschhorn, whence we should easily find a boat or carriage for Heidelberg. Striking across a few fields, we regained the high road to Michelstadt just at the moment that a couple of squadrons of Hessian dragoons, who were changing garrison, marched along it. To a man they had large German pipes in their mouths, and were puffing forth volumes of smoke that hung like a mist round their glittering helmets and mustached countenances. We paused on a green bank at the side of the road to see them march by. The last file had passed us, and we were about to resume our walk, when two or three of the foremost dragoons commenced singing, and the whole of the two hundred — there must have been about that number — immediately joined in, with an *ensemble* and a fidelity to time and tune that was really surprising. The song they had selected was the famous *Blucher-Lied* —

Was blasen die Trompeten, Husaren, heraus?

one of the finest and most spirit-stirring soldier's songs that ever was written. The first verse may be rendered thus:—

What notes of the trumpet resound o'er the plain?
The hussars, with old Blucher, come charging again—

Their sabres all flashing,
 Accoutrements clashing,
 Their gallant steeds dashing
 And charging amain.

Then hurra for the Germans! the Germans are there,
 To the feast or the fray the same light hearts they bear!

That is about the meaning, but it is impossible to give in any language the dash and energy of the original, which I never heard sung with more effect and spirit than by these Hessians. Churchill and myself remained as it were entranced, listening to the bold martial ditty that was thus trumpeted forth by two hundred voices; and long after the troops had disappeared beyond a turn of the road, the breeze brought us down the *Ha sa sa!* of the chorus, that sounds of itself like a charge of cavalry upon some hard-fought field.

"A pleasant life, that of a soldier," cried Churchill: "almost the only one, in our matter-of-fact days, about which a ray of the poetical yet lingers."

"Yes," said I; "and the poor deserter? Black bread and a dungeon. Deuced poetical, that!"

"Pshaw!" replied Churchill—"there are lights and shades in all things."

That night we slept at Heidelberg.



EXPERIMENTAL SHELLS—WARRANTED TO BURST, ON STRIKING THE OBJECT, WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour."—T. MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DAMON GRIMSBY was fat, fair, and forty-five years old. He dwelt at Finchley, and was well enough to do in the world to enable him to do nothing but just what he pleased. He had three hundred pounds *per annum*, paid quarterly; a pretty little cottage; no wife; a respectable old lady housekeeper; and a wheezy French poodle with one eye, that could do any thing but talk—at least so his master said. He certainly could sit up on his beam ends for a considerable period, begging for bread and meat. He could hold a pipe in his mouth, and look as wise as any smoker in the world. He could carry a stick or a basket in his mouth, and if it was not too cold he would plunge into a pond and fetch out a bung which his master carried about with him on purpose to display his dog's cleverness. Lion, as he was called, was his master's constant companion—until his master took to shooting. He was then transferred to the companionship of Mistress Langworthy, the housekeeper, and his master adopted a pointer in his place.

"Had Mr. Damon Grimsby never taken to shooting before he was forty-five years old?" inquires some curious reader.

"Yes! but not to the shooting of game. He had, ever since his retirement to Finchley, been addicted to the destruction of small birds and fieldfares, when they were in season. He could kill every other one—sitting."

"Then how came he to take to game destroying?"

"Because he thought it gentlemanly, and was remarkably fond of partridges. A small manor, too, was advertised to be let in his neighbourhood. He went to view it. He saw two rabbits at play in a clover field, and heard something crow in a farm-yard which he really believed to be a cock-pheasant—so he hired the manor for the season, exchanged his single flint-gun for a double percussion, and bought a warranted staunch pointer."

Day after day did Damon walk over his beat, and although he had plenty of shooting he had but little success. He really had two coveys of birds in his manor, until one of them was netted; and at least a dozen rabbits in a hedge row. The one covey of partridges grew so wild from being constantly pursued, that the moment Ponto or his master entered the field, in which they were basking or feeding,

they got up and flew to the further end of the manor; and when he went after them, they flew back again. Damon always shot at them, although they were hundreds of yards from him—for he liked *shooting*, even if he did not kill. He got exercise too, and got through the long day, which was a great thing for a man to do who had no other in-door amusement but reading the daily paper.

It was a great fund of fun for the farmer and his labourers to watch Damon Grimsby and his dog Ponto, as they pursued the partridges. The master cried out “Heigh on, there!” as he had been instructed to do by the dog-merchant—but Ponto merely looked up into his face, gave a bit of a caper and sniffed the air. As the birds rose immediately, Mr. Grimsby gave Ponto credit for an exceedingly good nose.

One day the farmer and his men were astonished to hear, after the bang! bang! of both barrels, an extraordinary shouting, hallooing, and howling. They ran up to the hedge, fully expecting to see either the sportsman or his dog shot; but when they looked over into the next field, they saw Mr. Grimsby dancing about like a maniacal Dervish, throwing his hat up into the air, and screaming and shouting with delight. Ponto was sitting on his tail by his side with his head up in the air, and howling in that peculiarly doleful way in which dogs do howl when they are said to be “baying the moon.”

“He’s shot in the head,” cried the farmer; “for they always spin round in that way when they are hit in the head.”

“No, it’s the spine: see, he’s going to *tower*,” said one of the men, as Mr. Grimsby gave a miraculous bound upwards.

Up ran the farmer and his men as fast as they could. Ponto ceased howling, and took to barking. Mr. Damon popped his hat on his head, and looked very sheepish for a minute—but then—he rushed at the farmer, shook him violently by the hand, and begged him earnestly to congratulate him.

“What upon?” said the farmer.

“I’ve killed three—three!—all at one fire!—there they are,” said Damon, and sure enough there were three partridges lying at his feet—dead.

The fact was, Mr. Grimsby was annoyed by Mrs. Langworthy’s constant inquiry, on his return home, “Where’s the game?” and at being always obliged to tell her “he had had no luck.” As he found it impossible to fill his bags in the regular way he was resolved to try what he called the “fieldfare dodge.” He knew where the partridges came to roost; so he hid himself behind a tree, and the moment they lighted on the ground he pulled both barrels at the covey, and three birds lay weltering in their gore. This was the cause of his joy—in which Ponto evidently participated.

“Killed them *flying*, of course?” said the farmer.

“I’ll trouble you not to insult me,” said Damon, as he bagged his birds and marched off with indignant looks.

How he did crow over Mrs. Langworthy that evening! She grew so tired at last of hearing the description of how he had killed the

birds one after another without missing a single shot, that she took up her candle and retired to bed three hours before her time.

This was abominable! What was her master to do with himself, with no one to talk to, for the first time in his country life? He resolved to go out and spend his evening in a tavern. There was a snug house about half a mile from his cottage. As an excuse for entering it, he packed up his three birds, directed them to a friend in London, and begged of the landlord to allow him to sit down while he saw the parcel booked.

Jerry Worsem, the host, smelt a new customer in his highly respectable neighbour. He showed him into his own parlour within the bar, and treated him with the greatest civility and a glass of sherry negus. Damon Grimsby was flattered by such an unexpected generosity on the part of a landlord, and, to show his sense of his civility, spent the whole evening and a considerable amount of silver in his bar parlour.

Jerry was a sportsman, as far as shooting was concerned, although he shot but little, except at the pigeon and sparrow box. Of course, knowing that his neighbour rented a manor and went out daily, he did not omit to inquire the nature and amount of the sport he had met with.

Mr. Grimsby was somewhat shy at first, shuffled and prevaricated, and would not speak out. At length, warmed by the subject—his favourite subject, and a second glass of sherry negus, he confidentially told his host the result of his day's sport—but not of the illegitimate manner in which he had bagged his birds.

With every succeeding glass of negus the three unfortunate partridges were shot over again; and, considering that his inventive faculties were powerfully drawn upon in the description, the tales were very little at variance with each other. Jerry listened to each repetition as seriously as if it was a new story, and when his customer left, at a very late hour for him, he (the customer) told him that he was a pleasant fellow, and, as he shook him by the hand, assured him that he should often come down of an evening and spend an hour or two with him.

In spite of Mrs. Langsworthy's exhortations and entreaties—for she was dull by herself, and dreaded lest her master should become fond of "liquors and light company"—Mr. Grimsby kept his promise. As soon as he returned from shooting, and had his cup of tea, he slipped off down to Jerry's, and was not seen at home again till eleven at night. The only difference, however, that the faithful housekeeper could discover in her master was, that his clothes smelt very powerfully of tobacco, and that he was a little shaky in the morning, until he had had a little wee drop of brandy in his tea. These, with an abundance of game in the larder, were the only differences observable in his own establishment from the nightly visits of Mr. Grimsby to the house of his friend Jerry Worsem. How he came by all the game he brought home was a mystery—but what business was it of anybody's? The only observation Mrs. Langs-

worthy made about it was, that "It was so nicely killed, she never hurt her teeth against a *shot*."

CHAP. II.

WINTER set in. A frost covered the ground with bright sparkling crystals. The fieldfares and redwings grew tame and approachable. Damon took the field against them. Here he was at home — up to his work, as he said. As he was creeping about along ditches and behind hedge-rows to keep himself out of sight of his game, he came suddenly on a pond. Whirr! up flew something. Grimsby did not know what it was, but he pulled boldly at it — both barrels at once, to insure hitting it; down it came, and when he went to pick it up he found it was a real wild duck! How his eyes did sparkle as he examined the rich purple hues on the neck of the mallard, and looked at his toe-nails to see if they were really black — that sure distinguisher of the wild bird from the common scavenger or gutter-scraper. So great was his joy that he did not stop to load again, but pocketed his duck, and ran as speedily as eight *lustra* and one over would allow him to show his prize to his friend Jerry, whose congratulations at his success were so hearty and so grateful to the feelings of the successful sportsman, that Mr. Grimsby offered to purchase another wild duck, and to have the pair dressed at Jerry's house, and make a night of it afterwards.

The day appointed for the feast arrived in due course. The birds were roasted to a turn; and both Mr. Grimsby and the landlord asserted that the Finchley duck, which had been marked by having a bit of string tied round one of his legs, was by far the finest that had ever been tasted, and beat the other "by chalks."

Over their port wine — for Damon had read in his cookery book that all brown meats demanded *red* wines — of course the talk was limited to wild-fowl shooting. A stranger came in in the course of the evening; and, as it was very frosty and cold, was, with Mr. Grimsby's permission, allowed to take a seat in the bar-parlour. It so chanced that the gentleman was a great traveller, in the commercial sense of the word, and had frequently visited the coast and witnessed the method of shooting fowl in punts and from boats. He gave so vivid a description of the thousands of geese, ducks, widgeons, dumbirds, and other fowl that he had seen in one flock — of the immense guns that cut "regular lanes" through them — and of the hundreds that the water-dogs picked up and brought to shore in their mouths, that Damon Grimsby longed to be "at them" himself. He thought of his one-eyed poodle Lion, and of the clever way in which he brought the bung out of a pond — could there be a doubt that he would plunge into the ocean and secure a wild-fowl? Damon thought there could not. He intimated to the traveller the longing which he felt to be a participator of such sport, and told him he was provided with a most excellent and well-proved water dog —

regular diver, and no mistake" — but was wanting in the articles of a gun capable of carrying two ounces of powder and half a pound of shot, and a canoe to float about in.

"My dear friend — if you will permit me to call you so — your object may be easily and economically accomplished. I can give you a note to another friend of mine, who keeps a comfortable little inn on the banks of a river near the coast of Essex. He is devoted to fowling, and provided with every requisite. Run down by the rail, take a fly over to his house, give him my note, and I'll answer for it you will never regret taking my advice."

Damon Grimsby shook the traveller's hand, thanked him for his kindness, and promised to avail himself of it. The note was written, and, after another bottle of port and a pipe or two, the wild-fowl shooter *in prospectu* tacked about on his way home.

A difficulty arose on which Grimsby had not calculated. Mrs. Langsworthy, when she heard of his intentions, positively refused to allow him to go so far from home, and to expose himself in the centre of the ocean in such cold weather. "It was committing suicide, so it was; and as to poor Lion, he was so stiff already that she was obliged to rub him over with empyreumatic oil night and morning. She would never consent to the murder of a man and a dog for the sake of a mere duck, that could be bought at the door for a couple of shillings: — no, she would never consent, not even if the refusal cost her her comfortable place."

In vain did Damon Grimsby call her an obstinate old fool and many other hard names; in vain did he explain to her that he was merely going into a nice dry boat on a calm waveless river, comfortably wrapped up in warm clothing, with a good fire on board: — it was all of no use — she shook her head, sobbed, and called it a wilful tempting of Providence. "They had lived together a long time, and she should be sorry to leave so good a master — but sooner than consent to his being his own murderer, or even coming home with a violent cold and a quinsy, or perhaps the shivery-shakeries" — as she called the ague — "she'd wander forth a she-pilgrim, in search of another place."

Damon was dead beat. He gave in — at least he seemed to do so — and resolved to effect by stratagem what he could not effect by argument. Some people may be apt to sneer and think it improbable that a man, and a man of independent property, too, should submit to have his actions controlled by a hired servant. Pooh! they know nothing about it. Many an old single gentleman and widower will tell them that a man must submit to be indulgent to one who knows all his ways and wants, and anticipates and provides for all his little fancies.

What was Damon Grimsby's stratagem? The day was at hand on which he was to receive his quarterly dividend, and Damon did not grant a power of attorney to any one, but went up to the Bank and received his money himself. Lion, too, the one-eyed poodle, underwent a quarterly trimming, and as no one with sufficient taste to gratify his master's eye resided at Finchley, he was taken up to

town to a skilful practitioner. Lion knew quarter-day as well as his master did; and well he might, for he was not the only animal that was *fleece*d on that day.

As a full fortnight had elapsed since Mr. Grimsby had said one word about fowl-shooting to his housekeeper, when he reminded her that quarter-day was at hand, and that he should take Lion up to town, get him shaved, and spend a day or two, as usual, with a very particular Christmas friend, Mrs. Langworthy thought of nothing else but of having Lion properly washed and combed, and of making out her little list of necessaries to carry them through the next quarter. Jerry Worseman smiled, through his bar-parlour window, as he saw his customer and Lion pass by on the top of the Finchley stage. *He* knew how poor Mrs. Langworthy had been deceived.

CHAP. III.



"WHAT A HARD WINTER!"

Cold blew the wind, and thick and fast fell the snow, as Mr. Damon Grimsby alighted from the train at ——— station, on the Eastern Counties Railway. Lion shivered, as fiercely as his master, when he was dragged out on the platform. He tried to bark at the man who abstracted him, but he could not, his teeth chattered so.

"A fly on to Squallton," said Damon. "Let it be got ready immediately."

"Sorry to say, sir," said the clerk of the station, "all the flies have disappeared for the winter."

"Well, a post-chaise then," said Damon.

"They are all dead and gone, sir. Not one left in the county," said the clerk. "*We* have exterminated them."

"How am I to get on to Squallton, then?" asked the shivering traveller.

"You can hire a buggy or a shay-cart up at the tavern, if they are at home (which they seldom are at this time of night); and if not, you can sleep there and go on some time to-morrow or next day," suggested the policeman.

Damon went up to the tavern, indicated by a melancholy-looking oil lamp, with Lion in a string, for fear he should lose him. He ran all the way, and stamped his feet heavily to get a little warmth in them. Upon inquiring of the landlord if he could be transported in any sort of vehicle to Squallton, he was answered in the affirmative, if he would only wait half an hour, while the horse, which had just come home from a long journey, masticated a feed of corn.

Damon Grimsby sat down, fool that he was, before a very large fire, in his great coat and comforter, had a large glass of hot brandy and water, and then fell asleep. Lion, in the latter operation, followed his master's example. The ostler, who really had a strong sympathy with his fellow-servant, the horse, would not wake the gentleman going to Squallton, because the longer he slept the more rest the poor jaded nag would enjoy.

Damon slept about two hours, woke with a start, pulled out his watch, and said something which sounded like a naughty word. He rung the bell violently, and demanded to know how much longer he was to be detained there, and why his conveyance was not ready.

"Bin at the door this hour and a half," said the ostler; "till the horse got so chilly I was obligated for to put him into the stable again."

"Bring him out immediately."

"Very cold out o' doors, sir," said the tavern-keeper; "let me recommend a glass of something short before you start, and a short pipe to smoke as you go along."

Damon Grimsby declined.

"You don't know this part of the country, sir:—you'll catch the cold chills as sure as you are alive, if you go out of this hot room and sit in our cart for seven long miles such a night as this is. You've nothing extra to put on, either."

"Only a carpet bag," said Damon; "but if I feel chilly I can get a little something as I go along."

"You will be puzzled to do that, sir, for you will not pass an inn or a public between this and Squallton, except the ferry-house, where they keep nothing but very bad beer."

Damon thought the host said all this from interested motives, so he positively refused to take his advice. The cart came to the door. Lion was deposited in the straw at the bottom of it, and his master climbed up to the seat by the driver's side. Away they went, and at a pretty fair pace, considering that the nag had done his twenty miles already that day.

Mr. Damon Grimsby was disposed to be chatty when he started,

and asked the driver a great many questions; but the ostler, knowing from experience the bad effects of an Essex evening fog, merely grunted an assent or a dissent through the folds of a very thick neck-cloth. So Damon grew tired of having all the talk to himself. He sat silent and shivering for about half an hour, when he grew so intensely cold that he began to wish he had taken his host's advice, and taken something short and a short pipe. However, he said nothing until, to his great surprise, he went down a sort of bank and saw a wide river before him.

"I wonder whether it is fordable, or whether we must hail the boat," said the ostler; "but here goes for a try:—I think I can see the posteses."

Before Mr. Grimsby could ask what he meant he found the cart entering the water, and before many minutes had elapsed he found that the water was returning the compliment by entering the cart. He said nothing until he felt the waves half way up his boots, and then he gave so sudden a scream that Lion, who was too wise to remain at the bottom of the cart, and had taken his seat by the side of his master, joined in the noise, and set up a doleful howl. The horse, alarmed, sprung forward and was quickly off his legs, and floating away with the tide, which was luckily running in, or they must have been carried out to sea.

"Oh! oh!—poor Mrs. Langsworthy—poor Jerry Worsen—oh!—oh!—oh! You've seen the last of your master and your friend!" groaned Damon.

"Sit still, sir: leave it all to the mare—she'll carry us through," said the ostler.

And so she did, but not without so much plunging, kicking, and struggling, that the water came up to poor Grimsby's knees, and poured in over his boots.

"Do as I do," said the ostler, quietly pointing to his feet which were resting on the foot-board.

"It is too late—too late—my boots are choke full."

"Never mind, sir, here we are, and there is the ferry-house."

"I would give a trifle for a glass of something spirituous to save my life," said Grimsby; "but your master says I can get nothing here but bad beer, and that I can't stand."

"Leave it to me—give me half-a-crown, and never say nothing to nobody as to what you got for it."

Grimsby with great difficulty drew out the coin. The ostler was not absent many minutes; and when he had resumed his seat he put a pint bottle into his customer's hands and bid him "pull away." Grimsby did—what it was he neither knew nor cared. It warmed the cockles of his heart, so he "pulled away" again and again, until a sort of dizziness came over him, and he fell back, in the back of the cart, by the side of Lion.

When he woke, he was in the parlour of "The Ship," at Squaliton. He rubbed his eyes, paid the driver liberally, and, opening his carpet-bag, drew out the traveller's letter and gave it to his new landlord, who had no sooner read it than he promised to show him all the

sport in his power, but recommended him to have some hot gin and beer, and go to bed between the blankets immediately to save himself from the cold chills.

Damon obeyed. He drank largely of the mixture when he was in bed, and for ten hours afterwards knew nothing that was passing. When he was called in the morning he was as well as ever he was in his life. He was going to get up, but the chambermaid told him not to do so until her master came up with the foul-weather dress, in which he was to go out fowling.

Mr. Grimsby laid himself down again: in a few minutes Joe Winkles, his host, appeared, bearing what appeared to his guest clothes enough for six. First of all, he was ordered to put on a huge pair of thick knitted worsted stockings, then a pair of thicker Flushing trousers, over them again another pair of thick stockings, and over them a huge pair of water-boots. On the upper part of his person he had to put on, besides his ordinary under dress, a very substantial blue worsted Guernsey shirt, then a stout Flushing jacket, and over it a very heavy pilot coat. On his head was placed a tarpaulin cap, lined with coarse flannel, called a sou'-wester, with a flap to it like a coal-heaver's bonnet, and round his throat a huge mass of worsted something that was called a comforter.

Grimsby felt like "a hog in armour;" and when he looked at himself in the glass he did not know himself, and was quite sure that Mrs. Langworthy would not have discovered her master in such a guise, or rather disguise. Even Lion seemed inclined to bark at him; and actually refused his civilities until he had ascertained, by sniffing at him, that he had a right to offer them.

Grimsby waddled down stairs and found a good substantial breakfast prepared for him. He ate plentifully, for he was hungry, and "topped up" with a large glass of Cognac. He then pronounced himself ready for a start, and anxious to begin.

"All right, sir," said Joe Winkles—"there's the guns, try which will suit you best; lots of powder and other ammunition on board."

Grimsby went to a cupboard near the fireplace, which Joe had opened, and took one of some half dozen guns which were piled up within it. He tried to lift it to his shoulder, but the weight was so great that he let it drop on Lion's back and well nigh broke it.

"Too heavy," said Joe, "try this."

Grimsby did. He could just lift it by putting his left hand out as far as he could, and said, "That's the ticket for me."

"Good dog? eh? up to his work?" asked Joe.

"Capital—the best water-dog I ever saw. An astonishing diver," said Grimsby, patting Lion on his sore back.

"All right? then come along."

Grimsby waddled after his host with a heavy fowl-gun on his shoulder, and got on pretty well until he had to wade through two feet of water and one of mud to the boat which lay off the hard about some thirty yards. He would have slipped down had not one of the sailors tumbled out and assisted him on board. "All right?" said Joe. "Ay, ay, sir." "Then up sails, and away she goes."

And so she did, much to Grimsby's alarm; for a smart breeze was blowing, and there was a good deal of motion in the little cutter, which made him feel rather queer, until Joe Winkles administered a dose of Cognac and recommended a short pipe, which Damon, from previous experience, was not rash enough to refuse. Lion seemed to be very queer, and crouched under his master's feet, looking at him with his one eye as inquisitively as if he wished to know the meaning of all these extraordinary proceedings.

Joe whiled away the time by telling a series of miraculous stories about the wonderful number of fowl killed by gentlemen who had come down and stopped at his house and put themselves under his guidance. He pointed out several spots where miraculous bags had been filled, and succeeded in easing his hearer of his fears, and filling him with hopes of becoming a most experienced wild-fowl shooter.

As the little boat flew before the wind down the river towards "the Main," as the open sea is called, numerous flocks of sea-birds were seen wheeling about, but all too far off for the shooters to reach them. At length a fine flock of widgeon, after making numerous gyrations, settled within sixty yards of the boat.

"Now then," said Joe, "lean your gun over the side, and when I say 'Pull,' pull. — Pull!"

Grimsby did pull, and down he went flat on his back. The gun was heavily charged, and kicked him frightfully. "Heigh over, there," said Joe, not looking at his guest but at the wounded birds, — "heigh over — go fetch them!" He turned to see why Lion did not obey, and was surprised to find his master flat on the deck, and Lion overboard on the opposite side to the birds, swimming for the shore as hard as he could.

"I thought you said that poodle thing was a capital dog," said Joe.

"And so he is," said Grimsby, as he rose by the aid of a man and a boy. "Just you see Lion in a pond with a bung — won't he fetch it out?"

"Bung be ——! 'Bout ship — out with the boat, Jem, and pick up the birds."

Only three could be recovered without the aid of a dog, for the wounded ones died and scrambled away, so that the man in the boat could not take them. However, the guns were loaded again, the cutter's head put round, and after some hours' sailing another flock was seen on the water. Silently they approached them, and when they were nigh enough Joe whispered "Pull." He did pull — but Grimsby could not muster courage — he confessed that one kick was enough for him, and resigned his gun to the mate for the rest of the day.

Several birds were killed and many more wounded, which would have been recovered had Lion not received a false character from his master. About three o'clock an excellent mess of hot soup made Grimsby very comfortable, and half a dozen glasses of hot grog, with the same number of pipes, made him courageous. He actually promised to go into the small boat by himself, and lay up in a favourite creek for "the flight" of a crowd of wild geese that always passed

over its mouth for their feeding ground just before dusk. Joe was to leave him there and run with the cutter a little higher up the river, so as to have a shot at them after Grimsby had done with them.

Fancy, reader, Mr. Damon Grimsby in a very small boat with a very large gun in his hand, a long grog-bottle by his side, and a short pipe in his mouth, anchored by a grapple off the mouth of a creek, and dressed as I have endeavoured to describe him. Fancy his sitting there for some half hour in the gloom of a winter's evening, waiting for a flock of wild-geese, and puffing away and applying to his bottle to make the time appear less tedious. All of a sudden he hears a most extraordinary noise—a sort of whistle and whirr:—he looks up and sees some opaque body going over his head. He puts up his gun and pulls, and down comes something *flap* into the water not far off him. He has shot a wild-goose—the only thing he has killed that day, and in spite of all dangers he is resolved to bag him.

He pulls up his grapple, seizes the sculls, and away he goes—he nears his object—he gives a very hard pull—out flies the scull from his hand and goes overboard. A wave takes the other, and overboard that goes too. Grimsby seizes the boat-hook—gives a violent push—for he is close upon his game—and leaves the hook sticking in the mud.

“Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,”

and out goes Mr. Grimsby to sea, leaving his wild-goose floating by his side just out of his reach.

Did Damon shout, scream, shriek for aid? Not he. He was not aware of his danger; he was only intent upon his wild-goose chase, and hoped that the stream would bring the bird—a remarkably fine one as he thought—within his reach. Side-by-side they go—on—on—on—until the shades of evening close o’er them; and Mr. Grimsby begins to think it more than two to one that he shall never get possession of his bird.

But we must return to Joe Winkles and the cutter. After he heard Mr. Grimsby’s shot he looked out, and “the flight” came directly over him. He waited until they had passed him a little way, and then “let fly.” Such a fluttering and screaming followed as assured him he had done great execution; and having no dog with him, he was engaged for nearly an hour in picking up as many as he could find dead.

“Now then, Tom, go about, and let us pick up that stupid cockney.”

Tom, the mate, went about, and soon arrived at the mouth of the creek. Nothing was to be seen, though they sailed right over the spot where the boat had been moored. “Hillioh—hillioh—hillioh—oh—oh!”

No answer was returned.

“He never can have been fool enough to have cast off his grapple and row away for us?” said Joe.

Tom could not say how great a fool he might have been; but, by his master’s orders, sailed about in all directions, hilliohing at the top

of his voice until he gave it up as a bad job; and the cutter let go her anchor, made every thing snug, and master and man turned in to wait for daylight.

Morning came, and with it "early flight." That is, ye uninitiated! the return of the wild fowl from their feeding grounds to the Main. Joe Winkles was ready for it—had a glorious blaze into a large flock, and picked up a score of them. He then ordered every sail to be set, and every reef shaken out—had his breakfast, and put out to sea to look after his cockney guest.

Squallton saw the little cutter return that evening with its crew, and some thirty fowl on board of her; but no Damon Grimsby. A one-eyed poodle sat upon the hard, and as soon as the vessel approached it leaped on board; but there was no master there to pat his curly pate. He sulked—refused his food—watched the river day and night, and would have died a watchman had not Joe Winkles tied him up and drenched him.

Where was Grimsby? No one knew. Joe wrote to the traveller. The traveller wrote to Jerry Worsem. Jerry, in as gentle a way as he could, communicated the sad news to Mr. Langsworthy, and Mrs. Langsworthy, not doubting that the wilful tempting of Providence had proved fatal to her kind good master, ordered a suit of mourning, and put an advertisement in the papers:—here it is:—

"LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED—A respectable middle-aged gentleman, dressed in an outlandish dress, who went to sea from the port of Squallton in pursuit of a wild-goose. Whoever will bring him, or any tidings of him, to his disconsolate housekeeper, shall be handsomely rewarded."

No tidings came. The reward was never claimed. Grimsby's dearest friend—the man to whom he had sent the leash of partridges so foully killed, sitting—came down and examined his papers. He found a will, leaving Mrs. Langsworthy every thing but five guineas for a mourning ring for himself. No such person as Mrs. Langsworthy was to be found within six months after Grimsby's disappearance; but there was a Mrs. Jerry Worsem, very, very like her, who took great pains in fattening and fondling a one-eyed poodle, who bore the name of Lion.

MORAL.

Ye cockney sportsmen! beware of a WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

OLD MR. FLEMING'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A TALE OF 1745.

MERRY was Christmas in the good old times, when scarlet-robed heralds proclaimed its coming at each market-cross, and summoned a whole people to the royal feast. Merry was each time-hallowed observance, when the Yule log was brought in, and the carol was sung, and the wassail bowl passed gaily round. Merry the chimes that startled the hushed midnight—merry the procession of the boar's head—most merry the thousand sports that beguiled each day, until the feast of Kings closed the blithe festival.

And still, in far later times, although despoiled of its graceful and poetic observances, it was merry Christmas still. Yes, still did our great-grandfathers set it "among the high tides in the calendar," and cast admiring looks at the Christmas turkeys and chimes, and dive into their cellars for the choicest Mountain and the oldest Madeira wherewith to celebrate this joyful tide; and, even on 'Change, talk of Christmas parties and Christmas fare. And merry were the thoughts of Christmas to the whole female community, although mistress and maids were up to their very ears in bustle; for Christmas, as though it had been taken under the express protection of the fairies (those severe rebukers of all untidiness), was the time when everything was to look as good as new, and bright and clean as a bran-new Queen Anne's shilling. So Molly tied back the pinners of her mob-cap, tucked up her program gown, and exchanged the customary check apron for the blue woollen, consecrated to dirt and drudgery, and, elbow-high in sand and brickdust, scoured the pewter to a silvery brightness; while the mistress, with huge bunch of jingling keys at her apron-string, went up stairs and down stairs, looking out the Christmas table linen, and china, and plate; or slipping on her hood and camlet cloak, went forth to purchase the thousand and one requisites of Christmas feasting.

Truly, more busy than Christmas itself was its approach; so old Madam Winfield, like Mr. Pope's sylphs,

• "Who, though they play no more, o'erlook the cards,"

ordered the fire to be lighted in her best room, determined, as she had no preparations of her own to make, to overlook those of her neighbours. A pleasant room was that best room, although but seldom used in the summer, because the sun came in, to the great damage of the Turkey carpet; for it commanded not only a view of the top of Old Broad Street, but a slant view into Throgmorton Street, and of the poulterer's shop at the corner. A capital sight

was that poulterer's shop — worth a pound a quarter to old Madam Winfield; for although she could see into Mr. Gregory's best room, and into Mr. Allen's counting-house and parlour, nay, see every window in Sir Crisp Gascoigne's great house over the way, still that poulterer's shop at the corner beat them all. It was a perfect calendar to the old lady. There the tenderest chickens told of coming spring; the first pigeons, of approaching summer; the ducks, that summer had actually arrived; the geese, that Michaelmas drew nigh; and now, the long row of dangling turkeys told emphatically the approach of merry Christmas.

How vexatious was it that darkness came on so soon, and just while Mr. Deputy Barton was haggling about the price of the largest turkey, and Mistress Martha, worthy Mr. Fleming's housekeeper, had just gone in! Madam Winfield cast a long, lingering look as she withdrew from the window, and, solacing herself with a pinch of snuff, seated herself by the blazing fire, and rung the little silver bell. There were voices, as well as footsteps, on the stairs; who could it be? Why, kind news-loving Mrs. Lawson, who, having taken a turn along Cornhill and Cheapside after dinner, thought she would just step in, on her return, to ask the old lady how she found herself.

"Well now, this is like a good Christian," said Madam Winfield. "Now stay, and take a dish of tea, and let Prue take off your things; — now do, for I've had not a soul to speak to, save good Mr. Fleming, who called to ask me for the third of January — fine doings; only to think."

"Ay, Madam Winfield, that *he* should give a dinner," replied Mrs. Lawson, swiftly disengaging herself, with the help of Prue, of her cape and cardinal; "there will be a round dozen, if all come."

"Well, I can't get it out of my head about his giving a dinner-party," continued the old lady, laying down her snuff-box, and taking up the comfit-box. "I'm sure it has puzzled me, all the afternoon, what he will do for plates and wine-glasses. There'll be three plates a-piece wanted; for we shall have a first course, and a second, and the remove, you know."

"Yes, Madam Winfield, but there's good store of pewter in the kitchen; and as to pin plates, there are beauties, sea-green enamelled ones, you know, in the corner cupboard."

"Dear, dear, that I should forget *them*. But still, can he have two dozen of large pewter? As to table-linen, I know he's well off, and plate, too—for he had all his mother's spoons, and the two silver porringers, and the chocolate-pot, and teapot; but, then, what will they do for cups and saucers? old bachelors are not likely to have a whole set."

"Ia, marm," interrupted Prue, "that was the very thing old Nelly Jenkins told me. There's a bran-new set just come home; and Nelly saith there's to be quite grand doings."

"Well, I never heard a word of this until now," said the old lady, angrily.

"Why, marm, I told you about poor Mrs. Cooper, as was frightened into screeching convulsions by the prentice as walked in his sleep,

and how Mrs. Johnson has given warning to Molly about breaking that nice chaneey bason; but Mr. Fleming just comed in as I was a-going to tell you——" said Prue, in exculpation.

"Well, there's nothing like old gentlemen going to house-keeping; but, Prue, what does Mistress Martha say to it all?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"I never asked her, marm," said Prue, with a toss of her head, "a stuck-up old body, as stiff as a starched apron, and no more talk than a church door."

"No, nobody can get news from Mistress Martha," said Madam Winfield; "but she's a respectable body for all that. I wonder what she has bought over there. She was looking at the turkies, but it got so dark, Mrs. Lawson, that I was forced to come away from the window. They'll have a turkey I should think; but who will make the mince pies?"

"O, Miss Lucy—there's Mistress Martha teaching her to roll out pie crust, for, poor thing, she was brought up in an outlandish place, you know, Boston in New England."

"Ah, poor child, and she hath some strange notions, and that methinks is why, Madam Waters so likes her. She says she hath never yet kept Christmas day! But how was Mistress Martha teaching her? it's not every body that can make a light puff paste. When I left school at Stepney Green in 1690, I was sent to a gentlewoman's in Fleet Street to learn; and we made raised paste, and puff paste, and jum-balls, and king William's florentines, of almonds and orange peel. Young folk don't learn such things now-a-days, Mrs. Lawson; I wonder what kind of a mince-pie Miss Delia Waters would make."

"Ay, Madam Winfield, and how high she holds her head. She has bought a vastly pretty brocade, and is working as though for her life at her Dresden ruffles."

"But she'll never look so pretty as Lucy Fleming. And so *she* is learning to make pie-crust. I should like to know how they'll make the mince meat; I always put chopped dates in; 'tis Lady Butler's way, and gives a quality taste to it; but, O dear! my pie-making days are over!" The old lady took another pinch of snuff, and handed the box to Mrs. Lawson. "Well, still I can't but think of this dinner. And who pray is to take the head of the table?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but perhaps Madam Mayhew."

"Ah! there's a change since last Christmas. She's a good Christian as ever was. She sent me two peaches, and a bunch of grapes—but do you think she can cut up the turkey? Dear me, dear me! to think of old Mr. Fleming giving a Christmas party!"

Well, the important day has arrived, bright and frosty, just as Christmas holidays ought to be; and so clear, that standing at the top of Tokenhouse Yard, you might actually see all the way down Nicholas Lane to the Exchange. And with what a pleasant smile does old Mr. Fleming sip his tea in the back room, and glance round at the preparations:—the piled up china, the tray full of wine glasses, the stout decanters rivalling crystal in brightness, waiting to be filled with his oldest Madeira, and the four tall candlesticks with the long moulds in them, so neatly ornamented with frills of cut paper, and

the huge dish of oranges intermixed with sprigs of Christmas, and the smaller dishes with the almonds and raisins. And how complacently does he gaze on his fair niece, and gaily laugh away her fears lest the mince pies should not turn out well. Ay, mince pies might be a laughing matter to old gentlemen and to young ones too, but it was not so to a young lady; and when Miss Lucy repaired to the kitchen and took her place at the dresser, rolling pin in hand—not the lumbering wooden one of modern times, but of ebony, and taper as the fingers that were to use it—her hand so shook, and her anxiety was so great, that Mistress Martha was fain to encourage her to the utmost.

Poor Mistress Martha! this was an anxious day for her—for was not grand Madam Waters coming, and critical Madam Winfield, and prying Mrs. Lawson, and had not that pert minx, Prue, called in twice yesterday evening, with some sort of a message, but for no other real reason than to see how all was going on; and would she not pop in again, to report progress, perhaps just as the plum pudding was about to be tied up, perhaps just as Mistress Martha was putting the last flavouring into the stuffing for the turkey. It was therefore welcome news when the boy came in from his errands, and told her how Mr. Gregory's kitchen chimney had caught fire, and how there was quite a bustle in putting it out, for well did she know that both Prue and her mistress had now plenty to amuse themselves in looking out at the best room window, instead of playing their favourite game of "Neighbour, neighbour, I'm come to torment you."

Well, the mince-pies were made, and "beautifully," said Mistress Martha; but they were not round, like those of modern days, but star-shaped, and fleur-de-lis-shaped, and some of them indeed of non-descript shape; but still all manner of shapes were "in vogue" for mince pies and baked custards, so these did as well as the rest. And pretty Lucy has quitted the kitchen, for with the important mince pies her housewifery is finished; and now Mistress Martha, with a solemn look, proceeds to prepare the stuffing for the turkey, and old Nelly, "the help," as our American friends would call her, sits on the scullery floor, surrounded by cabbage leaves and turnip tops, paring away as for her life, while the boy, having nothing else to do, and eschewing idleness, steals on tiptoe behind Mistress Martha, and gazing longingly at the half-open bag containing the remainder of the raisins, puts in his thumb, like little Jack Horner, and pulls out as many as he can grasp, but without crying, like the aforesaid hero,—"What a good boy am I!"

How busy are they all in the kitchen, and how busy is Mr. Fleming up-stairs and down-stairs:—he has not even time to pay his daily visit to the Amsterdam coffee-house to read the papers; no, there may be alarming news from Dunkirk, there may be a rising among the wild Highlanders, even Mr. Pelham may be ill or out of favour, but Mr. Fleming scarcely thinks of his daily repast of daily news. There he is, down in the cellar, routing among the cobwebbed bins, for some choice Madeira, bottled twelve years ago, and for some fine Mountain quite as old—for Mountain is the ladies' wine; and then

some Port for the younger gentlemen—for Port was “the vogue” among them in 1745. Then, that stone bottle of genuine Cognac, which had been put by so long that it was almost forgotten; that *must* be found, for two wine glassfuls were wanted for sauce for the pudding, and some for the mince pies, besides a full pint for the punch at night.

‘Poor Mr. Fleming! so fatigued was he with his exertions that he wiped his forehead, as though it had been summer, and sat down quite exhausted by the fire. “Well, I little thought of this, last year,” said he, and he nodded gaily to his pretty niece, pleasure overcoming fatigue.

“Nor did I, to find so kind an uncle,” replied Lucy, her large blue eyes filling with sudden tears, “so kind, so good an uncle.”

“Nonsense, Lucy, who am I to be kind to if not to my own brother’s child? but, bless me,” continued the old gentleman taking out his repeater, “here’s almost one o’clock; make haste, child, and get dressed, ay, and look as pretty as you can, for you don’t know who is coming to-day.”

Lucy opened her soft blue eyes, “Why, I’m sure you told me all—Madam Waters, Madam Winfield, Mr. Waters, Miss Delia——.”

“Ay, but there is an old acquaintance coming, and all these are new; but get along, Lucy, you’ll know in good time.”

“Who can it be, dear uncle?”

“You’ll know—well, although there may be time enough for you to dress, there will not be time for me, so good-by, Lucy.”

Poor Lucy, how utterly bewildered was she! Who could it be that was coming? However, to dress she went, and when she re-entered the best parlour in her pink ducape, and gauze ruffles, and with the little gauze fly cap just set at the back of her head, shading, but not concealing those beautiful ringlets of palest amber, we question whether a prettier maiden could have been found in the whole city.

It is a quarter to two, and the first double knock startles quiet Tokenhouse Yard, and the two clerks at Mr. Simpson’s, opposite, peep over the blind, and the housekeeper at number ten half opens the door to peep out. The door is quickly opened by the boy, quite spruce in his chocolate livery turned up with red, who bows reverentially as Mrs. Lawson and her daughter enter.

“And how is good Mistress Martha, to-day?” says busy prying Mrs. Lawson, and she peeps in at the half-opened kitchen door, to ascertain whether there really is a turkey or not. With a rueful smile, and a very stiff curtsy, does Mistress Martha come forward, begging Mrs. Lawson not to stand in the draught, and assuring her that Miss Lucy is quite ready and expecting her; so Mrs. Lawson, having caught a glimpse of the turkey roasting, and of the mince pies too, that have just been brought home, “done a nice light brown,” quietly proceeds up stairs.

Another, and another double-knock startles quiet Tokenhouse Yard; Mr. Waters and his daughter, who proceed direct up stairs, and Madam Winfield, escorted by her maid Prue, who both determinately stop in the passage. How pleasant to Mistress Martha would have been the modern arrangement of the kitchen below stairs, for

Madam Winfield will certainly, on pretence of her breath, walk in and sit down for five minutes; how pleasant, therefore, was the next knock, which told of the arrival of Mr. and Madam Mayhew. What kind greetings passed between them and the old lady; and how peremptorily did Mr. Mayhew insist on leading Madam Winfield up stairs, declaring there was a draught fit to turn a mill in the passage, and that, unless she forthwith proceeded to the dining-room, she would infallibly incur a return of her rheumatics. Most unwillingly did the old lady accept the proffered arm, while Prue, disappointed of her peep, wrapped up the clogs, and cloak, and hood in a huge bundle, and sullenly turned away. Another knock, and young Mr. Heywood and Mr. Edward Brent arrive; and, lastly, stately Madam Waters, leaning on Mistress Betty's arm, (how unfortunate that the handsome yellow chariot cannot drive close up to the door,) and preceded by the footman, who knocks. Madam Waters, although stiff and stately, is a general favourite; so while the boy almost touches the ground in the depth of his obeisance, Mistress Martha hurries forward with her lowest curtsy, and earnest inquiries after the old lady's health.

"Tolerable, thank God, for almost seventy-six years," says the old lady, smiling; "but Mistress Martha, who could have thought of this dinner-party?"

Well, here are all the company seated at the great round table, and there is turkey, and boiled fowls, and Westphalia ham. "A plain dinner, quite bachelor's fare," says the delighted Mr. Fleming. "An excellent dinner," respond the company, in chorus. "My young friend begged us not to wait for him," continued Mr. Fleming, "but hath sent word he will certainly be here before tea."

"Ay, that he will," said Mr. Mayhew, laughing, "if post-horses can be obtained between here and Reading. It's young Pemberton," continued he, in a whisper to Miss Delia, who sat beside him; "he was obliged to go to Bristol, but I know he would rather lose fifty pounds than miss our party."

How pleasantly Miss Delia smiled; young Pemberton had doubtless heard she was to be there, for who but he had sent her that elegant valentine; and as she had not seen him for months past, which indeed was strange, doubtless her company was the great attraction.

"Young Mr. Pemberton, uncle," exclaimed Lucy, opening her large blue eyes with wonder.

"Ay, I told you an old friend was coming, you know."

How Miss Delia now stared in turn! How came Mr. Fleming's niece to know aught of young Pemberton?

"He was a kind friend to us in Boston," said Lucy, with downcast eyes; "indeed, I shall be very glad to see him." Yes, very likely she would; but would young Pemberton be glad to see *her*? Surely not. So Miss Delia glanced an approving look at herself in the pier-glass, and rejoiced that her Dresden ruffles adorned her fair arms, and that her dark hair was dressed so becomingly.

Dinner proceeded. As Mrs. Lawson had foretold, Madam Mayhew took the head of the table—no longer in her faded grey ducape, but in splendid white flowered brocade, and dazzling diamond guarding, but with the same sweet smile, the same low sweet voice, and the same desire to make all happy around her. And completely she succeeded. She carved the turkey unexceptionably, although a matron of not six month's standing; and quite won the heart of Madam Winfield by the two delicate slices of the breast, and nice piece of liver which she put on her plate. Every thing was in good style, as the old lady remarked the next day; for Madam Waters' sober steady footman waited at the head of the table, and Mr. Fleming's boy at the lower end, and the dishes and plates were sent in quite hot, and the turkey was garnished with barberries and bay leaves, and the boiled fowls with barberries and slices of lemon.

And, as the old lady had foretold, there was a second course, wild ducks, and hashed calves' head in a silver dish. Yes, hashed calves' head! that grand dish, so genteel,—perhaps because so elaborate,—with its fried oysters and force-meat balls, and stewed truffles; and then the remove, the huge pudding in its round blue and gold china dish, and Miss Lucy's mince-pies. And just in time to partake of them, in comes young Pemberton.

How politely he bows to the company! how courteously he expresses his fears of having disturbed them! and Mr. Brent makes room for him just beside Miss Lucy; but he hesitates to take that place—doubtless because he would rather sit by Miss Delia Waters. And how merrily does Mr. Mayhew tease him about being in time for the mince pies, and bid him guess who made them. As to Mr. Mayhew, it is astonishing how gay and how polite he is;—could he ever have been called a bear? Why he behaves as though he had had three months' training at Versailles, and so Mr. Fleming told him; but he, with a glance toward the head of the table, replied that he had of late been under far better tuition.

And now the cloth is removed, and old Mr. Fleming, immediately after the company have drunk each other's healths, gives, "our rightful King, and confusion to the Pretender," little thinking what confusion the Pretender would throw them into during this very year. And then Mr. Waters begs to propose the health of Mr. Pelham; and again Mr. Fleming relates his celebrated interview with that popular minister. And there is much pleasant conversation; but young Pemberton takes little part in it—indeed he looks quite abstracted, so not unwilling is Miss Delia to arise and follow the ladies into the adjoining room. But the gentlemen do not sit long over their wine; they soon return to the parlour, and then, as soon as the great round table is removed, and the little round table with the tea things placed, all return again to the dining-room.

What is Mr. Mayhew about? he seems determined that young Pemberton shall sit next to Lucy while she makes tea, and he actually tries to push him into the next chair; but young Pemberton looks very foolish, and draws back; so stately Madam Waters, with a pleasant smile, sweeps across the room and takes the chair herself. "We will not have your tea-making spoilt, my child," says she. Lucy

blushes, and smiles, and opens the little enamelled canister with a shaking hand, while the old lady glances a very cunning look toward Mr. Mayhew.

How fond is Madam Waters of Lucy—and yet it is not surprising; for dear to the daughter of Colonel Scudamore is every thought of “brave New England,” the land of our exiled patriots, the home of the pilgrim fathers: and with all their history Lucy is familiar, for she has kept “thanksgiving day” in the very town they first founded, and seen the very bay in which the “May-flower” cast anchor, with her rich freight of bold and true hearts. Yes, dear to the daughter of the Parliament soldier were these recollections, and dear the fair girl who cherished them.

Well, tea is over; but, O! Madam Waters, puritanical Madam Waters, how pleasantly are you beckoning young Pemberton to you, to take the chair you are leaving. But Mr. Mayhew—we suppose on the principle of “if you will not when you may”—takes it himself, and forthwith begins whispering to Lucy. The result of this whispering soon appears; for it is arranged, that while the old folk have a quiet gossip, the young folk—and among them Mr. Mayhew ranks himself—shall play at questions, and commands, and forfeits. “But Madam Waters,” says Miss Peggy Lawson, “will not *she* be shocked.”

“O no, Madam Waters likes to see young folk merry,” she replies, and quotes those lines of our great poet, an old friend of her father’s—

“For every thing mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burthen loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.”

So to questions and commands they go.

O! how Miss Delia looks, and how eagerly she awaits the answer, when Mr. Mayhew commands young Pemberton to confess how many valentines he has written.

“Never one in my life,” is the eager answer.

“That’s more than I can say,” simpered Mr. Edward Brent, with a sheepish glance towards Miss Delia. What! was that handsome valentine, which had been kept wrapt up in lavender, after all sent by *him*? Miss Delia could have bit her fingers for vexation—there ended her hopes of a handsome settlement, which she was sure her father would approve.

Well, Miss Delia might be vexed, but all the others were very merry; and so many forfeits were incurred, that Madam Mayhew’s worked India muslin apron was quite full. Poor young Pemberton! how absent he was: he had incurred more forfeits than any—ring, watch, snuff-box, cravat-stud—all had been given—what could he give more?

“Your pocket-book,” whispered Mr. Mayhew, gravely. The young man hesitated, and very reluctantly drew it forth, and laid it on the pile of forfeits.

Merrily did the game proceed; and now the forfeits were to be cried. “What shall he be done to who owns this?” said Madam Mayhew, holding up the pocket-book.

“Let him confess where he got that which he values most in it,” said Mr. Mayhew, slyly.

"O what *can* you mean," cried young Pemberton, rising in great agitation, and attempting to take the pocket-book.

"Nay, fair play:—and confess, and you shall have it; is not that right, Mr. Fleming? Come, give us your opinion," cried Mr. Mayhew, laughing.

"What's all this about," said the old gentleman, bustling forward, and taking the pocket-book, unknowing whose it was, from Madam Mayhew's hand; "and what's *this*?" continued he, drawing out a long silken ringlet of the palest amber.

"The very colour," cried Mr. Mayhew, taking it from old Mr. Fleming's hand, and holding it close to Lucy's beautiful hair. "Come, confess, Lucy."

"Indeed, I know nought about it," said Lucy, looking round quite bewildered.

"Then confess, Pemberton—confess your theft, though committed, I believe, over seas, and a year or two ago."

"Indeed, Miss Lucy did not know it," earnestly replied young Pemberton; "but—but will she pardon me? it was when I left Boston; and —"

"You took 'it for a keepsake," said old Mr. Fleming, laughing. "Well, Lucy, forgive him, for he hath taken good care of it."

And Lucy said she forgave him, for she was not hard-hearted; and old Mr. Fleming laughed, and shook him by the hand; and Mr. Mayhew, too. So the beautiful ringlet was carefully replaced in the pocket-book, and all sat down merrily to supper.

"Well, Lucy," said old Mr. Fleming, after his well-pleased guests had departed, "to think of that sly young Pemberton; who could have thought it? Well, I must take him to task to-morrow; but we've certainly had a very pleasant day." H. L.



THE MINISTER FOR THE INTERIOR.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

SLUMBER, infant! slumber
 On thy mother's breast;
 Kisses without number
 Rain upon thy rest:
 Fair they fall from many lips,
 But from her's the best.
 Slumber, infant! slumber
 On thy mother's breast.

Slumber, infant! slumber,
 On the earth's cold breast;
 Blossoms without number
 Breathe about thy rest:
 Nature, with ten thousand smiles,
 Meets so dear a guest.
 Slumber, infant! slumber
 On the earth's cold breast.

Slumber, infant! slumber
 On an angel's breast;
 Glories without number
 Consecrate thy rest:
 Deeper joys than we can know
 Wait upon the blest.
 Slumber, infant! slumber
 In thy heavenly rest!



ECLIPSE.

A LETTER FROM THE CAPE.

THE authenticity of the following epistle will be believed or not, according to the temperament of the reader. There are persons who will recognise the genuineness of the "Letters from the Dead to the Living," but reject those of Fum Hoam as a fictitious correspondence. How, and from whom the document came into the possession of the editor it is unnecessary to state: it will suffice to say that he received full permission to print it, as well as to illuminate it, if he pleased, with his pencil.

To Mr. Philip Muller, Shoe Mart, 91. Minories, London.

Dear Uncle,

You will be astonished, no doubt, at my dating from Africa, and particularly after our giving out only a trip to the Continent—but for reasons you shall have in due course. In the mean time please to note the present as strictly confidential, as containing matters, which for our interests it is material to prevent getting wind: the truth is we are in what the Americans call a fix—but you shall have the whole story item by item, and almost verbatim, for I have a retentive memory, as if from a short-hand reporter.

As a relation and intimate visitor, you are aware of my father's fondness for rural life. Every summer, as regularly as it came he took some country place in the suburbs, with a bit of ground where he might indulge in gardening, but which as I may say was only taking the edge off his stomach—his real hankering was after farming—and above all the tiptop of his ambition was to have a landed estate of his own for his agricultural pursuits. "No leasing or renting for me," he used to say, "but a regular out-and-out freehold, if it's ever so small, where I can turn out my hobby into my own fields. For if there's an enviable character on the earth," said he, "it's a Proprietor of the Soil, that can stand on his own ground with his own clay sticking to his shoes, and say, 'Here I am, a landlord, and all between the sky and the centre is my own.'" Which, for a long time, in the depressed state of business, seemed only a Utopian idea, no more to be realised than the Pennsylvanian bonds. However, what with one lucky spec and another, prospects improved, and particularly by a bankrupt, intending to make himself scarce, who sold his whole stock to us, at sixty per cent. discount, for cash down, whereby we realised considerably, being able to undersell all the rest of the trade—not such a sum, to be sure, as would enable us to buy one of those splendid domains or manors, constantly advertised by Mr. Robins, but enough to purchase a snug little bit of land in England, or a good track of it in Australia, New Zealand, or the United States; between which the governor, as I call him, having no objection to go abroad, and being ambitious of farming on a large scale, was studying to make up his mind, when one day he came home from the City all cock-a-hoop with the news that a Mr. Braggins had a vast quantity

of land to dispose of at the Cape of Good Hope, at the unprecedented low price of a shilling an acre.

"That's the place," said he, "for my investment. Improveable land of course, or it wouldn't be so reasonable; and, as such, offering opportunities for drawing out its capabilities by chemical cultivation." And nothing would serve him but I must clap on my hat at once, and go off with him to Mr. Braggins, whom we found in his office, hung round with maps of the country, and ground plans of the African estates.

"I believe," said Father, plunging at once *in medias res*, "you have some foreign land to dispose of?"

"Yes — there it is," said Mr. Braggins, jumping down from his stool, and pointing with his finger to the biggest map — "all that tract marked red, beginning here at Bavian Boomjes — a noble expanse, calling aloud on Man, with his physical and intellectual energies, to convert it from a wilderness to a fertile and populous province — a Land of Promise, only awaiting civilisation's dairies and apiaries to overflow with milk and honey."

"And what's the general quality of the soil?" asked my father.

"Why, to be candid," said Mr. Braggins, "there are worse, and there are better. Not quite so rich as the fat loams of Kent, nor exactly so hard and sordid as the bare bleak rocks of Cornwall. It needs cultivation of course, being virgin earth, fresh from the hands of nature; rather dry, and therefore requiring the less outlay for draining."

"And stiff?" asked my father.

"Why medium; but remarkably free from stones, roots, or stubs, — an eligible substance for the operations of the plough, or spade husbandry if preferred. As I said before, a soil not superlatively rich in quality, but amply compensated by a feature of commanding advantage, namely, the proximity to the African Islands, with an unlimited supply of guano, that miraculous manure that has proved the salvation of the British Farmer; and which, if spread thick enough, must, by analogy, produce the most abundant harvests."



A PRODIGIOUS CROP.

"And the climate?" said my father.

"Superb. None of those cloudy, foggy skies, the curse of England, and the reproach of foreigners; but deeply, beautifully blue, with a tropical sun, as Byron says —

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light" —

entirely superseding stoves and hot-beds, and all our expensive apparatus for the production of melons and coveumbers; to say nothing of the grape, and the possible luxury of quaffing your own Cape, home-made, under your own eye, with due regard to the fermentation, and which is all that is necessary to render it a racy, generous wine, equal to the most celebrated vintages of the Bacchanalian provinces of the Continent."

"What, equal to sherry?" said I.

"Why no," said Mr. Braggins, "not exactly equal, but superior — positively superior to some qualities of the Spanish juice; and especially should you be favoured, during the ripening of the fruit, by the presence of one of those eccentric heavenly visitors, a comet, like the famous one of 1822. Then, if you're horticultural, the gifts of Flora, including the rarest exotics of our conservatories, flourish in luxuriant profusion — the Scipio Africanus and the African marigold, in their most splendid varieties, growing indigenous in the open air."

"And as to the sporting?" I inquired.

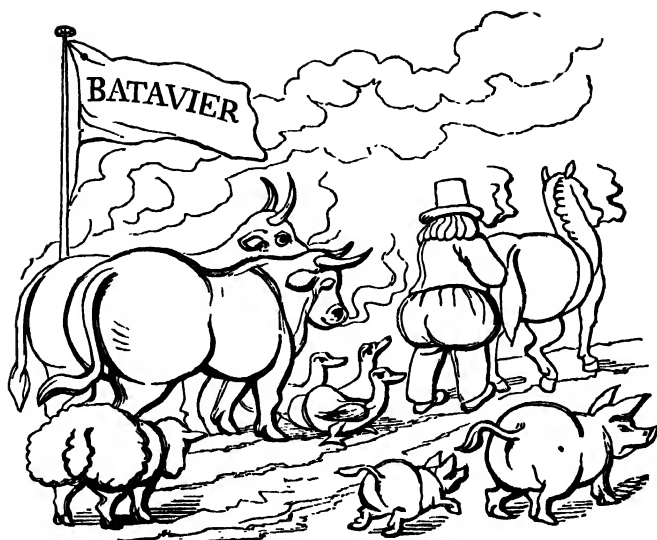
"Oceans of game, sir, oceans, and self-protected — the poacher, that bane of our *feræ nature*, being unknown; and, on the other hand, no manorial rights to be infringed, or jealous preserver offended, in your uncertificated pursuit of your sport. No, sir; you'll be monarch of all you survey, as the poem says, and lord of the fowl and the brute."

"But to return to the farming," interrupted my father; "I should like to pursue both pasture and arable."

"Well, my good sir," said Mr. Braggins, "the land is equally adapted for either; as fit to pasture cattle, as capable of bearing corn."

"And suppose I should fancy," said my father, "to breed and fatten live stock?"

"Nothing better, sir, a certain speculation. The animals in that country have a natural tendency to take on fat — for example, the well-known Cape sheep, whose tails become one mass of living mutton tallow, which is supported, and trundles after them in a sort of go-cart or truck. And talking of mutton, reminds me to mention its piquante accessory, capers, a common weed, which you will have for the mere picking, as gratis as groundsel. Yes, sir, breed and fatten. You may judge by the sheep what your cattle will be. Your fat bullocks will vie with our Smithfield Club prize oxen, and even your lean beasts will be equal to the stock that is imported from Holland, under Sir Robert's New Tariff."



DUTCH STOCK.

"Very good," said my father, rubbing his hands. "I have heard and read of the African sheep. And how as to the natives—no fear of their coming down on a moonlight night from the hills like a band of rude barbarians, as the play says, and sweeping our flocks and herds?"

"Oh, none in the world," said Mr. Braggins. "The nearest tribe is the Gondolas, or Dongolas, and they are limited to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, by an express treaty with King Tongataboo, in consideration of an annual tribute—a mere trifle, six gross of brass buttons and a few bucketfulls of cowries, a sort of foreign sea-shell, plentiful as periwinkles, that you may pick up by millions, billions, and trillions, on the seacoast."

"Yes, I have read of cowries," said my father, "they serve for money."

"No, sir, no," resumed Mr. Braggins, "there will be few natives, black or white, to trespass on a delicious solitude, where banishing conventional forms, the restraints of etiquette, and the trammels of fashion, you may live in almost the primeval simplicity of a state of nature."

"But I shall want labourers—ploughmen, herdsmen, and cowboys and the like," said my father.

"True, sir," said Mr. Braggins; "and if you don't object to Black labour, which, except the clean look to the eye, is quite equal to white, you may get slaves at first-hand, from the interior, for a mere trifle—or with a little management you may catch your own. And

talking of the interior, should you fancy such an excursion, and have a turn for traffic, you can barter with the natives; and between ourselves, there are unprecedented bargains to be obtained of their commercial simplicity. For instance, if you have a matrimonial partner, (my father nodded), she'd get ostrich feathers, equal to any from the court plumassiers, for a mere song. As for gold dust, sir, you may roll in it—and pick up elephant's teeth, almost as cheaply as Sinbad did when he was introduced to their monster cemetery."

"Egad!" cried my father, "the estate has so many desirable advantages, I wonder you don't turn farmer, sir, and settle on it yourself!"

"Ah, city habits," said Mr. Braggins, "city habits. All my thoughts and feelings are town made: and whatever some people may say, I prefer consols at ninety-eight, to a landed investment. The truth is, I have not, like you, Mr. What's-your-name, a pastoral bias, or any rural sympathies. If I had, *there* would be my location," and he placed his finger again on the map, just beyond Bavian Boomjes—"a little Goshen, enclosed in a magnificent panorama, including the Table Mountain with all its hospitable associations, and that singular meteorological phenomenon, called 'laying the cloth.'"

"And now," said my father, "there is only one thing more that I want to know, and expect a candid answer,—and that is, how you can afford to sell your land so dirt cheap?"

"Of course," said Mr. Braggins, "the most frank and open explanation will be afforded without reserve. In the first place, then, the expense, to the purchaser, of going out so far, is liberally taken into consideration; and secondly, the land is unsettled waste land, without churches, without highways, and altogether free of that modern curse, a surplus population; and consequently, unburthened with tithes, parish, and poor-rates, that press so heavily on land like so many incubuses, in England."

"That's enough!" cried my father, who you know is a bit of a radical. "That's the country for me! No insolent squirearchy or proud aristocracy to snub and browbeat, and cut a retired tradesman; no rapacious clergy to take the tenth of his pigs and poultry; and no tax-gatherers and collectors, with their six quarters to the year, and a half year always due. Yes, that's the country for me!"

To shorten a long story, my father bought five thousand acres of the Cape land outright, with the title deeds to the same: and I do believe he was as happy as if he had got a slice of Paradise in a ring fence. The hopes and dreams of his life seemed fulfilled at last; and it was better than half the speeches at the Agricultural Meetings, to hear him talk of drilling, and ploughing, and manuring, and draining by irrigation, and salts, and carbon, and ammonia, and nitrogen, and hydromel, and oxymel, and ashes, and guano, and how he would sub-soil and top-dress, with a rotation of crops. In fact it was a perfect monomania, so that he could hardly express his sentiments on the cut of a coat, without prefacing as one of the landed interest; and scarcely allowed himself time for his meals, with trotting about town to look at patent chaffcutters, and prize ploughs, and other new

invented agricultural implements. All which helped to keep him agog ; and especially the *Times*, day after day, with its long list of vessels bound direct to the Cape, or with leave to touch at it, till he had not patience to wait for the winding up of the business, but one morning walked off to the broker's and engaged berths for himself and me, by the very first ship ; our departure being kept as snug and secret as possible, the governor judging that if it was known he was a landed proprietor, he should be beset by all our poor relations on both sides of the house, to be made stewards, and bailiffs, and the like. In the meanwhile, Samuel was to dispose of the stock, premises, and goodwill, and then to follow abroad with my mother, as soon as advised to that effect, after our arrival on the estate.

I need not describe our voyage, which was much the same as usual, with waves mountains high, and sea-sickness in proportion ; but the governor's prospects kept him up under it, and me too. "Courage, Joseph," says he, "we shall soon see land, and, what's more, land of our own. Five thousand acres is no bad lot ; and you'll have all the shooting over it to yourself,—wild turkeys and peacocks, and all, and which I take it will be a vast deal better sport than popping at Batterssea blue rocks, or Chalk Farm sparrows."

"No doubt of it," said I, "but in the meantime this up and down motion is very unpleasant to endure."

"Not if you think of it agriculturally," said the governor. "Only hills and valleys, Joseph, only hills and valleys. A desirable diversity of high and low ground, such as I trust the estate is ; and therefore, with wood and water, capable of being laid out picturesque."

Well, at long and at last, we arrived at Cape Town ; and after an interview with Mr. Braggins's agent set out, as advised by him, in a bullock-waggon, driven by a black Hottentot, who knew every inch of the country, to inspect the estate, which, however, lay much further off than was expected or agreeable ; but, for want of milestones, cannot tell the distance, except that it took us two whole days and a half to travel ; the country getting wilder and wilder as we went on ; more tangled with outlandish brushwood, and encumbered with broken ground, till the waggon could get no further. Luckily we were close to Baviaan Boomjes, and there was only a wooded hill between us and the property to traverse on foot, which we did, leaving the Hottentot in charge of the waggon and bullocks ; and on emerging at the other side of the hill, lo ! and behold, there was our estate lying before us as flat as a pancake, and as yellow as a guinea !

I really thought my father would have gone off in an apoplexy on the spot ; his face turned, through the blue of disappointment and the crimson of rage, into such a deep purple. "Scrape a grave in it," says he, as soon as he could speak, "scrape a grave in it, Joseph, and bury me at once, for I'm a dead landlord ! Land, indeed ! I've come into five thousand acres of sand — desert sand — and if I'm not mistaken," says he, turning from purple to white, "there's a lion on it !" As in fact there was, beside a thicket, about as far off from us as our shop from the church.



CAPE LAND AND ITS CAPABILITIES.

You may imagine our terror! But though the beast lifted up his head from between his paws to look at us, and gave a flourish with his tail, and growled a little, he did not rise, but allowed us to run off, which we did at double quick; and, indeed, as regards my father, at a supernatural pace, considering his age and bulk, and the heat of a broiling hot tropical sun. I feared at first he would have a fever in consequence, which providentially is not the case; but he has hardly eaten or drunk, or spoken a syllable ever since, through mortification and dejection; and no wonder, for if ever there was Agricultural Distress in this world it is his. What we are to do with the estate Lord knows. Some great people would, perhaps, have interest enough to get a railroad brought through it, and so obtain compensation; but that is not our case. As to the agent, in answer to our remonstrances, he only asks what sort of land we could expect for a shilling an acre; and says, that instead of objecting to the lion, we ought to consider him in the light of a bonus.

The purport of the present is, therefore, to beg that you will break the news to mother and Samuel, who, no doubt, are looking forward to an African Juan Fernandes, and planning a farm or nay. And in the meantime I need not recommend keeping the thing quiet; our only chance being to get some friend or customer to take the estate off our hands, by the same flourishing representations that Mr. Braggins made to us.

I am, dear Uncle,
Your dutiful and loving nephew,
JOSEPH MULLER, junior.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. VII.*

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given —
The gift, the future ill to know." *Glenfulas.*

THOSE who have fallen on gloomy days cling to the memory of former bright and happy hours ; and I still see in my night and day dreams the lovely scenes that surrounded our country residence (distant some five miles from the busy town), with its little staff of old servants.

The house stood on a brow ; and, from the sloping lawn, the ground, beautifully broken, led the eye over a hanging orchard across a rich valley watered by a stream flowing through a steep and well-wooded ravine, or "coombe," into the navigable river far away on the left. This river was so concealed by the undulating meadows and goodly trees which were the weeds of the vale, that its presence was only manifested by the towering masts, gay streamers, and white canvass of the West Indiamen, as they seemed to sail lazily through the fields, labouring, with their costly cargoes, on their way to the desired port. The highly cultivated distance in front gradually rose till it was bounded, on most days, by the bare forehead of a lofty and long hill ; but in certain states of the atmosphere, and especially before rain, the blue Welsh mountains appeared beyond. On the right, another hill, crowned with a castle rising from extensive woods, terminated the view.

The right wing of the house was shaded from the western sun by a magnificent walnut-tree that stood on the lawn. A rich plantation on the north sheltered the orchard-walk that led down to a root-house, with its little platform of turf, girded by a sweetbriar hedge, and situated on a circular knoll, whose sloping banks were teeming with strawberries. The well-timbered grounds — some fifty acres, embraced by a ring fence — were park-like and beautiful. There we

* The reader is requested to correct the following typographical errors in the last Number : —

Page 601. For "a thriving wooer of M'Tavish," read "of one of the daughters of M'Tavish."

Page 604. For "The faculty of second sight he lost," read "might be lost."

Page 605. For "Spure your shot," read "Spare your shot."

dwelt through the spring, summer, and autumnal months, a happy family.

I alone survive.

How often, in my reveries, have I forgotten possibilities, and indulged in the fancy that the dear old mansion which, with its fair lands, has long since passed into strange hands, and where

"Children not mine have trod the nursery floor,"

might yet again receive me, its porch fragrant with honeysuckle and clematis, till I have been rudely awakened by the stern truth that has power to dissipate all castles in the air. But it is better as it is. I would not dwell there now, to wander like a ghost haunting the scene of its former happiness.

I was a smart stripling of fourteen, when, during the holidays, a deadly feud arose between our excellent nurse and Reuben, the coachman,—he anxious to initiate me into field sports, and she fearing that I was too delicate to rough it. As she, deservedly, had some influence, the coachman and myself entered into a secret alliance, and it was agreed that he should awake me early by throwing shot against the windows, so that we could be off to our fishing before the house was stirring. From a dream of a most incomprehensible bite in a deep pool dark with overhanging alders, and of having hold of some Kelpie-like thing that was dragging me in, I awoke in the grey of a fine May morning at the rattle of Reuben's signal. How we brushed the sparkling dew from the meadows on our way to the stream, whose course was marked by a long rolling line of billowy mist! Then came the salutation, as we met our friend the miller, his white hat and garments so blending with the fog that we hardly saw him till we were close upon him. A charming old mill was his—haunted, it was said—with its moss-grown wheel dropping liquid diamonds, through which the rising sun darted its rays.

"Good morn, sir; good morn, Reuben—just begun to grind: you and young master will find 'em up and stirring, early as you are, for the fly is on strong. In again with the little uns, and do what you will with the big uns."

Off we went to the chorus of some dozen blackbirds and as many thrushes, put our tackle together, and, after Reuben had sullied the pure stream by a libation of tobacco-juice, "for luck," as he said, began the attack.

The mist had now rolled away, and the sun was well up. "There's a rise—there's another—there again. There's a fellow as big as my leg," said Reuben in whispering exclamation (for he declared fish could hear, and he was right), as a splendid marigold-bellied five-pounder sprang so high that his crimson spots showed bright on his brilliant silver side in the sunbeam:—"he's at play now; he'll settle down quietly to breakfast presently, and I hope master will have the pleasure of his company at dinner."

It was exciting. The fish were on their feed, and the water was alive with them; the smaller trouts throwing themselves clear out of the water at the May flies, as emerging from their shrouds they rose

into the sunny air, with all the giddy abandonment of youth at a feast; whilst the more steady seniors, the ~~adder~~ ^{admiral} men of the brook, just broke the surface, with their noses as they quietly sucked down the rich provender.

Reuben soon had his pockets—he disdained creels—pretty well filled. I had not done much, most of my taking not being “killable;” but I had just hooked a good one, when a shout from Reuben, who was twenty yards above me, proclaimed that something extraordinary had happened. I dragged out—I don’t know how to this moment, but I remember I hoisted him over a high bush—my fish, and depositing him safe on the sward without stopping to disengage the hook, ran to Reuben.

He had got hold of the five pounder. There he stood with the trout-tails sticking up out of his jacket pockets, and in a silver-laced hat, giving his finny friend the butt and no line, for the place was narrow and full of roots and rocks. His rod was a slight one, and bent to the utmost from stock to top. He managed the fish beautifully, but it was evident that he was hard up. We had no landing net, and he was holding the fish over a hawthorn bush in a deep hole close to the bank with no shallow near.

“Creep through the bush, Master Gideon, or he’ll break me,” said Reuben—and I was through the bottom of it in no time, with my face close to the surface. Through the glassy water I could see the splendid fellow struggling violently to gain a tangled mass of roots opposite; but Reuben turned him, and the fish, changing his course, rushed right across to the bush where I was. He was close to me, but did not see me, though his back-fin was under my nose, as Reuben kept a tight hand upon him. I stuck my toes well down among the stems, doffed my new hat, dipped it under the fish, squeezed the rim together over his body, for his head and tail were out at each end, roared ‘I have him, but I can’t move;’ and Reuben, throwing his rod upon the bush, seized my legs, and fairly dragged me through the bush backwards, hat, trout, and all.

“Master Gideon,” said he, “you be a trump. I’d got him, but, without you, I could not have kept him. That fish—what a shoulder he has!—weighs five pound and a half. We’ve done old nurse now.”

And so we had. A desperate stand was made by the good old woman about leading “the dear little *lamb*”—how my indignant heart swelled at the word!—into danger, spoiling his nice new hat, and tearing his face and clothes; but in vain: *there* was the dish of fish, and my father gently rebuking Reuben for taking me out without leave, commended my sport. After a faint resistance on the part of my mother and aunt, I was emancipated from what Reuben irreverently termed “the old woman’s apron-strings.”

Being well entered with the rod, I was not long, you may be sure, without a gun, and I soon discovered about the premises an honest Celt, whose eagerness for the capture of the furred and feathered tribes, was at least equal to Reuben’s Waltonian propensities. He was a stout ruddy Welshman, with every feature in his face large except the twinkling blue eyes, and with a head of curly hair that

would have done honour to Rufus himself, a capital farm-labourer, and a still more skilful poacher. His love for *cwrw* was only equalled by the acuteness of his superstitious feelings, and it was almost appalling to see his powerful limbs tremble and his burly frame quake under the influence of ghostly terror. I soon found out that he knew where to lay his hand upon all the game in the neighbourhood, and he always brought me the intelligence of the first *Cyfyllwg*.*

Shenkin Williams was in the flower of his age, and a married man, who had come over from the Principality "to better himself," as he said, but, as others surmised, because he had become considerably too intimate with the partridges, pheasants, and hares of certain Glamorganshire squires. Whatever his motives were, a better workman or a more honest man, where game was not concerned, never lived, and he soon denounced the gardener and one of the weeders, who both professed the strictest methodistical principles, but did all in their power to make him an accomplice in their system of plunder; and when they were taken before the Justice for wholesale robbery of the garden, milking the cows before the dairy-maid was up, killing the poultry with sharpened knitting-needles that they might feast upon the bodies, and sundry other breaches of the eighth commandment, exclaimed, with uplifted eyes, that they were dragged like sheep to the slaughter, for it was the Lord's will that they should be tempted.

Shenkin's aptitude for finding game made him a valuable companion for a young sportsman, and I obtained permission for him to attend me on my shooting excursions. During these expeditions, he would detail to no unwilling ears his ghostly experiences on the other side of the Severn.

Never had poor Welshman been more persecuted by *Gwyllion*† than he. At one time he dwelt in a cottage on a mountain side, within whose bowels, in the dead of night, workers not of this world made so horrid a din in their subterranean smithy, that no sleep could he or his family get:—so he left that domicile. Then, attracted by the neat appearance of a cottage in another part of the country, he took it for a term, and discovered, too late, that it had been built upon an old churchway path that had been long disused. As sure, however, as the grim sergeant summoned any of the neighbours to the village churchyard, although they were carried thither by the new route, so sure the front and back doors of Shenkin's cottage, precisely

"At the solemn silent hour
When night and morning meet,"

would open without human aid, but with a rushing noise; the heavy trampling of feet would be heard going through the house, and the doors would be slammed to again, with a violence that shook the trembling inmates in their beds. It was in vain that he stated his deplorable case to his landlord, and declared that he had on such occasion seen the corpse-lights advance upon and proceed through

the house, gliding on till they came to the old grave-yard, and that there they hovered, while voices chanted amid the howling of the wind and pattering of the water-drops, a wild Welsh funeral wail. I can only recollect the burthen :

“ Merry is the corpse that the rain rains on.”

Shenkin shuddered as he sang the death-song in a flat third. It was the skeleton of a tune, like the infernal chorus of the aerial chase in *Der Freyschütz*. His landlord told him to pay his rent, and either take more *cwrrw* by way of a nightcap, or none.

Twice had he seen the *Diawl*, as, with tears excited by horror at the recollection, he solemnly announced to me.

On the first occasion, he was standing in a dry ditch, with his back against a sand-bank, topped by a hedge, towards the dusk of an autumnal evening, waiting, as he confessed, to hear the birds call, that he might “ roost them ;” when, suddenly, he heard a sound as of the whirling of dry leaves above him ; then came the cry of hounds overhead, and immediately before him stood, on the edge of the ditch, a dwarf, but powerfully formed figure of a huntsman, in cap and habiliments as black as his face, gazing on him with eyes like glowing coals.

“ Pooh, Shenkin, you had been drinking, you were between sleeping and waking, and your conscience was at work with a twinge or two on the score of the poaching business you were on.”

“ Master Giteon,” replied he, looking fearfully round, and with the cold perspiration standing on his brow, “ don’t say so ;—there he stood, look you, and suddenly he was lifted up on the back of something as black as himself, and I could see, as he shot away over my head, the four shoes as red-hot as his own spurs. I know where those were forged ; have I not heard the smiths ? Oh, that I had *not* seen him, for that week I lost my little David.”

The second appearance was in the form of a tall black man in sable garments and a three-cornered hat, hanging by the neck, at midnight, on a withered bough that towered in the midst of a hedge, in a haunted lane ; and as the terrified Shenkin passed by, down dropped the form, and came crashing through the hedge, which appeared all in a blaze, in the shape of a headless horse. This apparition was, he said, followed by a fire that burnt him out of house and home.

Prone as I was to the marvellous, I could not help smiling at Shenkin’s visitations ; but the slightest appearance of scepticism gave him so much pain, that I soon suppressed the smile. He would shake his head, and pray fervently that I might not be visited as he had been. He was evidently a sincere believer, and it was impossible not to be convinced that, far from intending to deceive, he was actually under the impression that he had seen and heard what he related. These stories, which Reuben laughed to scorn, found favour with old nurse, so that, having overcome her opposition to my fishing parties with the coachman, I was left quietly to indulge in my shooting with Shenkin, and I never went out with him without hearing

some tale of wonder. When, long afterwards, I visited South Wales, I found persons far superior in grade and intelligence to Shenkin, every whit as confirmed in the belief of supernatural sights and sounds as he was.

The castle where I was staying stood upon an eminence.* A modern wing had been added to the ancient remains, which presented walls of massive thickness held together by cement that seemed almost indestructible and harder than stone. The garden was laid out in the old court-yard, and a solitary ivy tower flanked one of the walls. A door of the gardens opened into the quiet churchyard, where every grave was a bed of flowers, and the little church covered with creeping plants, rose in the midst. The bell of this church had been heard to toll "of itself" on Hallowe'en.

The castle had its haunted chamber at the end of a gallery, and the door of that chamber was closed up; but, although I slept near it, no noises nor appearances disturbed me. There was also said to be a subterranean passage that led to another castle at some distance. The stately pile stood alone, frowning upon the woods that feathered down on each side into the valley, with its trout-stream and ancient mill. The castle walls and surrounding oaks were rich with waving tufts of the graceful *Polypodium*, and the place looked like the ruin of what it had been, the stronghold of some stalwart ancient British chief.

Now, my friend and host was far from being deeply tinged with the superstitious feelings that surrounded him; but he told me that passing on a bright moonlight night in the autumn near the ivy tower on his way to the stables, he heard sounds as if persons were violently beating the ivy with poles. He looked up. Not a living leaf moved; not a dead leaf fell. He approached nearer. The noise was repeated, the ivy still motionless, and he beheld what seemed to be a mail-clad hand and arm thrust out from the tower far beyond the ivy. Two steps brought him to the door of the tower. He ran up the winding stair, thinking the noise and appearance might have proceeded from some of the servants. No person was there. All was still. He stood opposite to the loop-hole whence the arm had appeared to project, thrust his own arm through, struck the ivy with the light hand-whip which he held, and the dead leaves fell in showers.

There was a story current of a spectre-hound, a sort of *Mauthe Doog**, that occasionally haunted the vicinity. One night strange noises proceeded from the declivity at the back of the castle, where a stock of coals was kept, a little above the course of the mill-stream. As this store had been plundered, the servants mentioned the circumstance to their master, who went round with two or three of them so as to take up a position below the place, and intercept any intruders in their retreat to the rustic bridge. As they neared the spot they heard the most unearthly cries and howlings, undismayed by which, they advanced

* See Waldron's "Description of the Isle of Man," and the Notes to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

up the wood, when a huge dark four-footed creature with fiery eyes rushed past them, plunged into the stream, and made for the hanging woods on the opposite side of the valley, which resounded with yellings, as if a troop of hyænas were there keeping their carnival, till the horrid sounds died away over the hills.

At no great distance from the castle was a picturesque old manor house, with its terraced garden rising above it, and approached by a flight of steps. This garden had originally been laid out in the form of a cross; but the hedges, which formerly bounded the walks, had long since become avenues of yews. The hollies and cypresses were magnificent. At the top was an extensive walk or ride sheltered by fine old yews, and terminated by a noble bower of the same, impenetrable by the hottest rays of a summer's sun, or the most biting blasts of winter. Neglected as it was, the place still retained so much of its symmetry that you almost expected to see the ruffs and farthingales still gliding about the pleasaunce; but the only tenants now were an honest farmer and his comely wife, with their bevy of pretty maids, who proudly showed the goodly store of ewe-milk and cow-milk cheeses that occupied chambers where the banquet had once been spread and the harp had resounded. Immediately below the house was the church. Under its shadow was the tomb of one of the former possessors of the estate, and on the tomb his recumbent statue,

“With hands clasped fast as if still he prayed.”

I cleared away the grass that concealed his weather-worn face and ruff and hid the inscription, but the latter had become illegible. His place knew him no more.

Beyond the church were the old fish-ponds, overgrown with weeds, and tenanted by the water-hen and her brood.

A mother and child had, it was said, suddenly disappeared, many years ago, from this mansion, and their mouldering skeletons had been found under the bridge which crossed the road leading to it. The nocturnal wayfarer dreads to pass the haunted spot; and I was told that a most worthy professional man not only believed the story, but had declared that he had himself seen the ghastly apparitions as he rode at night from the castle. His horse would not pass the phantoms; and he was obliged to turn his horse's head, retrace his steps, and reach his home by a circuitous route.

But the prophetic sounds and appearances which, like the second sight of Scotland, are the fore-runners of death, will have the greatest interest for those who love to trace a similarity of customs and superstitions in each branch of the Celtic family.

The *Tolach**—so at least the word sounds, but I do not know whether it is here written correctly—is a sort of second sight and second hearing. The belief in this warning is shared by persons of education, and, according to their account, has been and still is experienced by those whose station and reputation place them above suspicion. They do not like to talk of it; but when incredulity is openly

* From “Tolaç,” a moan (?).

avowed, they seem actuated by some irresistible impulse to state what they have, if their senses are to be trusted, witnessed.

In a town not very far from the castle, which I have attempted to describe, Mr. A—— was sitting late one night in the drawing-room on the first-floor reading to his wife, when they were startled by a crash, as if the roof-tree of the house had snapped and fallen in. Alarmed for the safety of their only child, whose sleeping apartment was immediately over that in which they were, they ran up stairs — and found the babe in a sweet slumber, and every thing in its place. They looked at each other; and after having satisfied themselves by further examination that all was safe, they descended, and Mr. A—— resumed his reading.

In a few minutes both again started up at a loud lumbering noise, as of a heavy body falling down stairs from the top of the house to the bottom, where the street door sounded as if it had been burst open by the fallen body. Shrieks that seemed to go out of that door accompanied the noise of the fall. The room in which they were opened upon the landing-place. The husband instantly went down stairs, but found nothing amiss, nor any body about; and the door was fast locked, barred, and bolted. Next day brought the news that their landlord had died suddenly from a fall down stairs on the preceding night, about the same hour as that in which they were disturbed, as I have related.

The next instance of a *Tolach* I shall give in my friend's own words.

"The Benshee and Fetch of Ireland," writes he, "assume in Wales the form of the *Tolach*, a shadow of coming events, which addresses itself to the senses of sight and hearing, but never to both at once. The party, however, to whom the *Tolach* is revealed can, at will, according to certain ascertained rules, vary the character of the revelation. The following instance, which occurred a few years since, will illustrate the nature of this supernatural visitation.

"It was during the twilight of a fine summer evening, that the Rev. Mr. — was returning from a castle which overlooks the channel, on the coast of Glamorgan, to his own retired rectory amongst the hills. He had ridden many miles, and had now struck out of the main road into the lane which passed his dwelling; when, as he approached a stile that crossed the churchway path, his horse, which had rather mended its pace as it neared its home, stopped abruptly, pricked its ears, dilated its nostrils, and showed, in short, every symptom of alarm. In vain the rider struck his spurs into his steed, which he urged at the same time by voice and gesture, for the startled animal, trembling in every muscle and dropping from every pore, reared, halted, and resolutely refused to advance. Wondering at this strange incident, Mr. — was preparing to dismount to investigate its cause, when the sad and solemn sounds of music arose faintly in the distance; and as they swelled on the breeze, the hundredth psalm fell full upon his ear. One who had passed many years of his life amid these retreats of the ancient Britons, was now at a loss how to proceed. Slipping, therefore, quietly from his

horse, he stretched himself along the ground, straining his sight in the direction of the sound, which melted away, whilst through the gloom shadowy forms were seen advancing, and, as they moved on, becoming more distinct, a funeral procession passed before him; the mourners habited in their sad-coloured cloaks, with their hats raised reverently from their heads, and their voiceless lips moving as if in the act of chanting the devotional hymn. Onward they went towards the church, whilst the fluttered rider sprang into his saddle, and pushed on the jaded beast, now nothing loth, to his stable. This was early in the week. On the Sunday following a substantial farmer, an old inhabitant of the village, was missing from his accustomed seat in the parish church. Returning from market the previous night, with a brain reeling from the result of some successful bargains, he had fallen from his horse, and was carried home a corpse. Before another week had passed, his body was borne to its long home, along the very path which the spectral procession had traversed."

JOY AND WISDOM.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THE careful gravity of years,
 Of infancy the careless glee;
 The joy that blinds, the thought that clears,
 Have both peculiar power on me.

I love to see Delight, the Boy,
 Dash high his spray above the land:
 There is a restlessness in joy
 That leaps and flashes o'er the sand.

I love to learn what age is taught
 In lines of wisdom trac'd by pain;
 The features rich in holiest thought,
 Like furrows fill'd with golden grain.

Mirth is a child that cannot rest,
 The buoyant, blooming, and self-will'd:
 And Wisdom is a matron blest,
 By her own happy goodness still'd.

THE CHIMES: A GOBLIN STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS is another of those seasonable books, intended by Boz to stir up and awaken the kindly feelings, which are generally diffused amongst mankind; but too apt, as Old Weller says, to lie dormouse in the human bosom. It is similar in plan to the Christmas Carol, but is scarcely so *happy* in its subject—it could not be—as that famous Gobbling Story with its opulence of good cheer and all the Gargantuan festivity of that hospitable tide. New Year's Day is a graver season, its rejoicings associated with sterner reflections, its lights with darker shadows; its promises and hopes with regrets and tears; and its bells have tones of melancholy as well as of mirth in their chimes.

The hero of the tale is one Toby Veck—we wish that surname had been more English in its sound, it seems to want an outlandish De or Van before it—a little old London ticket-porter,—who does not know the original, and his humble dwelling down the mews, with his wooden-cardboard at the door, with his name and occupation, and the N.B. "Messuages carefully delivered"? But for fear of mistake, here he is.

"They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and could not well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way; devoutly believing that, in the natural course of things, he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

"Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands, and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent, and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes re-
Toby trotted still."

His regular stand, where he plied for jobs, was just outside of the door of St. Magnus's Church (nicely drawn by Stanfield), a haunt

selected rather out of an old regard for the chimes in the belfry than for any peculiar comfort about the place, which in fact was no snug-gery, but at times windy enough to scatter the froth—no—to blow the porter's head off.

"And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected; for, bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, 'Why, here he is!' Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails, or other portable creatures, sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown."

Now, amongst the characteristics of Toby Veck was one, the hinge upon which the whole story turns; a propensity, not very porter-like, to think small beer of himself and the whole order of poor people in general—and small beer of the worst sort, too, sour, and good for nothing. He held and allowed that they were one and all born bad—could not do right or go right—always committing dreadful things, and giving a great deal of trouble—intruders who had no business on the face of the earth, and without even a right to a new year.

Expressions that, vented ironically, or bitterly, would sound naturally enough; but that Toby Veck, full of kindly impulses, and munificent for his means, a practical philanthropist, a very carrier-pigeon of a porter, should entertain such hard harsh opinions in common with the cold-blooded economists and utilitarians, the Filers of the day, is a little startling; and presents a difficulty only to be got over by a strong reliance on the author's knowledge of life, and a remembrance of the strange anomalies of human nature. Perhaps as a sort of beast of burthen, a common fardelbearer, he had acquired such a passive camel-like humility as made him kneel down in spirit to receive any load, moral or physical, that might be laid upon him: however, such was his bias—making us sometimes a little out of patience with his patience, for instance, at his putting up with the "Putting Down" of that civic nuisance Alderman Cute. Surely the porter is drawn too mild, when he concurs in such a lecture as is delivered by the justice, in Toby's presence, to Toby's daughter, for only contemplating lawful matrimony with young Richard, the smith.

"'You are going to be married, you say,' pursued the Alderman. 'Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down. So don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. Those boys will grow up bad of course.

and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend ! I'll convict 'em summarily, every one ; for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely), and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me ; or babies as an excuse with me ; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church-service, but I am afraid not) I am determined to put down. And if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impiously, and fraudulently attempt, to drown yourself, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to put all suicide down. If there is one thing, said the Alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, 'on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. So don't try it on. That's the phrase, isn't it ! Ha, ha ! now we understand each other."

There, reader, is a nice magistrate to sit on a bench, and judge and sentence, not only the guilty but the unfortunate ! Fit President for a new Inhumane Society, for punishing the rescued unchanged and undrowned ! In the name of poetical justice, why did not the Bells with their yarning voices din, clapperclaw, and ring their iron lessons into *him* ? Why did not the Goblins of the Chimes steeple-chase and haunt that cold bad man, with a heart hard as Haytor granite, instead of poor Trotty, and startle and wrench his selfish soul with phantasmal shows of his own daughter with her babe, driven by infamy and destitution to the suicidal plunge in the river ? Surely he required such a schooling on Bells' system, infinitely more than the porter, of Humanity's Entire, whose hospitable heart and door opened so readily to the outcast labourer Will Fern and his orphan niece ! That picture is true : for the poor are notoriously kind and tender to the poor ; and why ? — because they know practically the extreme wants, the urgent temptations and terrible trials to which their ragged fellow-beings are exposed ; and necessarily think charitably and indulgently of each other, and extend to their failings and misdeeds a large allowance. Accordingly the Toby of the tale is a Shandean one, full of the milk of human kindness ; and, therefore, when he says that the poor are all bad by birth, habit, and repute, we feel, in spite of the author, that Toby must be only facetious or ironical, merely parodying the Cutes and Filers ; and, consequently, that there is *no* Casus Belli to justify the bellowing chorus of " Hunt him, and haunt him ! Break his slumbers ! Break his slumbers ! " On the contrary, he seems hardly used by the Bells, and has good reason to complain, like the thief in the old story, of their long tongues and empty heads.

However, Trotty Veck, having just read in a newspaper an account of a mother laying violent hands on herself and her own infant at once, overlooking the desperation of shame, the dread of imminent starvation, and perhaps insanity itself, ascribes the deed to the wholesale depravity of the lower orders.

" Unnatural and cruel ! " Toby cried. " Unnatural and cruel ! None but people who were bad at heart — born bad — who had no business on the earth — could do such deeds. It's too true, all I've heard to-day ; too just, too full of proof. We're bad ! "

For this offence he is stunned and lectured by the Bells and mobbed by their Goblins; and, like Scrooge, undergoes an awful vision, in which he sees his own daughter, impelled by destitution and misgivings as to the future destiny of her infant, to drown herself and her babe. In his struggles to prevent the catastrophe, the Porter awakes, and discovers that he has only been dreaming a bad dream, induced by a too hearty dinner of tripe. His Margaret is safe and sound beside him, preparing her dress for her marriage on New Year's Day with Richard the smith—an old friend, one Mrs. Chickenstalker, drops in to congratulate, with a huge pitcher of flip—the big drum, the handbells, and the marrow-bones and cleavers, muster round; and the story winds up with one of those Bozzian merry-makings which leave every body inclined to shake hands with every body—and their own left hand with the right.

Such, with some episodes, is the plot; in the developement of which there occur various scenes of humour, pathos, and power. Here is an unctuous riddle, pleasantly solved.

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come! You havn't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess!"

"Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right to soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if, by so doing, she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

"Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! It's very nice," said Toby. "It an't—I suppose it an't Polonies."

"No, no, no!" cried Meg, delighted. "Nothing like Polonies!"

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's—it's mellowier than Polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for Trotters. An't it?"

Meg was in an ecstasy. He could *not* have gone wider of the mark than Trotters—except Polonies!"

"Liver?" said Toby, communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It an't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of Cocks' heads. And I know it an't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!"

"No, it an't!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it an't!"

"Why, what am I a thinking of!" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. "I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

"Tripe it was; and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute more, it was the best tripe ever stewed."

On this savoury dish, the porter fell to with great relish; for he knew by heart and stomach the truth of his own observation—"there's nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner-time; and nothing less regular in its coming round than the dinner." Yet with an appetite stropped to a keen edge by exercise and the open air, he could postpone his own cravings and sham repletion in favour

of a pair of chance guests — Will Fern and his niece — picked up in the streets.

" 'Stay!' cried Trotty, catching at his hand, as he relaxed his grip 'Stay! The New Year never can be happy to me if we part like this. The New Year never can be happy to me, if I see the child and you go wandering away you don't know where, without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me! I'm a poor man, living in a poor place; but I can give you lodging for one night, and never miss it. Come home with me! Here! I'll take her!' cried Trotty, lifting up the child. 'A pretty one! I'd carry twenty times her weight, and never know I'd got it. Tell me if I go too quick for you. I'm very fast. I always was!' Trotty said this, taking about six of his trotting paces to one stride of his fatigued companion; and with his thin legs quivering again beneath the load he bore.

" 'Why, she's as light,' said Trotty, trotting in his speech as well as in his gait — for he couldn't bear to be thanked, and dreaded a moment's pause — 'as light as a feather. Lighter than a peacock's feather — a good deal lighter. Here we are, and here we go! Round this first turning to the right, Uncle Will, and past the pump, and sharp off up the passage to the left, right opposite the public-house. Here we are, and here we go! Cross over, Uncle Will, and mind the kidney-pieman at the corner! Here we are, and here we go! Down the Mews here, Uncle Will, and stop at the back-door, with "T. Veck, Ticket Porter," wrote upon a board; and here we are, and here we go, and here we are indeed, my precious Meg, surprising you!'

"With which words Trotty, in a breathless statc, set the child down before his daughter in the middle of the floor. The little visitor looked once at Meg; and doubting nothing in that face, but trusting everything she saw there, ran into her arms.

" 'Here we are, and here we go!' cried Trotty, running round the room and choking audibly. 'Here! Uncle Will! Here's a fire, you know! Why don't you come to the fire? Oh, here we are, and here we go! Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is, and here it goes, and it'll bile in no time!'

"Trotty really had picked up the kettle somewhere or other in the course of his wild career, and now put it on the fire; while Meg, seating the child in a warm corner, knelt down on the ground before her, and pulled off her shoes, and dried her wet feet on a cloth. Aye, and she laughed at Trotty, too — so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she kneeled; for he had seen that, when they entered, she was sitting by the fire in tears.

" 'Why, father!' said Meg, 'you're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the Bells would say to that. Poor little feet. How cold they are!'

" 'Oh, they're warmer now!' exclaimed the child. 'They're quite warm now!'

" 'No, no, no,' said Meg. 'We hav'nt rubbed 'em half enough. We're so busy. So busy! And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some colour to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done, we'll be so gay, and brisk, and happy —!'

"The child, in a burst of sobbing, clasped her round the neck; caressed her fair cheek with its hand; and said, 'Oh, Meg! oh, dear Meg!'

"Toby's blessing could have done no more. Who could do more!

" 'Why, father!' cried Meg, after a pause.

" 'Here I am, and here I go, my dear,' said Trotty.

" 'Good gracious me!' cried Meg. 'He's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!'

" 'I didn't go to do it, my love,' said Trotty, hastily repairing this mistake. 'Meg, my dear?'

"Meg looked towards him, and saw that he had elaborately stationed himself behind the chair of their male visitor, where, with many mysterious gestures, he was holding up the sixpence he had earned.

" 'I see, my dear,' said Trotty, 'as I was coming in, half an ounce of tea lying

somewhere on the stairs; and I'm pretty sure there was a bit of bacon, too. As I don't remember where it was exactly, I'll go myself and try to find 'em.'

"With this inscrutable artifice, Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready money, at Mrs. Chickenstalker's; and presently came back, pretending that he had not been able to find them, at first, in the dark.

"'But here they are, at last,' said Trotty, setting out the tea-things, 'all correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a rasher. So it is. Meg, my pet, if you'll just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready immediate. It's a curious circumstance,' said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, 'curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care myself for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em,' said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest; 'but to me, as food, they're disagreeable.'

• "Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon — ah! — as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the teapot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that snug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant steam to curl about his nose, and wreath his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank, except, at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

"No. Trotty's occupation was, to see Will Fern and Lilian eat and drink; and so was Meg's. And never did spectators at a city dinner or court banquet find such delight in seeing others feast — although it were a monarch or a pope — as those two did in looking on that night."

A very different entertainment is described as given by Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet and M.P., the "friend and father of the poor," in honour of his lady's birthday — a plum-pudding dinner to the tenantry, accompanied by one of those interludes, or farces, so in vogue with a certain party, who in imitation of the proverbial eccentricity of driving carts before horses, and lighting candles at the wrong end, forgetting that Leisure results from Labour, and Pastime from Leisure — provide starving, naked, and houseless people with bats, balls, and stumps, instead of food, clothes, and lodging.



Accordingly, in lieu of lowering rents and raising wages, Sir Joseph and his son condescendingly played a game at skittles with the peasantry; "and every body said that now, when a baronet and the son of a baronet played at skittles, the country was coming round again as fast as it could come." There was however one dissident. "The Labourer" had been drunk as a toast, and the outcast labourer Will Fern, intruding on the festival, thus delivered his "experiences" on the subject.

"Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books a hundred times. It looks well in a picter, I've heerd say; but there an't weather in picters, and maybe 'tis fitter for that, than for a place to live in. Well! I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard, I lived there, I won't say. Any day in the year, and every day, you can judge for your own selves!"

He spoke as he had spoken on the night when Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then; but he never raised it passionately, and seldom lifted it above the firm stern level of the homely facts he stated.

"'Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent—commonly decent—in such a place. That I grew up a man, and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then. As I am now, there's nothing can be said for me or done for me. I'm past it."

"I am glad this man has entered," observed Sir Joseph, looking round serenely. "Don't disturb him. It appears to be ordained. He is an example—a living example. I hope and trust, and confidently expect, that it will not be lost upon my friends here."

"I dragged on," said Fern, after a moment's silence, "somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'He's suspicious. I has my doubts,' says you, 'about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!' I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite nat'ral, but I say 'tis so; and from that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or let's alone—all one—it goes against him."

"Alderman Cute stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and leaning back in his chair, and smiling, winked at a neighbouring chandelier. As much as to say, 'Of course! I told you so. The common cry! Lord bless you, we are up to all this sort of thing—myself and human nature.'

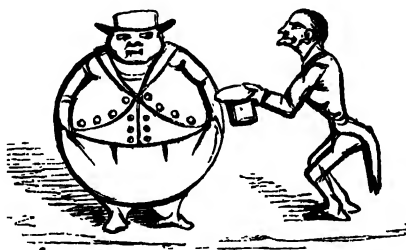
"Now, gentlemen," said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face; "see how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere; and I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cut's a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me afywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and jail's the only home he's got."

"The Alderman nodded sagaciously, as who should say, 'A very good home too!'

"Do I say this to serve my cause!" cried Fern. "Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not all the Lords and Ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're

a working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a going wrong; and don't set Jail, Jail, Jail. afore us everywhere we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the Labourer then that he won't take, as ready and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his rightful spirit in him first; for whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in Jail: 'Whither thou goest I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; Nor thy God my God!'"

We have pointed out what seems to us the flaw or defect in the "Chimes;" and have now only to hang them with our warmest good wishes. May they be widely and wisely heard, inculcating their wholesome lessons of charity and forbearance—reminding wealth of the claims of Want,—the feasting of the fasting, and inducing them to spare something for an aching void from their comfortable repletion.



A FULL STOP AND AN EMPTY COLON.

THE BENCHER'S LAMENT.

BY BRUTUS GRUMPS, ESQ.

Tempora mutantur, nos non mutamur in illis.

CHAPTER I.

MR. TOOFAST HARDUPPE was a very intimate friend of mine; indeed, we were so intimate, that whenever he was in any little pecuniary difficulty, which I am sorry to say occurred very frequently, he always called upon me to help him out of it. I advanced him several sums of money, for which he gave me good security — indeed he called it “the best possible security,” namely, his note of hand bearing interest at five per cent. payable on demand. I was not so green as to demand it, because I knew that I could not get above three and a half per cent. for my money elsewhere; let me alone — I’m not to be done easily.

My legal friend was rude enough to hint to me, that I should never see one penny again, either of principal or interest. I *do* dislike lawyers; they are such matter-of-fact people, and tell you the most unpleasant things, with such unmoved and unblushing faces. I have no doubt they do it for the best, as a matter of conscience or duty, but I, Mr. Brutus Grumps, do think it d—d disagreeable; for what could my legal adviser, Pumpkinson, know of my friend’s affairs that I did not know, who was so very intimate with him? Nothing. He intimated a great many things, indeed, and insinuated that he had heard a great deal from Dashboard, the West End carriage-builder, Spavin, who deals in horses, Sewemup, the tailor, and many other respectable tradesmen who consulted him clientically. Pumpkinson, I maintain, had no business to listen to their tittle-tattle, and no business to mention it to me, to try to injure my friend Toofast Harduppe in my estimation. I told him as much, and told it him in a properly peremptory manner. He looked annoyed, as I meant him to be. He said nothing in his own defence, but shrugged his legal shoulders, and whispered something about having done his duty to a valuable client. I thought I heard a *diminuendo* at the end which sounded something very like “and a pig-headed fool.”

I took no notice of it; for the remark was evidently not meant for my ear, or he would have made it louder. I merely bowed myself out of his private office, and went to call on my friend Harduppe, who gave me some capital broiled kidneys with Curaçoa and Champagne for my lunch; which liquids I relished the more, because I

knew they were paid for. I had given him a cheque to cover the amount of his wine-bill the day before, and had his note of hand for the amount in my pocket-book, at the very moment I was quaffing his Champagne.

We did not sit very long over our wine, for Toofast Harduppe's carriage was at the door — a splendid phaeton drawn by a beautiful pair of greys. I had lent him 500*l.* to pay for the turn-out, and knew that they were really worth the money; for Dashboard and Spavin had pledged their honour to their excellence before I would allow my friend to discharge their accounts. Better judges — I mean of carriages and horses — than those two first-rate tradesmen are not to be found in London.

We took a delightful drive to Chelsea, where my friend had a very pretty little rustic villa which he had furnished very handsomely, and, as I thought when I paid for the things, rather reasonably. He did not live in it himself, for he preferred his chambers, but had lent it to a young French lady, who used to join the *corps de ballet* at the Italian Opera House, before she sprained her ankle or met with some other unlucky accident which compelled her to retire from the boards. It was very kind of Harduppe, as she and her aunt had really not very comfortable lodgings in Whitcombe Street, and everybody knows that pure air is essential to an invalid.

As we drove along Sloane Street, my friend suddenly pulled up, so suddenly, indeed, that the greys were thrown upon their haunches like cats upon a hearth-rug, when they are looking out for their milk. I could not think what was the matter; but on looking up I saw a very genteelly dressed young man with a pair of spurs and a riding whip, but without any horse that I could see, come up to the side of the phaeton, and shake my friend Harduppe very warmly by the hand, which I was rather surprised at his returning with equal warmth, as I had heard him say, "Curse the fellow, I was in hopes he would not have seen me," just as he got within a foot of the carriage steps.

We chatted about the weather — I was introduced in form to Mr. Q. Mace, the best billiard-player of the day, next to Brighton Jonathan; and as the greys were rather fidgetty, I wished him away that we might indulge them in their evident inclination to move on. Mr. Mace, however, was not in the cue for moving, he had his right foot on the step and kept it there, talking about all sorts of nonsense, until he fairly got his left foot into the carriage, and then he whispered something to Harduppe which made him say, "he was cursed sorry, but couldn't do it for he hadn't a dump."

I observed Mr. Q. Mace look at me, and then wink at my friend, who, after a moment's thought, and very *deep* thought as it seemed to me by the contraction of his handsome eyebrows, turned round and said, "Can you pencil a cheque for fifty? I am ashamed to trouble you, but my friend Mace —" "No trouble in the world," said I, taking out my cheque-book — for I always carry it with me — and filling it up on the crown of my hat which I used as a writing-desk. I thought I heard Mr. Q. Mace whisper, "Very soft, indeed,"

but of course he was alluding to the leathern apron of the carriage which was made of beautiful Spaffish.

Well, Mr. Q. Mace took my cheque with a low bow and pocketed it, as if he had been used to pocketing. We wished him a good morning and drove on, and as we did so, Mr. Toofast Harduppe thanked me very earnestly for having enabled him to get rid of the importunities of a person who, he was afraid, though really a first-rate performer with the balls, did not play upon the square. Now as billiard tables are always oblong, I was not surprised at his not playing on the square, and so I told my friend, who laughed immoderately, and told me that it was the best thing I had said for a long time. I thought so too, and we were very merry until we reached the rustic villa.

The servant got down to ring the bell. It was not answered for some five or six pulls; and I could not help fancying that, as I stood up in the phaeton to look over into the pretty little garden, I saw a military-looking man with large moustaches hurry across to a little door which opens into a back lane. I dare say he had only been to inquire after Mademoiselle Ankle; but why did he not make his exit by the front door?

When we were admitted, Mademoiselle's aunt told us that Julie was a little indisposed, but would be down immediately. We waited for some ten minutes; and the aunt, seeing that my friend was getting nervous, left the room to see after her fair niece. She returned in a few minutes, and, with her handkerchief to her eyes — for she was crying — begged Mr. Harduppe to follow her to Julie's boudoir. He did so of course; and I was left alone, and as the doors were left open, I could not help hearing first a loud sobbing, then an hysterical laugh, and finally, a violent pit-a-patting on the carpet accompanied by a series of little screams and screeches.

I was about to rush up stairs to learn the cause of these fearful sounds, when my friend Harduppe sprung down stairs four steps at a time, and grasping my hand painfully hard, said: — "My dear Brutus — my very dear Grumps — I must impose upon your friendship for one more cheque. Would you believe it? that villanous lodging-keeper in Whitcombe Street has issued a writ against Julie for 250*l*. She is ignorant of our laws; and although I have done all I can to pacify her and explain the law of debtor and creditor to her in French and English, she cannot be persuaded that she shall not be shut up in a conciergerie for life, unless she can pay the hard-hearted creditor."

"Brute!" said I, indignantly, as I sat down to write out a cheque for the amount with Julie's crowquill, which was within my reach.

"He is a brute," said Harduppe, taking the cheque. "But for you, my very dear Grumps, the poor girl would have been immolated on the altar of hard-heartedness. Your kindness is too much. I shall never be able to repay you. Mark my words; I shall never be able to repay you."

I felt that glow about the region of my heart which the consciousness of having done a good action invariably produces, and I was in-

deed a happy man when I heard Mademoiselle Julie exchange her hysterical giggle for a natural laugh, in which I distinctly heard Mr. Toofast Harduppe and the aunt of the young lady join. We had a little scene when the ladies appeared, for Miss Julie threw herself on my neck and kissed me. I felt rather awkward at first; but when I remembered that it was the custom of her country, I rather liked it. We had a little Maraschino, which I knew to be good, having paid Johnson and Justerini a guinea a bottle for it; and then we left the little villa on our return for town, where my friend had invited me to dine at Long's. Mr. Markwell gave us a most excellent little dinner for four, and his wines are first-rate. We did not sit long over the wine; but, as shorts are not permitted at Long's, we retired to Harduppe's chambers to have a rubber, though not before I had lent my friend a cheque to cover our expenses then incurred, and a small bill that had been standing for some months.

I lost a mere trifle at whist, and passed an agreeable evening. There was no disputing the excellency of the Regent's punch (which we drank with Hudson's cigars, at four guineas per pound), for Frazer told me, when I called to pay him twelve shillings a pint for it, that he always presided over the amalgamation of it himself.

Poor Toofast Harduppe was not so lucky as I had been. He never won a rubber all the evening; and I was obliged to fill up another cheque for forty pounds to pay his score. It was a debt of honour, and he did not like to put off the payment of it until his rents became due. I must say his tenants do not pay very punctually; at least, not during the twelvemonth in which I have had the honour of his acquaintance; for I do not believe—for so he tells me—that during the whole of that period he has received one farthing from his estates. In what county he said they were I really forget.

I am very particular in money matters, and before going to bed I make up my accounts. I found I had not made a very bad day of it that day; as, upon looking over my books, I found that I had advanced Mr. Toofast Harduppe 420*l.*, which, at five per cent., gave me an addition to my income of 21*l.* per annum; whereas, had I invested it in the three per cents., I should only have got 12*l.* odd for it. How calmly did I sleep that night!

CHAPTER II.

I DID not see my friend Toofast Harduppe all the next day, although I called at his chambers several times. His servant told me that he had gone out with two men—for he could not call them gentlemen, they looked more like horse-dealers or prize-fighters than any thing else—soon after he was up that morning. Whither they went he could not tell.

While I was out Pumpkinson called twice. I was glad I was not at home, for I felt a conviction that he had merely called to say something unpleasant.

I had a quiet mackerel in my own room, and lamb chop with asparagus to follow. The fish was not fresh, and the lamb had seen but

little of the green pastures; it was not fat but flabby. The asparagus was all handle, the points being *non est inventuses*. My sherry was a little corked or caulked, I don't know which is right; but I am sure I have seen it spelt in the last way, particularly when applied to ships' sides and bottoms.

Altogether I did not relish my dinner, and I felt sure something unpleasant was going to happen. I had a *présentiment*, as the French call it, and it was soon realised in the shape of a note, which ran thus:—

“Queen's Bench, Wednesday.

“Dear Brutus Grumps,

“Here I am. Inquire for 11 in 10, and come and dine with me to-morrow at five, as you are locked in at nine if you don't turn out before. Spavin has done it all! I mean to take the benefit of the act; but, of course, you won't prove, and I'll pay you afterwards.

“Yours very truly,
“TOOFAST HARDUPPE.”

“Very hard of Spavin, I must say,” said I to myself. “And I can't quite understand it, as I gave him a cheque for his account only yesterday. Prove—of course I shall not prove—and I know Harduppe will pay me honourably.”

Well; though I smoked some cigars extra that night, I could not sleep soundly. I thought of my friend in his cell, with all the horrors of a prison about him—chains, fetters, over-grown keys, and apoplectic padlocks. Grim-visaged keepers, and cruel unfeeling turn-keys haunted me; and had it not been for the lobster salad which I ate just before I went to bed, I should have had nothing to console me.

I was very feverish the next day, and felt quite ill, when Pumpkinson, my legal friend, came to my bedside and told me, with a sort of *heigho! triumphe* air, that I was regularly in for it. He enumerated the amount of poor Harduppe's debts, and gave me all the interesting particulars of his case. He mentioned many sums as unpaid, which I knew were discharged, for I had paid them myself. He told me my acceptances, payable on demand, were not worth a dump, and that what I had advanced for Miss Julie, Mr. Spavin, and others, was a mere *draw*; that I had been duped by a set of swindlers, of whom my *friend*—(he laid a horribly malicious emphasis on the word)—was inconceivably the most magnificent. I smiled to myself to think what a surprise it would have been to him had I shown him my poor friend's letter, containing his promise to pay me *all* after he had got through his little difficulties. I did not show it him, however, for I felt indignant at his mistrustfulness.

At four o'clock I took my seat in an Elephant and Castle omnibus, and whispered to the cad as I got in at the Silver Cross, Charing Cross, to put me down at the nearest point leading to the Queen's Bench. He did so, and I got out at a sort of pillar, and went along a road which was lined on the left-hand side by out-door shops, filled

with old furniture, pianofortes, child's carriages, and a variety of second-hand articles. I could not mistake the prison in which my friend was confined, for the high walls and gloomy *ensemble* indicated it but too plainly.

I arrived at a sort of lobby, and as I entered it, two very sharp-looking individuals eyed me from head to foot, and one of them, by accident of course, ran his hand over my cloak, which I had put on, warm as the weather was, as a sort of disguise. On inquiring for Mr. Harduppe, 11 in 10, a very polite man offered to show me his rooms.

I followed him, and paid him the shilling which he informed me was the usual fee. I knocked at the door and was admitted. I entered, I must say, with a got-up expression of sympathy for my friend's sufferings in my countenance, but it vanished when I saw him playing at cribbage on a sort of camp bestead, with Mr. Q. Mace and Mr. Spavin, the man "who had done it all."

Harduppe shook me kindly by the hand, and re-introduced me to Mr. Q. Mace as "an insider" like himself; and to Mr. Spavin, as "a most respectable horse-dealer, who had been kind enough to come over to see him." As this latter introduction was given with a peculiar wink, I knew it was meant *per contra*, so I received Mr. Spavin very coldly.

"Mace, call Dolly," said Harduppe.

He did so, and a dirty fat Irish charwoman made her appearance.

"Dinner, Dolly," said my friend.

"By the powers thin, why not call me Doll, Capthin, as ye was used to do whin ye was in before?" said the lady.

I looked an interrogative "before?"

"You mean, Doll, when I used to call to see Mr. O'Reilly," said my friend, and I saw him wink, and Dolly play second to it.

"In course, your honour. I manes that, and nothing but that—but y'll be for your dhinner?"

Dolly ran away, and a few minutes the table-cloth, which was not very clean, had its surface covered with a quarter of lamb and vegetables, to which we all of us did justice.

"You'd like some Champagne?" inquired Harduppe, looking at me.

I said yes; for I like Champagne.

"Then you must wait till you are out again; for you would hardly believe that the blackguards only allow us one pint of wine or two pints of porter each in the day."

"Shame! shame!" said Spavin and Mace.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is very different now to what it was when I was in —"

Spavin coughed and Mace laughed.

"When I was in — the habit of calling on my unfortunate friends here before the marshalseas were admitted, and those low people; a poor fellow could get drunk like a gentleman then—now, its so badly regulated that, curse me, if I stay in longer than I can help it," said Harduppe.

"I will take care," said I, "that you shall not want for wine and

every thing comfortable. I will send you in a hamper to-morrow morning."

"Hear! hear! hear!" said Spavin.

"Spavin, my dear fellow!" (dear fellow to the man who had imprisoned him—I could not make it out.) "Spavin, you are, luckily for you, an outsider. You do not know that we cannot receive that wine which my friend so liberally offers us; but come, as dinner is over let us light up. We have as much tobacco as we please, and unlimited order on the fountain pump: so light up and let's be jolly upon *aqua pura*, which is Latin for Adam's ale.

I had had but one glass of porter, for we had but a quart among four of us; and I found the cigar did not relish, but made me feel rather qualmish. I suppose I turned a little pale, for my friend asked me what was the matter.

"I am not used," said I, "to smoke a cigar without a little spirits and water."

"Then you must put your pipe out; for you cannot get any thing here," said Mace.

"I thought I had heard of such things as tape-shops," said I, "where you could get a little taste of something strong."

"Ah, my dear Brutus Grumps, that was in the good old days; but now—curse the government——"

"Hear! hear!! hear!!!"

"And all the prison disciplinarians—you cannot enjoy life at all," said Toofast Harduppe.

"There is only one way," suggested Mr. Q. Mace.

"Ah! but there's a risk attending it," said Harduppe.

"Not with a respectable looking man——" said Mace.

"Who wears a cloak," said Spavin.

"What is it?" I inquired.

All were silent for a moment, and looked first at the arched ceiling of the cell, and then at their shoes.

"What is it?" said I, "only tell me, and I'll do it."

"A regular trump that," said Spavin.

"And no mistake," added Mr. Q. Mace.

I looked at Harduppe for a solution of the difficulty.

"By an outsider's bringing it in, and risking three months imprisonment."

I was staggered at this, and looked so.

"There is not much danger," said Spavin, "if you get a 'pothecary's *videt*, and have it labelled stumacky tinkter."

"Or eye-water," said Mace. "A pint would do at one journey, and any sharp man could go two or three times."

"I'll try it," said I; for I really felt for the poor prisoners who had been used to smoke—but not a *dry* cigar. "I will do it."

I was cloaked with as much zeal as if any valet were dressing me. I walked calmly out, bowing politely to the keepers of the gate. I rushed to a neighbouring doctor's shop, got a bottle, large and flat, labelled "Lotion for the Eyes," and then ran to a neighbouring public-house, and had it filled with the best brandy—not British. I put

it carefully in my inside coat-pocket, and walking to the door again crossed the first lobby into the inner^{one}, merely observing, that I had left my gloves behind me.

"Excuse me, sir," said one of the sharp-looking men, "but you have got a little dirt on your cloak; allow me to rub it off."

I felt as if I should have fainted.

"Why, bless me, Thomas, if the gent. has not got something heavy here. Put your hand in, and pull it out."

Thomas dived as quick as thought under my cloak. Out came the fatal fluid. A fly settling on my nose would have knocked me down.

"Lotion for the eyes — hem! let us taste it," said Thomas.

"It is poison," said I, "prussic acid and arsenic."

"I'll risk it," said the keeper. "Very fair Cognac indeed. Try it, Abraham."

"Capital!" said Abraham, "but we must cork up the rest for the governor."

"This way," said Thomas, and I was hurried through the gate to the governor's house.

I pleaded guilty to the charge of conveying spirits into prison — for what could I do otherwise. I threw myself on the mercy of the court. It had no mercy on me, and here I am for three long months, Mr. Editor, and all for trying to relieve a friend suffering from want of spirits.

Pumpkinson says I am a fool, and I begin to think so; for Mr. Too-fast Harduppe has confessed that he saw I was a very soft one, and has regularly sold me. I'm in debt, and my income is greatly diminished; but I shall feel much relieved if, as a warning to our species, you will give insertion to this a BENCHER'S LAMENT.

Brutus Grumps,
12 in 14.

P. S.—Mr. Q. Mace and Spavin were all a draw. What an ass I have been!

DOMESTIC MESMERISM.

"Gape, sinner, and swallow."
Mcg Merritts.

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It is now just a year since we reviewed Miss Martineau's "Life in the Sick Room," and left the authoress set in for a house-ridden invalid, alternating between her bed and the sofa; unable to walk out of doors, but enjoying through her window and a telescope the prospect of green downs and heath, an old priory, a limekiln, a colliery railway, an ancient church, a windmill, a farm, with hay and corn stacks, a market garden, gossiping farmers, sportsmen, boys flying kites, washerwomen, a dairymaid feeding pigs, the lighthouses, harbour, and shipping of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a large assortment of objects, pastoral, marine, and picturesque. There we left the "sick prisoner," as we supposed, quite aware of a condition beyond remedy, and cheerfully made up for her fate by the help of philosophy, laudanum, and Christian resignation.

There never was a greater mistake. Instead of the presumed calm submission in a hopeless case, the invalid was intently watching the progress of a new curative legerdemain, sympathising with its repudiated professors, and secretly intending to try whether her own chronic complaint could not be conjured away with a "Hey, presto! pass and repass!" like a pea from under the thimble. The experiment it seems has been made, and lo! like one of the patients of the old quack-salvers, forth comes Miss Martineau on the public stage, proclaiming to the gaping crowd how her long-standing, inveterate complaint, that baffled all the doctors, has been charmed away like a wart, and that, from being a helpless cripple, she has thrown away her crutches, literal or metaphorical, and can walk a mile as well as any Milesian. And this miraculous cure, not due to Holloway, Parr, Morison, or any of the rest of the faculty, nor to any marvellous ointment, infallible pills, or new discovery in medicine, but solely to certain magical gesticulations, as safe, pleasant, and easy as playing at cat's cradle—in short, by Mesmerism!

Now we are, as we have said before, the greatest Invalid in England; with a complication of complaints requiring quite a staff of physicians, each to watch and treat the particular disease which he

has made his peculiar study: as, one for the heart, another for the lungs, a third for the stomach, a fourth for the liver, and so on. Above all, we are incapable of pedestrian locomotion; lamer than Crutched Friars, and, between gout in our ankles and rheumatism in our knees, could as easily walk on our head, like Quilp's boy, as on our legs. It would delight us, therefore, to believe that by no painful operation, but only a little posture-making behind our back or to our face, we could be restored to the use of our precious limbs, to walk like a Leaguer, and run again like a renewed bill. But alas! an anxious examination of Miss Martineau's statements has satisfied us that there is no chance of such a desirable consummation; that, to use a common phrase, "the news is too good to be true." We have carefully waded through the Newcastle letters, occupying some two dozen mortal columns of the "Athenæum," and with something of the mystified feeling of having been reading by turns and snatches in Moore's Almanack, Zadkiel's Astrology, a dream book, and a treatise on metaphysics, have come to the sorrowful conclusion that we have as much chance of a cure by Mesmerism, as of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours through merely reading the constant advertisements of the Patent Pedometer. A conviction not at all removed by an actual encounter with a professor, who, after experimenting on the palms of our hands without exciting any peculiar sensation, except that quivering of the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter, gravely informed us—slipping through a pleasant loophole of retreat from all difficulties—that "we were not in a fit state."

The precise nature of Miss Martineau's complaint is not stated; nor is it material to be known except to the professional man: the great fact, that after five years' confinement to the house she can walk as many miles without fatigue, thanks to the mysterious *Ism*, "that sadly wants a new name," is a sufficient subject for wonder, curiosity, and common sense to discuss. A result obtained, it appears, after two months *passed* under the hands of three several persons—a performance that must be reckoned rather slow for a miracle, seeing that if we read certain passages aright, a mesmeriser "with a white hat and an illuminated profile, like a saint or an angel," is gifted with powers little, if at all, inferior to those of the old Apostles. The delay, moreover, throws a doubt on the source of the relief, for there are many diseases to which such an interval would allow of a natural remission.

In the curative process, the two most remarkable phenomena were—1st, That the patient, with a weazel-like vigilance, did not go as usual into the magnetic sleep or trance: and, 2dly, That every glorified object before her was invested with a peculiar light, so that a bust of Isis burnt with a phosphoric splendour, and a black, dirty, Newcastle steam-tug shone with heavenly radiance. Appearances, for which we at once take the lady's word, but must decline her inference, that they had any influence in setting her on her legs again. The nerves, and the optic ones especially, were, no doubt, in a highly excited state: but that a five year old lameness derived any relax-

ation from that effulgence we will believe, when the broken heart of a soldier's widow is bound up by a general illumination. Indeed, we remember once to have been personally visited with such lights, that we saw two candles instead of one—but we decidedly walked the worse for it.

On the subject of other visionary appearances Miss Martineau is less explicit, or rather tantalizingly obscure; for after hinting that she has seen wonders above wonders, instead of favouring us with her *Revelations or Mysteries*, like Ainsworth or Eugene Sue, she plumply says that she means to keep them to herself.

"Between this condition and the mesmeric sleep there is a state, transient and rare, of which I have had experience, but of which I intend to give no account. A somnambule calls it a glimmering of the lights of somnambulism and clairvoyance. To me there appears nothing like glimmering in it. The ideas that I have snatched from it, and now retain, are, of all ideas which ever visited me, the most lucid and impressive. It may be well that they are incommunicable—partly from their nature and relations, and partly from their unfitness for translation into mere words. I will only say that the condition is one of no "nervous excitement," as far as experience and outward indications can be taken as a test. Such a state of repose, of calm translucent intellectuality, I had never conceived of; and no reaction followed, no excitement but that which is natural to every one who finds himself in possession of a great new idea."

So that whether she obtained a glimpse of the New Jerusalem, or a peep into the World of Spirits, or saw the Old Gentleman himself, is left to wide conjecture. Our own guess, in the absence of all direction is, that she enjoyed a mesmeric translation into another planet, and derived her great idea from the Man in the Moon.

This, however, is not the only suppression. For instance, it is said that one of the strongest powers of the girl J., the somnambulist, was the discernment of disease, its condition and remedies; that she cleared up her own case first, prescribing for herself very fluently, and then medically advised Miss Martineau, and that the treatment in both cases succeeded. Surely, in common charity to the afflicted, these infallible remedies ought to have been published; their nature ought to have been indicated, if only to enable one to judge of supernatural prescribing compared with professional practice; but so profound a silence is preserved on these points as to lead to the inevitable conclusion, that the mesmeric remedies, like the quack medicines, are to be secured by patent, and to be sold at so much a family bottle, stamp included. One recipe only transpires, of so commonplace and popular a character, and so little requiring inspiration for its invention,—so ludicrously familiar to wide-awake advisers, that our sides shake to record how Miss Martineau, restless and sleepless for want of her abandoned opiates, was ordered ale at dinner and brandy and water for a nightcap. Oh, J.! J.! well does thy initial stand also for Joker!

In addition to these suppressions, one unaccountable omission has certainly staggered us, as much as if we had considered it through a couple of bottles of wine. In common with ourselves, our clever friend T. L., and many other persons—who all hear the music of the

spheres, dumb bells, and other mute melodies, as distinctly as the rest of the world, but of gross mundane sounds and noises are unconscious as the adder—Miss Martineau is very deaf indeed. Here then was an obvious subject for experiment, and having been so easily cured of one infirmity, it seems only natural that it should have occurred to the patient to apply instantaneously to the same agency for relief from another disability—that she should have requested her mesmeriser to quicken her hearing as well as her pace. But on the contrary, her ears seem quite to have slipped out of her head; and at an advanced stage of the proceedings we find her awaiting J.'s revelations, "with an American friend repeating to her on the instant, on account of her deafness, every word as it fell." And to make the omission more glaring, it is in the midst of speculations on the mesmeric sharpening of another sense, till it can see through deal-boards, mill-stones, and "barricadoes as lustrous as ebony," that she neglects to ascertain whether her hearing might not be so improved as to perceive sounds through no denser medium than the common air! Such an interesting experiment in her own person ought surely to have preceded the trials whether "J." could see, and draw ships and churches, with her eyes shut; and the still more remote enquiry whether, at the day of judgment, we are to rise with or without our bodies, including the auricular organs. If dull people can be cured of stone-deafness by a few magnetic passes, so pleasant a fact ought not to be concealed; whatever the consequence to the proprietors of registered Voice Conductors and Cornets.

Along with this experiment, we should have been glad of more circumstantial references to many successful ones merely assumed and asserted. There is, indeed, nothing throughout the Letters more singular than the complacency with which we are expected to take disputed matters for granted; as if all her readers were in magnetic *rapport* with the authoress, thinking as she thinks, seeing as she sees, and believing as she believes. Thus the theory, that the mind of the somnambulist mirrors that of the mesmeriser, is declared to be pretty clearly proved, "*when* an ignorant child, ignorant especially of the Bible, discourses of the Scriptures and divinity with a clergyman, and of the nebulae with an astronomer;" and when perfectly satisfactory to the writer, but which sticks in our throat like its namesake, the English for *goître*. We should be delighted to know the whereabouts of that Wonderful Child, and its caravan.* And here are more whens—

What becomes of really divine inspiration *when* the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of provision and insight? What becomes of the veneration for religious contemplation *when* ecstasies are found to be at the command of very unhallowed—wholly unauthorized hands? What becomes of the respect in which the medical profession ought to be held, *when* the friends of the sick and suffering, with their feelings all alive, see the doctor's skill and science overborne and set aside by means at the command of an ignorant neighbour,—means which are all ease and pleasantness? How can the profession hold its dominion over minds, however backed by law and the opinion of the educated, *when* the vulgar see and know that limbs are removed without pain, in opposition to the will of doctors, and in spite of

their denial of the facts? What avails the decision of a whole College of Surgeons that such a thing could not be, *when* a whole town full of people know that it was? What becomes of the transmission of fluid *when* the mesmerist acts, without concert, on a patient a hundred miles off?

To all of which Echo answers "When?"—whilst another memorable one adds "Where?" In fact, had the letters been delivered as speeches, the orator would continually have been interrupted with such cries, and for "name! name!"

In the same style we are told that we need not quarrel about the name to be given to a power "that can make the deaf and dumb hear and speak; disperse dropsies, banish fevers, asthma, and paralysis, absorb tumours, and cause the severance of nerve, bone, and muscle to be unfelt. Certainly not,—nor about the name to be bestowed on certain newly invented magnetic rings that have appeared simultaneously with the Newcastle letters, and are said to cure a great variety of diseases. We only object—as we should in passing a tradesman's accounts—to take mere items for facts that are unsupported by vouchers. But it is obvious throughout that Miss Martineau forgets she is not addressing magnetisers; instead of considering herself as telling a ghost story to people who did not believe in apparitions, and consequently fortifying her narrative with all possible evidence corroborative and circumstantial. This is evident from the trusting simplicity with which she relates all the freaks and fancies of the somnambulist J. in spite of their glaring absurdities and inconsistencies. For instance, her vocabulary is complained of, with its odd and vulgar phrases, so inferior to the high tone of her ideas, and the subjects of her discourse: whereas, like the child that talked of nebulae, and was up to astronomical technicals, she ought to have used as refined language as her mesmeriser, the well-educated widow of a clergyman. So when a glass of proper magnetic water was willed to be porter on her palate, she called it obliquely "a nasty sort of beer," when, reflecting the knowledge of her mesmeriser, she should have recognized it by name as well as by taste: and again, in the fellow experiment, when the water was willed to be sherry, she described it as "wine, white wine;" and moreover, on drinking half a tumbler became so tipsy, that she was afraid to rise from the chair or walk, or go down stairs, "for fear of falling and spoiling her face." The thing however was not original. Miss Martineau insinuates that mesmerism is much older than Mesmer; and in reality the reader will remember a sham Abram feast of the same kind in the Arabian Nights, where the Barmecide willed ideal mutton, barley broth, and a fat goose with sweet sauce,—and how Shacabac, to humour his enter-tainer, got drunk on imaginary wine.

The whole interlude, indeed, in which J. figures, if not very satisfactory to the sceptical, is rather amusing. She is evidently an acute, brisk girl of nineteen, with a turn for fun,—“very fond of imitating the bagpipes” in her merry moods—and ready to go the whole Magnetic Animal, even to the “mesmerising herself,”—an operation as difficult, one would imagine, as self-tickling. She exhibits in fact a

will of her own, and an independence, quite at variance with the usual subjection to a superior influence. • She wakes at her own pleasure from her trances—is not so abstracted in them as to forget her household errands, that she has to go to the shop over the way—and without any mesmeric introduction gets into *rapport* with the music next door, which sets her mocking all the instruments of an orchestra, dancing, and describing the company in a ball-room. Another day, when one of the phrenological organs was affected, she was thrown into a paroxysm of order, and was “almost in a frenzy of trouble because she could not make two pocket-handkerchiefs lie flat and measure the same size—all very good fun, and better than stitching or darning. But she preferred higher game. “I like to look up and see spiritual things. I can see diseases, and I like to see visions!” And accordingly she did see a vision,—by what must be called Clairvoyance’s long range—of a shipwreck, with all its details, between Gottenburg and Elsinore.

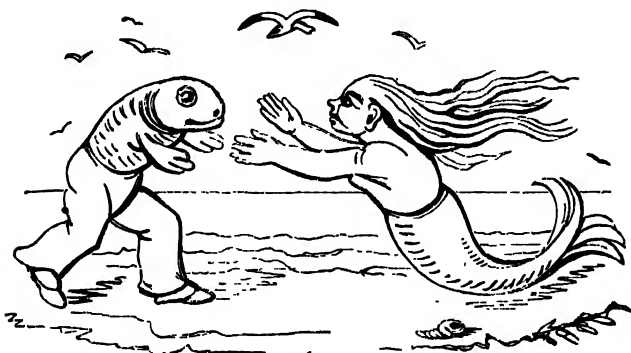
This “inexplicable anecdote” Miss Martineau gives with the usual amiable reliance on the reader’s implicit credence, declaring that she cannot discover any chink by which deception could creep in ; whereas there is a gaping gap as practicable as any breach ever made by battery. To give any weight whatever to such a tale, two conditions are absolutely essential : that the intelligence should not have been received in the town ; and that if it had, the girl should have had no opportunity of hearing the news. And was this the case ? By no means. On the contrary, *J. had been out on an errand*, and immediately on her return she was mesmerised, and related her vision ; the news arriving by natural means, so simultaneously with the revelation, that she presently observed, “my aunt is below telling them all about it, and I shall hear all about it when I go down.” To be expected to look on a maid of Newcastle as a she-Ezekiel, on such terms, really confirms us in an opinion we have gradually been forming, that Miss Martineau never in her life looked at a human gullet by the help of a table-spoon.

In justice, however, it must be said, that the latter writer gives credit as freely as she requires it ; witness the vision just referred to, which it is confidently said was impossible to be known by ordinary means, coupled with an equally rash assertion that the girl had not seen her aunt, “the only person (in all Newcastle!) from whom tidings of the shipwreck could be obtained.” The truth is, with a too easy faith, Miss Martineau greatly underrates the mischievous propensities and wicked capabilities of human nature. She says,

“I am certain that it is not in human nature to keep up for seven weeks, without slip or trip, a series of deceptions so multifarious ; and I should say so of a perfect stranger, as confidently as I say it of this girl, whom I know to be incapable of deception, as much from the character of her intellect as of her *morale*.”

It is certain, nevertheless, that Mary Tofts, the Rabbit-breeder, Ann Moore, the Fasting Woman of Tutbury, Scratching Fanny, and other impostors, young and old, exhibited extraordinary patience and

painful perseverance in their deceptions, combined with an art and cunning that deluded doctors medical, spiritual, and lexicographical, with many people of quality of both sexes. These, it is true, were all superstitious or credulous persons, who believed all they could get to believe; and what else are those individuals now-a-days, who hold that Mesmerism is as ancient as the Delphian Oracle, and that Witchcraft was one of its forms? In common consistency such a faith ought to go all lengths with the American Sea Serpent, the whole breadth of the Kraken, and not believe by halves in the Merman and the Mermaid.



"MY BETTER HALF."

In one thing we cordially agree with Miss Martineau, namely, in repudiating the cant about prying into the mysteries of Providence, perfectly convinced that what is intended to be hidden from us will remain as hermetically sealed as the secrets of the grave. The Creator himself has implanted in man an inquisitive spirit, with faculties for research, which He obviously intended to be exercised, by leaving for its discovery so many important powers—for instance, the properties of the loadstone—essential to human comfort and progress, instead of making them subjects of special revelation. Let man then, divinely supplied with intellectual deep sea-lines, industriously fathom all mysteries within their reach. What we object to is, that so many charts are empirically laid down without his taking proper soundings, and to his pronouncing off-hand, without examination by the plummet, that the bottom off a strange coast is rock, mud, stone, sand or shells. Thus it is that in Mesmerism we have so much rash assertion on one hand, and point blank contradiction on the other. To pass over such subtleties as the existence of an invisible magnetic fluid, and the mode of magnetic action, there is the broad problem, whether a man's leg can be lopped off as unconsciously as the limb of a tree? That such a question should remain in dispute or doubt, in spite of our numerous hospitals and their frequent operations, is disgraceful to all parties. But speculation seems to be pre-

ferred to proof. Thus Miss Martineau talks confidently of such painless amputations; yet, with a somnambulist at her fingers' ends, never assures herself by the prick of a pin, of the probability of the fact. Nay, she is very angry with an Experimentalist who tried to satisfy himself of the reality of J.'s insensibility by a sudden alarm, without giving notice that he was going to surprise her; a violation, it seems, of the first rule of mesmeric practice, but certainly according to the rules of common sense.

"Another incident is note-worthy in this connexion. A gentleman was here one evening, who was invited in all good faith, on his declaration that he had read all that had been written on Mesmerism, knew all about it, and was philosophically curious to witness the phenomena. He is the only witness we have had who abused the privilege. I was rather surprised to see how, being put in communication with J., he wrenched her arm, and employed usage which would have been cruelly rough in her ordinary state; but I supposed it was because he 'knew all about it,' and found that she was insensible to his rudeness; and her insensibility was so obvious, that I hardly regretted it. At length, however, it became clear that his sole idea was (that which is the sole idea of so many who cannot conceive of what they cannot explain,) of detecting shamming; and, in pursuance of this aim, this gentleman, who 'knew all about it,' violated the first rule of mesmeric practice, by suddenly and violently seizing the sleeper's arm, without the intervention of the Mesmerist. J. was convulsed, and writhed in her chair. At that moment, and while supposing himself *en rapport* with her, he shouted out to me that the house was on fire. Happily, this brutal assault on her nerves failed entirely. There was certainly nothing congenial in the *rapport*. She made no attempt to rise from her seat, and said nothing, — clearly heard nothing; and when asked what had frightened her, said something cold had got hold of her. Cold indeed! and very hard too!"

In the mean time how many sufferers there are, probably, male and female, afflicted with cancers and diseased limbs, who are looking towards mesmerism for relief, and anxiously asking, is it true that a breast can be removed as painlessly as its boddice; or a leg cut off, and perhaps put on again—why not, by such a miraculous agency?—without the knowledge of its great or little toe? Such enquirers ought at once to have their doubts resolved, for, as we all know, there is nothing more cruel, when such issues are at stake, than to be kept dangling in a state of uncertainty.



SUSPENSE.

On the subject of itinerant mesmerists Miss Martineau is very earnest, and roundly denounces the profane fellows, who make no scruple of "playing upon the nerves and brains of human beings, exhibiting for money, on a stage, states of mind and soul held too sacred in olden times to be elicited elsewhere than in temples by the hands of the priests of the gods!"

"While the wise, in whose hands this power should be, as the priesthood to whom scientific mysteries are consigned by Providence, scornfully decline their high function, who are they that snatch at it, in sport or mischief,—and always in ignorance? School children, apprentices, thoughtless women who mean no harm, and base men who do mean harm. Wherever itinerant Mesmerists have been are there such as these, throwing each other into trances, trying funny experiments, getting fortunes told, or rashly treating diseases.

* * * * *

"Thus are human passions and human destinies committed to reckless hands, for sport or abuse. No wonder if somnambules are made into fortune-tellers,—no wonder if they are made into prophets of fear, malice, and revenge, by reflecting in their somnambulism the fear, malice, and revenge of their questioners;—no wonder if they are made even ministers of death, by being led from sick-bed to sick-bed in the dim and dreary alleys of our towns, to declare which of the sick will recover, and which will die!

* * * * *

"If I were to speak as a moralist on the responsibility of the *savans* of society to the multitude—if I were to unveil the scenes which are going forward in every town in England, from the wanton, sportive, curious, or mischievous use of this awful agency by the ignorant, we should hear no more levity in high places about Mesmerism."

A statement strangely at variance with the following dictum, which as strangely makes Morality still moral, whatever her thoughts or her postures—and whether controlled by the volition of "thoughtless women who mean no harm," or "base men who do mean harm."

"The volitions of the Mesmerist may actuate the movements of the patient's limbs, and suggest the material of his ideas; but they seem unable to touch his *morale*. In this state the *morale* appears supreme, as it is rarely found in the ordinary condition.

We can well understand the "social calamity" apprehended from a promiscuous use of the ulterior powers of mesmerism. But what class, we must ask, is to arrogate to itself and monopolise the exercise of miraculous powers, alien to, if not identical with, those bestowed aforetime on certain itinerant apostles? An inspired fisherman will prescribe as safely, prophesy as correctly, and see visions as clearly, as an inspired doctor of medicine or divinity. There seems to be, in the dispensation of the marvellous gift, no distinction of persons. Miss Martineau's maid mesmerizes her as effectually as Mr. Hall; and J. owes her first magnetic sleep, and all its beneficial results on her

health and inflamed eyes, to the passes of the maid of the clergyman's widow. A domestic concatenation that suggests to us a curious kitchen picture—and an illustrative letter.



DOMESTIC MESMERISM.

To Mary Smash, at No. 1. Chaney Walk, Chelsea.

DEAR MARY,

This cums hoping yure well, and to advize you to larn Mismersising. Its dun with yure Hands, and is as easy as taking sites at Pepel, or talking on yure fingers. If I was nigh you, I'd larn you in no time to make Passes, witch is only pawing, like, without touchin, at sum-boddys face or back, witch gives them a tittevatting feeling on the galvanic nerves, And then off they go into a Trance in a giffy, and talk in their sleep like Orators, I should say Oracles, and anser wat-ever you ax. Whereby you may get yure Fortin told, and find out other fokes sweatharts & luve secrets, And diskiver Theaves better than by Bible & Key, And have yure inward Discrdrs told, & wats good for them. Sukey's was the indigestibles, and to take as much rubbub as would hide a shillin. All witch is done by means of the sombulist, thats the sleeper, seeing through every think quite transparent, in their Trance, as is called Clare Voying, so that they can

pint out munny hid under the Erth, & burried bones, & springs of water, and vanes of mettle, & menny things besides.

Yesterdy I was mismerized meself into a Trance, & clare voyed the chork Gout in John's stomach as plane as Margit Clifts. So I prescribed him to take Collyflower, witch by rites should have been Collycynth, but I forgot the proper word. Howsumever he did eat two large ones, and promises to cum round.

It would make you split your sides with laffing to see me mismerize our Thomas & make him go into all sorts of odd postures & anticks & capers Like a Dotterel, for watever I do he must copy to the snapping of a finger, and cant object to nuthing for as the song says I've got his Will and his Power. Likewise you can make the Sombulist taste watever you think proper, so I give him mesmerized Warter witch at my Command is transmogrified on his pallet to Shampain & makes him as drunk as Old Goosberry and then he will jump Jim Crow, or go down on his bended knees and confess all his peckadilloes Witch is as diverten as reading the Misteries of Parris.

The wust to mismerize is Reuben the Cotchman, not that hes too wakeful, for hes generally beery, And goes off like a shot, but he wont talk in his sleep, only snores.

The Page is more passable and very clarevoying. He have twice seed a pot of goold in the middle flower-bed But the gardner wont have it dug up. And he says theres a skelliton bricked into the staircase wall, so that we never dares at nite to go up alone. Also he sees Visions and can profesy and have foretold two Earthquacks and a grate Pleg.

Cook wants to mismerize too but wat with her being so much at the fire and her full habbit she always goes off to sleep afore the Sombulist. But Sukey can do it very well. Tho in great distress about Mrs. Hardin's babby witch Sukey offered to mismerize in loo of surrup of Poppies or Godfrey's Cordial, but the pore Innocent wont wake up agin, nor havent for two hole days. As would be a real blessin to Muthers and Nusses in a moderate way, but mite be carried too far, and require a Crowners Quest. As yet thats the only Trial we have made out of the House, But we mean to mismerize the Baker, and get out of him who he really does mean to offer to, for he is quite a General Lover.

Sum pepel is very dubbius about Mismerizing, and sum wont have it at any price; but Missis is for it, very strong, and says she means to believe every attom about it till sumboddy proves quite the reverse. She practises making passes every day, and is studdyin Frenology besides, for she says between the two you may play on pepel's penny-craniums like a Piany, and put them into any Key you like. And of course her fust performance will be a Master piece on the Head of the Fammily.

To be shure it seems a wonderful power to be give to one over ones Fellow Creturs, and as mite be turned to Divilish purposes But witch I cant stop to pint out, for makin the beds. To tell the truth, with so much Mismerizing going on, our Wurks has got terrible

behind hand And the carpits has not been swep for a week. So no more at present in haste from

Your luving Friend
ELIZA PASSMORE.

P.S. A most remarkable Profesy ! The Page have foretold that the Monkey some day would bite Missis, & lo! and behold he have flone at her, and made his teeth meet in her left ear. If that ant profesying I dont know what is.



A JACK-O-BITE.

“LADYE’S EE.”

There is a charm in “Ladye’s ee,”
Which cherished lovers only see—
A charm beyond the simple ken
Of that minority of men
Whose hearts are ever free.

Is it a look of sweet content,
With—angels’ gift! affection blent?
Is it a ray of soul-born light,
Or is it a bright star in night
Of cloudless majesty?

I’ve seen it like the lightning flash
From the blue orb beneath the lash
In swift and silent ecstasy.
And none but cherished lovers see
This charm in “Ladye’s ee.”

And so far can I tell its pow’r—
For ne’er shall be forgot the hour,
When gazing in the fondest pride
Upon the rosebud on my side,
The lightning flashed on me.

My frame, my heart, my heart of heart,
Did with magnetic motion start;
I could have died, I was so moved,
So moved to think I was beloved
By one so heavenly.

THE ECHO.

SOME months since, Mr. Edward Davis, the well-known sculptor, applied to me to sit to him for a Bust. My vanity readily complied with the request; and in due time I found myself in his studio, installed in a crimson-covered elbow-chair, amidst an assemblage of Heads, hard and soft, white, drab, and stone-colour. Here, a young Nobleman—one of the handsomest of the day—in painted plaster; there, a benevolent-looking Bishop in clear white sparkling marble, next to a brown clay head, like Refined and Moist. A number of unfinished models, of what Beau Brummell would have called “damp strangers,” were tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment you expected to hear a sneeze: the veiled ones comprising a lady or two, a barrister, and a judge. All these were on pedestals; but in the back ground, on the boards, stood numerous other busts, dwarfish or gigantic, heads and shoulders, like Oriental Genii coming up through the floor—some white and clean, as if fresh from the waters under the earth; others dingy and smoky, as if from its subterranean fire-places—some young, some old, some smiling, and others grave, or even frowning severely; with one alarming face, reminding me of those hard brutal countenances that are seen on street-doors.



A KNOCKER-DOWN.

On the mantel-shelf silently roared the Caput of the Laocöon, with deeply indented eyeballs, instead of the regulation blanks; and what

the play people call a practicable mouth, i. e. into which you might poke your finger down to the gullet; and, lastly, on the walls were sundry mystical sketches in black and white chalk, which you might turn, as fancy prompted, like Hamlet's cloud, into any figure you pleased, from a weazel to a whale.

To return to self. The artist, after setting up before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs marked out my eyes; next taking a good pinch of clay—an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy—from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then stuck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, scraping, smoothing, dabbing on and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, Sculptor had made the upper half of a mud doll, the size of life, looking very like “the *idol* of his own circle” in the Cannibal Islands.

At subsequent sittings, this heathen figure gradually became not only more Christian-like, but more and more like the original; till finally it put on that striking resemblance which is so satisfactory to one's wife and family, and, as it were, introduces a man to himself.

An Engraving by Mr. Heath from this Bust is intended to form the frontispiece to the Second Volume of this Magazine, and will be given with the next Number, should the interval be sufficient for the careful execution and finish of the plate. The Address that should have been offered, the present month, will accompany the engraving; the same cause that postpones it—a severe indisposition—will be accepted perhaps as a sufficient apology for the absence of the usual Answers to Correspondents. In the mean time all good wishes are briefly tendered to the vast ring of friends, and the increasing circle of subscribers, to whose entertainment, at the present season, I have tried to contribute.

T. H.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

OUR FAMILY:

A DOMESTIC NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INVALID.

THE moment my father opened his eyes in the morning, they rested on the shattered window panes, with their holes patched with paper or stuffed with rags, the transparent and the opaque, as they admitted or excluded the early sunshine, forming strong diversities of light and shadow. Still, the events of the overnight seemed so dream-like, that he mechanically stepped out of bed, and went to look abroad for confirmation. And, alas! there it was, in the road; that great dark mark, indicating the site of the opprobrious bonfire — a round black spot, a blot, as it were, on the parish. The leaves on one side of the poplar tree were visibly scorched; and he could even trace where Roger Heap had run up the bank to heave the burning effigy in the river. On these tokens he looked, however, with more pain than resentment. Accustomed, as a medical man, to witness the infirmities, frailties, frenzies, and morbid irritability of human nature, he made large allowance for its violence and its weakness; and felt little more anger at the outrage of the mob, than if he had been struck by a crazy patient, or abused by a delirious one.

My mother, on the contrary, was no sooner awake to the dilapidations in the casement, with all their suggestions of glaziers, and new panes, and putty, than she burst out into the most bitter reproaches on the whole parish; and especially the authorities, who ought to have preserved the peace, from the justice down to the beadle. They were a set, she said, of helpless, cowardly sots, and deserved to be

locked in their own cage and set in their own stocks for neglecting their duties.

"Well, well," said my father, "thank Heaven, we are all safe and unhurt; for nobody has even received a scratch; which, considering such missiles as those"—and he pointed to a large stone on the floor—"must be regarded as providential."

"It's that," replied my mother, "that makes me so mad! One had better be murdered at once, than subjected to such dreadful alarms, and scared out of one's senses;" and again she launched out in vituperation of the village wretches. The truth is, there is nothing that people resent more strongly, or forgive less easily, than a thorough frightening; the absence of personal injury serving to aggravate the offence. Thus, my mother, finding herself safe and sound, as well as all who belonged to her, begrudged, miserlike, the needless expenditure of terror, or so little real damage; just as a certain traveller reproached the highwayman, who pleaded in extenuation of having shot at him, that there was no bullet in the pistol. "So much the worse," exclaimed the indignant old gentleman, "so much the worse, you villain; for then you frightened me for nothing!"

My mother's denunciations, however, did not confine themselves to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; but gradually took a wider range; and finally involved so large a portion of mankind in general, as to compel my father to remind her, that with such sentiments, one ought to renounce society, and retire into solitude.

"And why shouldn't we renounce society?" cried my mother. "Didn't society renounce us on the night of the christening? For my part, I could begin to-morrow—and go into a desert!"

"No doubt of it," replied my father, very gravely. "The only difficulty is to dwell there. It may do very well for a lone man or woman, disgusted with society, to become a recluse, and live in a cave, a cell, or a grotto; but I fear it would be extremely inconvenient, if not impracticable, for married people, with a young family, to turn hermits."

"No matter," said my mother. "I know what I mean. I hate the world, and wish I could fly from it."

"Phoo, phoo," said my father."

"And what am I to do then," whined my mother, "if I am not to complain!"

"Why, come here," said my father, "and look at the flight of the miller's pigeons, how pretty, and playful, and harmless, they look, after the burning flakes that were fluttering in the air last night."

My mother immediately slid out of bed, and slipped on her dressing-gown, but instead of looking at the miller's pigeons, went off to her own dovecote, the nursery, to assure herself of the welfare of her twin-babes. They were fast asleep; and their calm, chubby innocent faces soon put to flight whatever remained of her misanthropy. An effect they had previously produced on Kezia, who, like her mistress, had waked up in such a virulent humour against the whole county, that, as she declared, "Provided the family had an Ark, she shouldn't care if all Lincolnshire was under water."

My father meanwhile dressed himself with professional celerity, and went down to the surgery; which he no sooner entered, than to his astonishment he found himself in utter darkness. The shutters had not been taken down; and the fanlight over the door was still blocked up by its temporary barricade. It was the first time that the assistant had failed to begin business at the usual hour, and my father hastened into the kitchen, and anxiously inquired if any thing was the matter with Mr. Postle.

"I am afraid there is, sir," said Kezia, "for I overheard him very restless in the night. He got up several times, and walked about his room, a-talking to himself. Afterwards, towards morning, he was quiet: so thinking he was asleep, instead of calling him, I thought best to let him indulge a little."

"Quite right, Kizzy," replied my father. "The poor fellow's zeal and excitement last night have been too much for him."

"I believe they have, indeed," said Kezia, with great animation; "for to be sure Mr. Postle takes as much excitement and interest in us as if he had been born and bred in the family; and its good or bad luck comes home to him like a blood relation."

"Yes," said my father, and more than to some blood relations with long beards: an allusion that Kezia understood and intensely relished. "But I must go and open shop," and, rejecting the housemaid's assistance, he took down the surgery shutters, and locking the outer door, repaired to the breakfast parlour, where he found my mother and two unopened letters awaiting his presence. The first, from the curate, was kind and considerate. He did not deny some temporary vexation at the loss of the plate, as the gift of his late congregation: but fortunately their regard and good will were not removable with the salt-cellar; the intrinsic value of which was so immaterial to him, that he begged my father would think no more of the matter. The lawyer's letter from Mr. Ruffey was more rigid: clients, he said, were not so grateful a class in general, as to make presentation tankards to attorneys of common occurrence. He did therefore set a very high value on the testimonial, to his professional zeal and ability, independent of its worth as solid silver. The exact value he could not state: but it was considerable. To bring home such a robbery to the perpetrators was a duty to society. He relied accordingly that for the public interest my father would leave no stone unturned, and spare no expense, to trace the stolen property, and thereby bring the offender, or offenders, to justice. In this hope he would say nothing about compensation, or an equivalent—at least for the present.

"Humph!" said my father, "the lawyer, at any rate, must be indemnified."

"And here," said my mother, holding out a three-cornered epistle, "is the answer to a note which I wrote to Mrs. Trent." My father took the billet and read as follows:—

"Madam,

"In answer to your distressing communication, what can I say, or, indeed, what can be said, where necessity extorts submission? My

plate is gone — and by this time melted down — and consequently irretrievable.

“My poor silver souvenirs! Every spoon represented a young lady! I have others left; but those were my favourites. All massy and solid, and stamped with the Goldsmiths’ mark, and each recalling some interesting young female, now a highly polished and well-educated woman. One of the spoons, with a ducal crest, was left me by a charming, accomplished creature, just finished, and now moving in the first circles of rank and fashion. Another, with a plain cipher, belonged to the present Lady Mawbey, and retained the marks of her little aristocratic teeth. To a preceptress, such memorials of the juvenile objects of her affectionate solicitude have a preciousness, beyond Potosi and Peru. Of course, as regards mere metallic value, they may be replaced by an equal number of spoons, of equal weight, or coalesced into a silver teapot; but, alas! all the endearing associations are obliterated for ever!

“I am, Madam,

“Your very obedient humble servant,

“AMELIA TRENCH.”

“She must have a silver teapot!” exclaimed my father. “Though where it is to come from, in the present state of our finances, is beyond my guess. And, talking of teapots, Postle is poorly this morning, my dear, and must have his breakfast in bed — Kezia will take it up to him.” Had my father looked at the maid-of-all work as he spoke, he would have perceived a sign of prudence that would have greatly diverted him, for both her cheeks seemed flushed with a claret-mark; but his attention was attracted towards his own meal, and the blush evaporated without a comment. Kezia quietly placed a great cup of tea and a small plate of toast on her waiter, and proceeded up stairs, to introduce his breakfast, with all proper discretion, into the bedchamber of Mr. Postle.

“Well, I must and will say,” cried my mother, “we are a persecuted family. Our misfortunes never come single — they never rain but they pour. After all our other troubles, here is Mr. Postle taken ill — breeding an infectious fever perhaps — and with those dear children in the house — I declare I shall go distracted!”

“Make yourself easy,” replied my father, “Postle is only a little out of sorts, and rest and quiet will soon set him to rights. And in the mean time the burden of his illness will fall chiefly on myself; for I shall not only have to make up the prescriptions, but as that Catechism Jack has absconded, I must carry out my own physic.”

“I wish it may be so,” said my mother, shaking her head. “But I am far from satisfied in my mind. Mr. Postle is a very feverish subject, and when he shakes hands with one his palm is always burning hot. If he breaks out with any thing catching, I shall go wild!”

“At any rate ma’am,” said Kezia, who had returned in time to hear the latter part of the discussion, “fever or no fever, we’ll use all the preventives. The dear infants shall have camphor bags directly, and Mr. Postle’s landing shall be well fumigated with hot vinegar, and we’ll burn bastilles all over the house.”

"Pastils," said my father, "pastils."

"Well, pastils. And, perhaps, if somebody was to smoke about the house," added Kezia, with a look that applied the "somebody" to her master, "for they do say that in the Great Plague, the tobacconists were the only unaffected people in London."

"You are quite correct," said my father, and if needful, the house shall stink like a tap room. Only in that case, as I never could stomach even a cigar, and your mistress does not smoke, and I will venture to answer for Mrs. Prideaux, you must take to the pipe yourself, Kezia, and do the fumigations."

"And I would, too!" cried Kezia with energy, "if it made me as sick as a dog!"

"Ah, you don't know what you undertake," said my mother. "The truth is, I did once try to smoke my favourite geraniums, to destroy the insects."

"And didn't it kill 'em, ma'am?" asked Kezia.

"By no means," replied my mother. "Quite the contrary; for your master found me insensible in the greenhouse, and the vermin as lively as ever."

My mother's anecdote put an end to the discussion; and my father having finished his breakfast, repaired to the surgery, and posted himself at the desk usually occupied by Mr. Postle. A glance at the blotting-book showed how the assistant's thoughts had been lately occupied, for the paper was covered with rough pen and ink illuminations, in the style called the Grotesque. Amongst the figures, two were particularly prominent and plainly recognisable by their features, however otherwise transformed. Thus the bearded profile of a certain goat was obviously that of uncle Rumbold — he was, of course, the rampant Bear with the turbaned head of the Great Mogul; and as unmistakably he was the hideous Ogre, elsewhere striding along, and clutching a fat naked child in each hand by the hair of its head. The Demon with horns and a tail was a strong likeness of Doctor Shackle; and the bottle-bellied Spider, with a human face, was evidently the same obnoxious personage. In a third design, he was dangling from a gibbet; and in a fourth, he lent his marked physiognomy to a huge Serpent, which, after a natural coil or two, twisted off into a corkscrew that went wandering half over the paper, as if in search of something to draw. Other emblems were equally significant of the assistant's despondency and the decay of the practice. The mortar, turned into a garden-pot, had a rose growing in it; and from the physic-basket, converted to domestic uses, protruded a bunch of carrots.

And, in truth, the gloomy prospect entertained by the artist seemed likely to be realised: hour after hour passed away, and still the doctor found himself in the surgery without a patient or a prescription. At last the confinement became so irksome, that he ran up stairs to the assistant's bed-room, to ascertain the true state of his case. The invalid was still asleep; but restless; grinding his teeth, turning from side to side, muttering, and occasionally tossing his arms, and clenched hands, as if labouring under the influence of some horrible dream.

Nevertheless he did not awake, when the doctor felt his forehead and examined his pulse: for conscious of an impending illness, and to counteract his nervous excitement, he had taken a narcotic.

"This is more serious than I thought," muttered my father. "He is really ill, and must be looked to when he wakes." And with a heavy heart and step the doctor slowly descended the stairs; at the foot of which he was intercepted by Kezia, with an inquiry after poor Mr. Postle.

"Worse than I could wish," replied my father; and, with a deep sigh, he passed into the surgery, paralysed, so to speak, in his professional right arm.

Still there came no customer; a dearth of business less annoying, however, to the proprietor than to another party who looked on. Led by the impulse of old habit, Kezia every now and then made a move towards the surgery, but on looking through the glass door, and seeing my father at the desk instead of Mr. Postle, immediately retreated. Yet these brief glimpses sufficed to fret her with the fact that, come when she would, there never was a living creature with the doctor, except the leeches. "It's well," she said, "that our cordials and compounds are so nasty; for many a publican in such a case would take to drinking, and swallow up his own stock in trade."

At last, on one of her visits to the surgery, there was actually a strange man in it; no patient, however, but the carrier, who, having delivered a small parcel, and received the carriage money, immediately departed. My father opened the packet, briefly inspected the contents, and then, with an audible remark, deposited it in a drawer. The remark was meant for himself; but the glass door being ajar, the observation reached another, and not indifferent ear.

All this time my mother was in the nursery discussing with Mrs. Prideaux the topics appropriate to the locality, and, in particular, the merits of various kinds of food for babes; not forgetting her favourite story of the man-servant who was sent to the biscuit-baker's for the infant victual, and forgetting the name of tops and bottoms, clapped his shilling on the counter, and said, "Head or tail." This anecdote she had told, and was just beginning another, when Kezia entered the room, with a melancholy face, of faded red and white, like an ill-dyed handkerchief with the colour partly washed out. She was evidently the bearer of evil tidings, which my mother immediately guessed to refer to Mr. Postle.

"Yes, poor Mr. Postle is very poorly," replied Kezia. "The doctor does not say so, implicitly, but he shakes his head, which stands, medically, for the same thing."

"Why, then, we may have a fever in the house after all!" exclaimed my mother.

"And I have bad news besides," said Kezia, her looks becoming still more gloomy, and her voice more dismal. "Master has got his nymph down from London."

"His what!" cried my mother.

"His nymph," repeated Kezia.

"I conceive she means lymph," suggested Mrs. Prideaux.

"Yes, lymph, or nymph," said Kezia, "it's a pleasanter word than vaccinating matter. However, it's come down from town,—and I wish Doctor Jenner had been hung, I do, before he invented it."

"But are you certain of it?" inquired my mother.

"Quite," answered Kezia: "I saw the parcel. And as soon as Mr. Postle goes down, you will have master up here, at those dear babes to scarify their poor arms, and introduce the beastly virus into their little systems."

Her prophecy was correct. In about half an hour my father made his appearance in the nursery, packet in hand, and proceeded to impart to my mother a piece of intelligence, of which to his surprise he found her already in possession.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR VACCINATION.

THE practice of Vaccination, which has since proved such a blessing to mankind, was received at its first introduction into England with any thing but a gracious welcome. Like other great public benefits, it had of course to encounter the opposition of that large class of persons who set their stereotype faces against all innovations; but besides this resistance, active or passive, it involved, in its most material feature, a peculiarity adverse to its popularity. The mere notion of deriving a disease from a brute beast was sufficient to excite a prejudice against it in the minds of the million; and the most absurd stories of the deplorable effects of the cow-pock were currently circulated and believed by the ignorant and the credulous, especially in the provinces. Narratives were gravely repeated, and swallowed, of horns that sprouted from human heads;—of human feet that hardened into parted hoofs;—of human bodies that became pied or brindled with dappled hair;—in short, the ancient metamorphosis of Ió seemed to have been only an extreme case of Vaccination.

My mother, prone to misgiving, and easily cowed, readily entertained the common fears and doubts on the subject; an impression in which she was strongly backed by Kezia, who adopted the vulgar opinions to their utmost extent, and devoutly put faith in all the extravagant tales that were told of the victims of the operation. It may be supposed, therefore, that the two females looked with no favourable eye on my father's preparations; indeed, as far as wishing could effect it, the "nymph" and the lancet were more than once thrown out of the window.

"And are you really going, George, to vaccinate the children?" asked my mother, with a faltering voice.

"I really am," replied my father, and then resumed his quiet whistle, whilst he carefully charged a sharp lancet with the vaccine matter.

"Well, if you must you must," said my mother. "But for my part I cannot reconcile my mind to it; and I'm afraid I never shall."

There seems something so unnatural and revolting in transferring the humour of a diseased brute beast into the human frame!"

"Ah! the old story," said my father. "That we may expect to see the bovine humour break out again in horns and a tail. And do you really believe, my dear, that there is any foundation for such popular romances?"

"Heaven knows!" said my mother. "But very strange things are said to have happened from it. Ask Kezia."

"And pray what is your legend?" said my father, turning towards the maid of all work.

"It's about a little girl, sir," replied Kezia, "as was vaccinated down in our part of the country, namely, Suffolk."

"And was turned into a heifer, eh?" said my father.

"Why no, at least not in corporal shape," said Kezia. "And I won't speak positive, though some do, to a pair of little knobs of horns, that one could just feel under the skin on her forehead. But this I know, it was moral impossible to keep her out of the fields, and from running about the common, and wading up to her knees in pools of water."

"Pshaw! a mere country hoyden," said my father.

"Perhaps she were," said Kezia, reddening. "Only in that case she needn't have moo'd whenever a cow did; and what's more, in summer time she always had a swarm of flies about her nose and ears."

"I think I could account for that," said my father.

"Well, then," cried Kezia, "there was one thing that was cow-like at any rate. She couldn't abide scarlet; and when they wanted to put her into a red frock she tore, and butted so with her head, that they were forced to give it up."

"Very good," said my father, again turning towards my mother.

"Well, my dear, I have heard Kezia's story, and in spite of it, I think we may safely vaccinate the children, and run the risk of being tossed by them afterwards."

"It's no joke," said my mother in a crying tone, "though you make one of it. It's introducing an animal change into the constitution, and who knows, if such a thing as a murrain was to break out among the cattle, but the children might have it too?"

"Why it would only be according to the old doctrine of sympathy," said my father.

"And why not?" said my mother. "It is well known that if a man is bit by a dog, and the dog afterwards runs mad, the man will go crazy too!"

"A vulgar error," my dear, said my father. "An exploded fallacy. But come; make your mind easy. There is no more danger of the children's having the murrain than of their bursting themselves, as a cow sometimes does, in a clover field. As to the operation itself, it is a mere flea-bite, and I will be responsible for the consequences.—Mrs. Prideaux, may I trouble you to hold this little one on your lap,"—and the wilful doctor took one of the twins from the cradle and placed it in the arms of the genteel nurse.

"I can't—I won't see it done!" screamed Kezia, turning her face to the wall, and throwing her apron over her head.

"Nor I neither," exclaimed my mother, covering her face with her hands. And they were sincere in their horror. We, of this year of grace, 1845, convinced by experience of the beneficial effects of the discovery of Jenner, and consequently wiser in our *Jenneration*, cannot sympathise with the ludicrous terrors that prevailed when Vaccination was a new thing. They were nevertheless both strong and general, and hundreds and thousands of females would have had the same dread of the operation as my mother and her maid.

My father, meanwhile, grasping a little plump arm so firmly as to tighten the skin, thrice plunged his lancet obliquely into the flesh; the infant expressing its sense of the proceeding by as many squalls. Had it *bellowed*, there were two persons in the room who would not have been surprised in the least. My father then charged his lancet with fresh lymph, which he introduced into the wounds; and then, having repeated the whole process on the other little fat arm, the babe was exchanged for his twin-brother, who underwent *seriatim* the same operations.

"There!" said my father, as he finished the work. "There they are insured for life against the smallpox and its disfigurations."

"I wish they may be, and from all disfigurations besides," said my mother, taking her hands from her eyes; while Kezia removed her apron, and turning round from the wall, gazed mournfully on each little arm, scarred with what she called mentally, "the mark of the beast."

EPIGRAM.

A LORD bought of late an outlandish estate,
 At its Wild Boars to Chevy and dig;
 So some people purchase a pig in a poke,
 And others, a poke in a pig.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. VIII.

The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast. — *SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THOSE who have not visited the noble remains of St. Donat's Castle, which is still in better preservation than almost any of the other ancient ruins that render the county of Glamorgan so picturesque, will find it on the sea-coast, a few miles to the westward of Lantwit, where once lived *Will the Giant*, who, when only seventeen summers had passed over his head, had towered to the height of seven feet seven inches. But the great demand upon the sources of life for such a secretion of muscle and bone at so rapid a rate was not supplied without fatal consequences: the vital powers were exhausted in the effort, and the poor youth sank under a decline. His burial was attended by an event which is still remembered in the parish annals. He had long loved to linger about one particular spot in the churchyard, marked by an ancient monumental stone that stood near the porch; and there the dying young man earnestly entreated that his last bed should be made. His desire was fulfilled: — but the earth had hardly rattled on his coffin, while the priest pronounced the impressive words — “ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” — when the huge stone fell into the grave, and was buried with the corpse.

The bold lias cliffs of the coast, near St. Donat's Castle, frown upon the sea, whose inroads have covered the beach with boulders. In those precipitous cemeteries repose the relics of beings that once animated a former world — types of form now unknown to the earth or its waters, and which have been obliterated from the book of life for countless ages. On their tomb rest the walls of the decaying castle, whose founders have long since passed away, and whose family, like that of the old sea-dragons, has become extinct.

Strong must the castle have stood in the days of its power: the court-yard, the hall, the outworks, all bear witness to its former grandeur. The hanging garden appears to have been laid out in terraces, descending on the south between the castle wall and the sea. On the west was the park, and, within it, crowning a lofty site, rises an ancient lonely tower, commanding extensive views along shore and to the seaward, and carrying the eye far over the waves of the

Bristol Channel. If tradition may be trusted, this was the station from which the vulture-like glance of the retainers watched the distressed vessel labouring in the storm, ready to pounce upon the cargo for their lord, in the event of her destruction on that dangerous coast.

Sir William le Esterling, or Stradling, is generally named as the probable builder of the castle. He was one of the knights of Fitzhamon, who gave him the estate and manor which the Stradlings continued to hold without interruption for many centuries, when from failure of issue the property devolved upon the Mansels of Margam, into whose family the Stradlings* had married.

So much of this ancient structure remains, that no very lively imagination is required to raise again the walls of the outworks, complete the pile

“ From turret to foundation-stone,”

and people it with the mail-clad men who once kept watch and ward within its precincts. You are awakened from this day-dream by multitudinous flights of mingled daws and pigeons wheeling around the battlements and perching thereon among the wild flowers that spring from the mouldering stone, and you cannot help thinking that it seems as if the souls of all the Stradlings and their connexions had undergone transmigration, and still loved to haunt the place.

Nearly fourteen years have elapsed since shrieks were heard at midnight, coming, as the villagers declared, from the direction of the old solitary tower. Some of the elder hearers described the sounds borne on the blast as exactly resembling the scream of the drowning,

— “ the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,”

and confidently prophesied shipwreck.

It was in March, and the weather had been rough enough to render such a catastrophe more than probable; but, as the month advanced, the tempestuous winds subsided and passed away harmlessly. About

* In St. Donat's church are several of their monuments. One of them appears to have gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His widow married Sir Reece ap Thomas. Most of the Stradlings were buried first in the chancel of the church, and were afterwards transferred to the chapel where the last Stradling lies. Here are the inscriptions on the tombs of the two last of the name—“ errors excepted,” as the accountants say.

“ To the sacred memory of Edward Stradling of St. Donat's Castle, in Glamorganshire, Esq.; the eldest son of Sir Edward Stradling, Bart., by Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Edward Mansel of Margam, in the same county, Bart. He was born the 30th of March, 1699, and departed this life, in the fear of God, the 3d day of October, 1726, aged 27, to the unspeakable griefe of his parents and all that knew him, being a most accomplished gentleman in all respects.”

“ Here lies Sir Thomas Stradling, the second Bart. of England, and last of the name; he was the second son of Sir Edward Stradling, Bart., by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Mansel of Margam, Bart., and younger brother to Edward Stradling, Esq., deposited within this tomb. He died at Mompellier, the 27th of September, 1738, N. S., and was buried here the 19th of March following. By his death, the title and family, after its continuance here near 700 years, became extinct. *Ætatis sue*, 28.”

the eighteenth, the Frolic steamer that plied between Bristol and Haverfordwest, calling at Tenby, left the last-named port with a hundred and sixty souls on board. During the night, which was calm but rather foggy, she struck on the Nash Sands, nearly opposite to St. Donat's Castle. Of all the passengers and crew, not one survived to tell the dreadful tale; but the dead that were ever and anon given up by the sea and washed upon the Glamorganshire coast told it too plainly. Some of these rest at Monknash, Marcross, St. Bride's, and Cowbridge; others were claimed by relations, and lie in hallowed earth far away by the side of their kindred. The wreck remained on the sand for some years, but has now disappeared, and nothing was ever known to account for this unexpected and terrible destruction of life.

It can hardly be wondered at that the believers in the supernatural appeal to this distressing event with a sad triumph as one among a hundred other instances, that no Tolach was ever heard or seen without fatal consequences, however improbable it may have seemed, according to all natural appearances, that such a result was at hand. Every thing, they say, promised a fine and safe passage —

“ The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope and all her sisters play'd —”

but the voice that could not lie had gone forth; the bark was doomed: beneath the fair face of the deep Death lurked in the silence of night.

Leaving for the present this enchanted and enchanting part of our island, we turn to records of prophetic sights and sounds seen and heard in localities where the public mind is not so highly charged with belief in the supernatural.

And first of sights.

A distinguished author was looking out of his window in England. Suddenly he beheld his brother, who was then in India. Struck with surprise, he called his wife to come quickly to the window. She came, and with an exclamation of astonishment said, “ Your brother ! ” Both gazed intently at the figure, which they saw for a few seconds; then it passed away. They noted the day and the hour. In due time their Indian letters came with the information that this brother had died on that same day and at the same hour. .

Some years since, a lady whose husband was an officer serving in India, had come to the resolution of joining him there. The preparations were proceeding when she came down, one morning, in a state of great agitation, and confidently stated that he was dead. Attempts were made to shake her belief, and to induce her to think that she had been the sport of an idle dream: but, no; she declared that she had seen her deceased husband and spoken with him. So strong was the impression made upon her mind, that she would not go out with her daughters as had been arranged, and did all in her power to dissuade them from going. Their relations, however, making light of the ‘mother’s declaration, persuaded them to fulfil their promised intentions, urging the double disappointment, if their father should find neither wife nor daughters as he had been led to expect; and

they were sent out under the care of a friend, notwithstanding the reiterated remonstrance of their mother, who told them they would only see their father's grave, and remained in England.

The voyage was safely concluded : but on the arrival of these young ladies in India, they found that their father had died on the very night of their mother's visitation.

Another of these instances ; and we will trespass no longer on the patience of our friends, with these melancholy tales.

A clergyman was betrothed to a young lady who lived in England. His duties called him abroad, and, one night, when the ship was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on her return to this country, he dreamed that he was walking through the lonely green lanes, rich with the wild rose and honeysuckle in the neighbourhood of the village where his beloved dwelt. As he wandered on in his dream, he came to the turning that led to her dwelling—when he met a funeral. He inquired whose it was, and was distinctly answered. It was his Emma's ! He was a man of strong mind ; but he was so shaken by this vision of the night, and so deeply impressed by the vivid representation of the scene, that, as he entered the sad dream in his diary, he felt an internal conviction of its truth.

On went the good ship with a fair wind, and soon reached the port where his brother stood ready to receive him as he landed, but with an expression on his face that betrayed bad news.—“ You need say nothing,” said the clergyman ; “ Emma is no more : ” and he named the very night on which she died.

These remarkable coincidences are prizes of which a careful record is kept ; we will now turn to the other side of the account, observing only, incidentally, that one phase, at least, of *second sight* is infallible—the intuition by which a woman in love sees at a glance who is to be her rival.

The confession may not be agreeable to those who, like Colonel Bath, have very high notions of “ the dignity of man,” or, as we once heard a charming lady of the deepest blue express it, “ entertain a well-grounded conviction of the sublimity of their intellectuality ; ” but they must condescend to reflect—ay, and acknowledge too—how much depends upon the chylipoietic system. The comfortable state of the gastric *Père de famille* is no slight element in the peace and prosperity of society, for upon the condition of that Archæus turns in great measure the soundness of the mind as well as the health of the body. It has indeed been somewhat profanely said—so, at least, romantic lovers think—that

“ The road by the stomach's the way to the heart ; ”

but it cannot be denied that a man's own happiness, and, as far as his temper is concerned, the happiness of others, vary with the condition and treatment of the digestive organs. Indeed the ancients made the liver the seat of love, and the other passions. Those who have felt the suffocating weight of “ The squab fiend,” with all its goblin train of attendants, know that the torments sustained by the victim of

Ephialtes are beyond description. The pen of Darwin, and the pencil of Fuseli — fertile as was his genius in horrors — failed in portraying such agonies. They were both masters ; but they could not come up to the overwhelming truth.

The abuse of the vinous stimulus frequently leads to the most extravagant delusions, as is well known. The visions of the intoxicated voluptuary are generally joyous at first, but they gradually sink into the sombre, melancholy, and terrible ; till, when the end is near, the broken down nervous system leaves the ruined wretch a prey to all the horrors of *delirium tremens*. Under such a calamity, not only are the senses of sight and hearing so morbidly sensitive that the most frightful scenes and sounds distract the patient, but he has been even known to writhe under the infliction of imaginary blows.

That some are predisposed to optical and other delusions there can be no doubt. In such subjects, a slight cause added to no great derangement of the stomach, is sufficient to bring on one of these attacks.

A painter of eminence, who had been frightened by servants in his youth, told me, that when he was a boy, he occasionally awoke suddenly in the night and beheld a goat in his room. His head was instantly hurried under the clothes ; but when he mustered sufficient courage to look again, the spectral goat had vanished.

In after life he had been suffering under a disordered state of stomach, though he was in every respect a most temperate man. His wife had been ill, but had come down from her chamber into the drawing-room where he was sitting after dinner. During a pause in the conversation he dropped asleep. On awaking, he saw her distinctly sitting in the chair which she had occupied. Being attracted by something, he turned his head, and when he looked again towards the spot where he had just before seen her, he beheld her vacant chair. She had left the room before he awoke. Happily the lady recovered ; but if her malady had terminated fatally, what would have been said of this incident ?

No small light is thrown on these visitations when the presence of mind and philosophical temperament of the seer enables him not only to observe the phenomenon accurately, but to make actual trial of the question, whether the sympathy of the brain with the stomach may not account for its presence. A remarkable proof that such may be the cause was related to me by a friend, whose scientific attainments are of a high order, and who has distinguished himself by their practical application.

It was his misfortune, from no fault of his own, to be involved in a law-suit, and he was staying at the house of his legal adviser, who was well acquainted with all the intricacies of his case. His professional friend died suddenly.

This was a heavy blow. To say nothing of the shock consequent on the awfully sudden departure of one whom he had respected and loved, the knowledge of my friend's affairs which had been confidentially imparted to the deceased, and of which a deep and searching

Inquiry had made him completely master, had gone with him. Just as the crisis was at hand, my friend found himself without support, and, for a moment, helpless. His state of mind may be imagined.

He went to bed late; and, after some restless hours, slept, as the Indian sleeps at the stake. He awoke suddenly, with a start. Before him stood his departed host smiling and beckoning to him. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. There stood the beckoning figure, as if inviting him towards the study to finish their consultation. He looked steadfastly at the form, which seemed semitransparent, and began to reason with himself as to the possibility that the scene might be the result of over-excited nerves and disordered digestion.

It was his custom to have a glass of cold water placed close to his bedside; and in order to see what effect an altered state of stomach would have upon the vision, he fixed his eyes upon the ghost and lifted the glass to his lips. As he drank, the phantom faded, and when he had drained the glass, melted into air.

THE CHANGED.

A FRAGMENT.

— AGAIN I beheld her — two years of dissipation, of madness, had passed, and once more I saw her whom I had so basely deserted.

It was at the Opera — she sat in a box near me; and though the paleness of her cheek gave her an almost unearthly appearance, I saw that she was lovely as ever.

All eyes were upon her — all but mine: for one glance had called up so many painful recollections, that I dared not risk a second. The past with its exquisite delights rose vividly before me, as I gazed on her whose happiness I had wrecked. I felt myself a guilty wretch.

“Poor Emily!” I murmured, as tears of bitter remorse filled my eyes. I was interrupted by H——, who, touching my elbow, whispered, —

“Look in that box on the right. Is it not extraordinary to see a young girl with such white hair?”

I turned impatiently from him: but so many remarks of the same kind were whispered by those near me, that the words seemed to hiss in my ears; the stage appeared filled with fiery serpents, chasing and entwining each other, and the hilarity of the audience at the humour of Lablache sounded like the laughter of mocking fiends.

At length the first act was at an end. The curtain dropped.

“I’ll bet a dozen of champagne,” said one of my neighbours, “that she has been frightened. Fear has been known to turn the hair grey in a single night.”

"You are mistaken," said another. "No sudden shock could have changed it so completely. I am a surgeon, and know something about these things: it is more likely the result of some secret sorrow, some mining grief."

"Perhaps she is a widow," said a third; "and has fretted for the loss of her husband? 'So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love.'"

If the look with which I regarded the last speaker could have killed him, there would have been one puppy less in the world.

"Your conjecture does not seem to be a very probable one," said the surgeon; "she looks too young for a widow. I should say she was not more than seventeen or eighteen."

"Just eighteen!" exclaimed I, involuntarily.

"Do you know the young lady, sir?" he asked, turning to me. I was silent, and he continued. "If the study of physiognomy is to be depended on, an unrequited passion is the cause of the calamity."

At these words I could no longer restrain my feelings. "Be silent, for Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand convulsively. "I am the greatest villain on the face of the earth!"

He looked at me in astonishment; but just then the curtain again rose, and the clang of music drowned all other sounds. While every body's attention was drawn to the performance, I took courage to look once more at Emily. How beautiful she was, as she sat with her melancholy gaze fixed on the stage. So young, and already grief had decked her brow with the silvery badge of age! Could it be? Was it Emily, once the adored of my soul, the queen of my youthful fancy? Was it her whom I saw? Her golden hair changed to white by grief for my inconstancy!

The play was over — mechanically I rose to go. As I reached the door, one of my friends hurried to meet me.

"How long have you been returned?" said he. "Did you know that Emily was in town? I saw her just now. Good heavens! how it has changed her!"

"It has, indeed!" said I, with a groan, "dreadfully, awfully changed her!"

Of course, you know the cause?"

"Too well! too well! I am the cause!"

"You! What! Did *you* persuade her to do it?"

"To do what?"

"Why, don't you know that, fancying her hair had a red tinge, she was persuaded to use the new Victoria die, which has turned it white!"

THE PEARL OF ISRAEL.

THE sun had already sunk behind the Taunus mountains, and the heavy gates of the Jewish quarter of Frankfort were swung to and locked for the night. The long Sabbath was ended; and, as the inhabitants poured out from their houses of prayer, the streets assumed an appearance of bustle and activity in strong contrast with the quiet that reigned in those of their christian neighbours.

In a large ill-furnished apartment in one of the most dilapidated of the Israelitish houses, the family of Jacob Hassel sat shivering round a hearth, where a few logs of wood smouldered, rather than burnt. The aged grandfather was seated in a high-backed chair, as decayed as its occupant, though its carved oak frame and faded velvet covering showed the remains of former magnificence. It was a purchase which Hassel, with many a sigh over his hard-earned money, had made in pity to his father's infirmities. Rachel, the eldest of the children, a girl of about sixteen years of age, sat at the old man's side, and next her her mother, Rebecca, thoughtfully reflecting on her numerous family and scanty means; for, in spite of a life spent in toil, Hassel, compared to the generality of those of his nation, was poor.

The family were about to retire to rest, when they were startled by a loud knocking at the door.

"Is the Jew Hassel within?" was called out from the street.

"Who can want entrance at this late hour?" said Rebecca, sinking her voice. It must be the watch! Are they come to search the house?"

"We will put out the light and keep quiet," answered her husband in the same tone. "It may be they are only drunken people, who want to annoy us." At this moment steps were heard on the stairs, several loud oaths were uttered, and the door was kicked violently.

"Open, in the Devil's name!" said one of the strangers. "Do you pretend to be asleep when we have just seen your light? Open, or, by the Mass! we will kick your door down!"

"What are you afraid of, Hassel?" cried another voice. "Open, man, open; we have a good bargain for you."

"It is the innkeeper's son from the Wiedenbusch," whispered the Jew to his wife, after looking through the keyhole. "I must open the door, for one of the watch is with him. Go into the inner room with my father and the children."

"You must have been in a sound sleep, Jew," said one of the men as they entered, "not to hear us knock; or did a bad conscience make you fear to let us in?"

"We work hard, my masters," replied Hassel; "and as my con-

science is pure, it is not wonderful that I sleep soundly. But what makes you visit me so late?"

"Late, do you call it?" said the innkeeper's son. "Why we are all alive and stirring in our house. A traveller has just arrived, and desires to see one of your nation who deals in jewels; and, as you are as honest as any I am likely to get, I came to fetch you; but you must make haste, for he does not stay long; so put some rolls of ducats in your pocket, and come quickly."

"Rolls of ducats! Where am I to get them? I am obliged to borrow from my friends even to carry on my poor trade," said Hassel, as he entered the inner room.

"Jacob," whispered his wife, "take no money with you. How do they know you have ducats? and why should they advise you to take them? Perhaps they mean to rob you. Go, first, and hear what the stranger wants."

"Nay, daughter!" said the old man. "If this affair must be concluded in such haste, your husband may lose a good bargain if he goes empty-handed. Take all the gold you have, Jacob; but tell the strangers you will fetch the money when the business is concluded."

Following this advice, Rebecca opened a coffer and took out several parcels of money. While she placed them in her husband's pockets, one of the younger children was made to scream, and Rachel, his eldest sister, began to scold him loudly, in order to drown the glingling of the keys.

"We cannot wait here all night," said one of the men. "If you do not like to come, we must get some one else."

"I am ready," said Hassel, joining them, "though I must go without money, for there is none in the house. But it is no matter: a word to my neighbour Wolf will do as well."

On arriving at the Wiedenbusch, then the principal inn at Frankfurt, Hassel was shown into an apartment, where he found a tall man dressed in an eastern costume. His features were handsome, and his deportment noble and commanding. Accosting the Jew in German, but with a foreign accent, he said,—

"You are not the man I wished to see, but I am told you are honest; and if you have the money I want, and we can conclude the bargain, it may be the means of making your fortune."

He opened a casket and displayed a set of jewels of such enormous value, that Hassel instantly saw they would be far beyond his power to purchase. The peculiar manner in which they were set, as well as their beauty, convinced him they could only be the property of some princely house. In the centre was a crown formed of diamonds of immense size, and of the purest water. It lay between the insignia of two orders of knighthood, in one of which the Christian cross, formed of rubies, flamed from the midst of a cluster of sparkling brilliants. Hassel's confusion was so great, that the stranger, who waited in the expectation that he was calculating the sum he should offer for them, became impatient.

"How now, old man!" said he, striking him on the shoulder.

"Why do you hesitate? Does not one glance show you that these diamonds are good and true, or do I look like a man who has come dishonestly by them?"

"By the God of my fathers!" stammered the Jew, "never did my eyes behold more costly jewels: but I was silent because I have seen enough to show me the impossibility of purchasing them, even with the aid of my friends."

"Let not that trouble you," said the stranger. "If you will lend money on the trinkets, it would suit me better than selling them. The man whom I came here to seek would willingly do so; but as he is absent, and my haste brooks no delay, all I ask is, that you should lend me four hundred ducats, and hold the jewels in deposit. If I do not return, one whom I can trust shall bring the money, and pay whatever you may ask for interest, besides a handsome present for yourself."

Advantageous as was this proposal, the natural timidity of Hassel made him hesitate at accepting it; and he resolved to gain time before he concluded a transaction that might bring him into trouble.

"The sum you ask, noble sir," he replied, "is far within the value of the deposit; but I am not rich, and must seek the help of my friends to make it up."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the other, "this passes my patience. I tell you, Jew, that life and death are on my errand, and that I cannot stay an hour in this town. You trifle with me! You have the sum, and more about you. Is not your hand at this moment pressed to your side, to be sure that the gold is safe. Out with it, then, if you love your life!"

Taking a pistol from the table, he presented it at Hassel, who trembled in every limb.

"Your will shall be obeyed, my lord," said he, laying four parcels of ducats on the table.

The stranger fastened a silk covering on the casket, and, sealing it with a massive seal, placed it in Hassel's hands, and dismissed him. The latter, confused with his strange adventure, returned home and recounted it to his father and wife, by whom the impression on the seal was eagerly examined. The arms evidently belonged to some family of the highest rank; but the motto round them was in a language unknown to Hassel. Satisfied as to the stranger's right to dispose of the trinkets, the casket was carefully locked in his iron coffer.

A year passed, and the jewels had not been reclaimed, when the aged grandfather lay on his death-bed. Around it stood his friends, watching with awe the last struggles of departing life. At a sign from the dying man, that he wished to speak to his son and daughter alone, the rest left the apartment.

"Children!" said he, "the God of Israel has decreed that we must toil to live, but his blessing will follow those only who are fair in their dealings. Promise me that the casket so mysteriously deposited in your hands shall be kept till its rightful owner returns."

"But, father!" cried Hassel, "think on what you are asking.

To wait, perhaps for years, the return of the money I have advanced, may ruin me."

"It will not ruin you, my son." An inward voice tells me that if you are honest in this matter, the Lord will return it to you a thousand fold; but on him who touches those jewels, his curse and mine will lie."

These solemn words from his dying father had for Hassel all the force of a law; and he and his wife took an oath that the diamonds should never be made use of either by them or their children.

The promise was faithfully observed. Hassel and his wife at length slept with their forefathers; their sons were dead or wanderers in foreign lands; and Rachel, their daughter, a widow with one child, inhabited the house in which her father had formerly resided. The mysterious casket still reposed in the coffer in which it had been deposited twenty years before. From the time of its acquisition, Hassel's circumstances had improved rapidly, and the prosperity of his family had become identified in his mind with its possession. Rachel, to whose care it had been bequeathed, regarded the deposit with equal awe, and often repeated to her daughter his description of the resplendent crown, and the dazzling brightness of the two suns that lay on each side of it. Her account made a deep impression on her hearer. Rachel, who was blind, often sent her to the coffer in quest of money; and on these occasions she would stand gazing on the piece of faded silk that hid from her view a treasure of such incalculable value.

Miriam, Rachel's daughter, was at this time about eighteen years of age, and the fame of her beauty was so great, that even strangers who visited Frankfort were attracted into the Jewish quarter of the town in hopes of seeing the "Pearl of Israel," as she was called. But their trouble was thrown away; for Rachel, whose blindness prevented her from leaving home, scarcely allowed her daughter to quit her side. According to the custom of her people, she had affianced her to a young man of their own nation. Many had sought the hand of the beautiful Jewess; but Reuben had been chosen as much for his good character as for his reputed wealth. After receiving the promise of Miriam's hand, he had left Frankfort on affairs connected with his business; and excepting an old woman, the widow of a Portuguese Jew, Rachel had no visitors. Sarah was ostensibly a dealer in scents, washes for the skin, and other necessities of the toilet; but this was not her only trade. No one could carry a message, or slip a *billet-doux*, more dexterously than the wrinkled old Portuguese; and the young of both sexes often availed themselves of her services: but her talents in this line being chiefly exercised among the Christian part of the community, her character was unsuspected by Rachel, to whose lonely existence her society, and the news she brought of all that passed in Frankfort, were a welcome relief.

On Miriam the artful old woman exercised a still stronger influence—that of flattery. She was never tired of admiring her long black silken hair, her large languishing eyes, the pearly whiteness of her skin, and the rich carmine that tinted her cheek. However merited

these compliments, Sarah had interested motives for trying to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the young Jewess, for many a youthful gallant bought her wares in hopes of inducing her to say a few words in his favour to the "Pearl of Israel."

The city of Frankfort was at this time unusually gay, for the coronation of the Emperor Joseph was about to take place. Every house was crowded with strangers, and the streets were thronged with the equipages of the ambassadors and persons of distinction. Miriam, in the absence of her betrothed, never left the house; and Sarah's visits, bringing accounts of the preparations for the ceremony, were eagerly expected by her.

One day the old woman found Rachel asleep, and Miriam in an inner room arranging her hair before a mirror. Making her a sign not to disturb her mother:—

"How lovely you look with your hair loosened," she whispered. "If the young Greek prince could only see you now——"

"The young Greek prince!" interrupted Miriam. "I have never heard of him."

"True! true!" replied Sarah. "You are kept such a prisoner! What a pity it is that you cannot accompany me into the houses of the Christians. There you would see handsome young men enough. Ay! and hear what they say of you, too; but I shall not tell you what it is, for fear of making you vain; though, to be sure, your looking-glass will speak plainer on that subject than I can."

"Plainer than you! Do you think me vain enough to believe all your compliments? But, my good Sarah, tell me what they say of me. I only want to know if it is any thing bad."

"Bad! No, no, my child; I hear nothing but praises of your beauty—but did not your mother call? Blind people have sharp ears, and there is no occasion for her to overhear our conversation."

While Miriam stole on tiptoe to ascertain whether her mother still slept, Sarah drew a picture from under her cloak, and placed it in such a light that the eyes of the young girl fell on it the moment she re-entered the room. A cry of surprise escaped her lips. It was the portrait of a young man, handsome enough to be compared for beauty to Miriam herself. Fortunately for Sarah's plans, Rachel was not awakened by her daughter's exclamation.

"Foolish child!" said Sarah, "to be so agitated by a picture. What would you say if you saw the original? This is the portrait of the young Greek prince, Demetrius, who entreats permission to present the original to you as I have presented the picture."

"The young Greek prince!" murmured Miriam, whose very brow crimsoned as she fixed her eyes on the animated countenance of the stranger. Sarah grinned with delight.

"A few days ago he sent for me. It was to tell me—he not startled—of his love for you, my child. He asked me to obtain an interview for him. Old as I am, I can refuse nothing to his handsome face; but what could I do? As I told him, I have no means of bringing you together. Well, yesterday he sent for me again. God

of Abraham ! how he is changed ! He looks like a man who has not a month to live. 'Dear Sarah,' said he, 'unless I can speak with her whom I love, I shall die. Plead my cause. Tell her one word from her lips may save my life : she cannot be so cruel as to refuse it.' My dear child, if you can be hard-hearted to this poor young man, I cannot ; nor can I see him, rich and noble as he is, implore for one word of pity in vain. I asked for his portrait to show you. As for yours, he has bought every one he can find, and passes his whole time in contemplating them. And now I want you to grant me a favour ; but before I tell you what it is, to convince me that your heart is not as cold as some people think it, you must press your lips to those of the picture. Come, do not hesitate ! Do you think I would ask any thing wrong ? It would be such a consolation to the poor prince who adores you ; and, after all, it is only a picture." A glowing kiss was imprinted on the canvass ; and, delighted at this proof of his success, the temptress went on. "Be at the window at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

Before Miriam could answer, her mother's voice was heard calling her ; and Sarah, whispering "Remember twelve o'clock !" glided from the room.

Miriam passed a sleepless night. The insinuating discourse of the old Portuguese had worked the desired effect on her inexperienced mind, and she was at the window long before the appointed hour. As the last stroke of twelve was heard from the cathedral her heart beat violently, for the sound of horses' feet caught her ear. The rider was a young man attired in the costume of a Hungarian nobleman ; but his elegant dress was unmarked by Miriam, as the handsome countenance of the original of the portrait met her view. He rode slowly past the house, and, fixing a long admiring gaze on the fair Jewess, saluted her. The surrounding objects seemed to swim before her eyes, as she strained them to catch a last glimpse of her admirer. "Can he really love me ?" she thought — "me, the daughter of a despised people. Yet, Jewess as I am, if all Sarah says be true, it would be ungrateful not to return the Christian's love. He is a prince, it is true ; but have I not in yonder coffer a crown, which he could give me the right to wear ?"

Among the most conspicuous of the visitors in Frankfort at this time was the young Prince Demetrius Comnenus. His family, although descended from that of the emperors of Constantinople, had, under the dominion of the Turks, been reduced to the rank of petty princes, holding their property and lives at the caprice of their masters.

Fired with ideas of the ancient liberty of Greece, the father of the prince had headed a conspiracy for the overthrow of their power. The plot was discovered, and he was forced to fly his country. Many months afterwards, a letter from a friend informed him that his only son, whom he had supposed murdered, had, through the devotion of a servant, escaped the fate of the rest of the family, and was then near the frontier, where his father was entreated to join him. Hastily collecting the necessary funds, he set off ; but scarcely had he em-

braced his child, than the house was surrounded by Turkish soldiers, and the unfortunate prince was seized, conducted to prison, and from thence to execution. It was said that he had been betrayed by a foreign Jew.

The young Demetrius was fortunate enough to escape into Hungary, where a nobleman, pitying his destitute situation, had him educated with his own son, procured him a commission in a Hungarian regiment, and a place about the emperor's person. The duties of his charge had brought him at this time to Frankfort.

Riding one day along a narrow street, his progress was obstructed by a crowd of people gathered round a man who seemed to be haranguing them. Curious to know the subject of his oration, he despatched a servant to inquire. The latter returned with a roll of paper. "My Lord," said he, "the people are pressing round a picture-vender, who is selling portraits of a Jewess celebrated in this city for her beauty. I bought one, if your Highness pleases to take it."

The prince received the picture without deigning to cast a glance on it, and ascended the stairs holding it mechanically in his hand. Entering his apartment, he threw it on a table. As he did so it unfolded, and he started as he looked on the loveliness of the countenance. Could the picture of a Jewess — of one of that race that, for his father's sake, he hated — produce such an effect on him, and was her beauty really such as it was there depicted?"

While asking himself these questions, a gentle tap at his door preceded the entrance of the well-known Sarah. Interrupting her in the enumeration of her wares —

"Tell me, woman," said he, "is the Jewess whom they talk about really as handsome as this picture represents her?"

"As the Lord is just!" returned she, "the chaste damsel is a thousand times fairer than you there see her."

"Chaste! say you? Has she ever withstood the temptations of rank and wealth?"

"Miriam has been well brought up, my Lord; is betrothed, and has riches enough of her own to be above the power of temptation. Nothing but love could ——"

"How?" interrupted the young man. "Did you not say she was betrothed?"

"True; and yet she does not know what it is to love?"

"In that case," said the prince, throwing himself on a sofa, "tell her that I love her, and arrange matters so that she may love me."

"Nay!" exclaimed the old woman, feigning astonishment. "You are a Christian and a prince, and Miriam a Jewess. You cannot mean it!"

"Leave that to me," he returned. "Do what you can to win her for me, and you shall have a reward that even your rapacious soul does not dream of."

An imperative gesture warned her that he was not to be argued with, and she left him, reflecting on the means by which she could

earn the promised recompense. Ambition and vanity were powerful agents, and she resolved to try their influence on Miriam. How far she succeeded we have already seen.

Sure that Miriam would be impatient to see her again, she purposely deferred her visit for some days. One evening she entered Rachel's apartment, with a small lantern in her hand. The blind woman occupied her usual place by the fire, and Miriam and the Portuguese held a whispered conversation together.

"What are you saying about princes and Greeks?" inquired Rachel. "What is it that is so splendid?"

"There is splendour enough in Frankfort at present," returned the other; "but I was telling your daughter a story of a prince who once on a time was so much in love with a maiden of our creed, that he shared his throne with her——"

"And so she became his paramour, and was accursed of her people," interrupted Rachel.

"Nay! nay! he honoured her as much as if she had been his wife, and her children reigned as princes in the land," continued the other, winking to Miriam. "But it is only a tale, you know; such things do not happen now-a-days."

"Well! you can finish your tale when I am in bed," said Rachel rising. As Miriam left the room to assist her mother, Sarah, opening the window, placed her lantern outside it. Soon after, a step was heard on the stairs, and going to the door she held a conversation in a low voice with some one outside. It was scarcely ended, when Miriam, returning, asked the meaning of the light at the window.

"My child!" said Sarah, "know you not, that on the sea-coast men light fires to guide the storm-driven mariner to the haven, and in like manner is this lantern placed for the guidance of one who, tormented by stormy passion, vainly seeks a haven of rest."

"What mean you?" asked the young Jewess.

"I mean that the handsomest and noblest youth in Frankfort stays a suppliant at your door, and with sighs and tears implores your pity."

"Nay, Sarah, now I understand you less than ever," said Miriam, whose blushes showed a greater knowledge of the old woman's meaning than she was willing to allow.

"In a word, then," said the other, "Prince Demetrius, the idol of every female heart, is without, and waits the sentence, that from your lips is to bring him misery or bliss."

On the following day, Sarah appeared before the prince with smiles that formed a striking contrast to his gloomy countenance.

"Hear me, old sorceress!" he exclaimed: "did you think when you took me to your Jewess, that I was going to play the part of Jacob, and dally round her for seven years. I hate your people, and if I concealed my feelings, it was because I expected to have a pleasant adventure to relate, instead of hearing a rigmarole about duty, and virtue, and seeing your long nose always before me. There is your money, and now keep out of my way, for by Heaven, if you get me into your Jewish quarter a third time, my sword will

leap from its scabbard to revenge my father's death on all I meet there."

"Tut! tut! prince; a handsome girl (and where will you see Miriam's equal?), though she be a Jewess, is not to be gained without trouble. She loves you already, or she would not have consented to an interview, so we must not despair."

"You put me beyond my patience!" he exclaimed vehemently. "I tell you again, that I hate your whole race. By their treachery, my father was delivered into the hands of his murderers: among them are still concealed the emblems of royalty, that once formed the pride of our house. Accursed be ye all!"

"Well! well! I will say no more about it," replied the old woman, chinking the gold she had received; "but for all that, my young prince," she muttered as she descended the stairs, "if I can catch this pretty dove for you, you will not refuse the gift from the hands of the old Jewess Sarah."

Among the entertainments that were to be given in honour of the coronation was a masked ball. The great preparations that were making to render this fête worthy of the occasion were the theme of universal conversation. Sarah's trade, as a vender of objects for the toilet, made her particularly active at this time, and there was scarcely a family of any consequence in Frankfort in which her services were not in requisition. One morning she was creeping along with her basket under her cloak, when a well-known signal made her look up; Prince Demetrius was lounging at his window, and beckoned her to come to him. She entered his room, chuckling to herself as she guessed the purpose of his summons, and cunningly resolved to leave him to introduce the subject of both their thoughts. With this intention, she pretended to be much struck with the splendour of his Hungarian uniform, which was lying on a table.

"You will have an opportunity of seeing all this magnificence more fully displayed to-night," said he; "for of course you will honour the masked ball with your presence?"

"I am glad to see your highness in such good spirits. A poor Israelite like me go to the ball! I would not give a ducat for the life of the richest and best among us, who should show himself in the Romer Salle this night! not the beauteous Miriam herself."

"Miriam!" interrupted he; "how is the Jewess? Have you seen her since that night?"

"Ah! poor child! she is fretting herself, and lamenting that she has incurred your highness's displeasure."

"My displeasure! By no means. Bring her to me, and I will soon comfort her. The girl is handsome enough to warrant a slight risk of paradise for her sake."

"For shame, prince!" said Sarah, turning as if to leave the room.

"Where are you going in such a hurry? Do you think I do not know what you want? take this purse. Here is a ticket that will admit you to the ball, and if you bring Miriam with you, you know I can be grateful."

Sarah's resolution was soon taken. She procured a suitable dis-

guise, and set off to visit Miriam, whom she had not seen for some days.

On arriving, she found Rachel, ill, and one of the neighbours, who acted as nurse, sitting by the bed-side. A glance at Miriam's anxious countenance convinced her that a proposal for a meeting between the lovers would be favourably received; and telling her that she had just seen the prince, she artfully insinuated that the moment was come on which the future prosperity of her whole life depended. Satisfied with the effect her hints had produced, for Miriam's eyes lighted up at the mention of her lover's name, Sarah displayed the costume she had bought. It had been made for a lady of high rank, who was prevented, by the sudden death of her husband, from making use of it. Dazzled with its splendour, Miriam in astonishment asked what it was for.

"Prince Demetrius charged me to get it for you to go to the ball in," said Sarah; "but you must not lose time. I know a person who will lend a room where you may dress, and who will accompany you in a domino. Not that you will want her long, for the prince will soon find you out."

In spite of Miriam's wish to see her lover, it was not without a violent inward struggle that she resolved to take advantage of Sarah's offer; but female vanity whispered that such an opportunity of appearing in the full blaze of her charms might never occur again.

"I will go," she at length said. "Yes, I will see him, though destruction lie in my path!"

To satisfy Sarah, she tried on the dress. It was of antique fashion; and by its form, as well as the richness of its materials, was evidently intended to represent the costume of some royal personage of ancient days. The young Jewess stood before the mirror, and her cheek was flushed with pleasure as she saw her lovely face and figure set off by the robes of a queen.

"I shall appear before him as a princess," she said; "but something is still wanting to represent the character properly. See, Sarah, in that coffer lie ornaments that would make this costume surpass every other in the Romer Salle."

While speaking, she half unconsciously took out the casket, and unwrapped the silk from round it. For the first time she beheld the seal, whole and entire as it had been, when a quarter of a century before, her honest grandfather had received it from the stranger.

"Have you no knife?" said Sarah, as she snatched the casket from her hand and tore off the seal that fastened the string. Miriam started at the dazzling brilliancy of the jewels.

"What have you done?" she faintly asked.

Without answering, the old woman placed the crown on Miriam's head, and clasping her hands as she beheld the diamonds sparkling among her jetty locks—"Surely!" she exclaimed, "Esther herself, when attired to go before the king, was not fairer than you. Go, child, and conquer as she did!"

Encouraged by these words, Miriam accompanied Sarah to the room which the latter had engaged for her to dress in. The crown

was again placed on her head. "Must I wear the red cross?" she asked with a shudder, as she saw Sarah with the insignia of the order in her hand.

"To be sure you must," was the answer. "I will place it on your bosom, and no one will then suspect that a Jewess is concealed beneath your mask."

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of Miriam on entering the Romer Salle, at the splendid sight that greeted her. The dais, where sat the emperor, surrounded by his brilliant court, the rich dresses of the Hungarians, the jewels, the embroidery, and the waving plumes of the courtiers and ambassadors, all struck on her dazzled senses like a scene of enchantment. But, if admiration almost deprived her of the power of motion, the sensation her appearance excited in the assemblage was quite as great, and it would be difficult to say whether the beauty of her figure, or the extraordinary value of her jewels, attracted the most attention.

The clang of the trumpets which had welcomed the imperial guest had ceased, and was succeeded by a symphony played entirely on flutes. While every breath was hushed, every ear attentive to catch the harmonious sounds, a loud cry rang through the Salle. All eyes turned to reprove the disturber. A tall commanding figure in uniform was seen reclining on a sofa, as if struck down by some sudden blow. The crowd closed round him, and the respect shown to the imperial presence caused the occurrence to pass without further notice.

The Polonaise led by the emperor himself had begun, and Miriam had as yet seen no traces of Prince Demetrius. Sick at heart, she left her companion and wandered from the ball-room into a smaller apartment, where she sunk on a sofa. More than one person curious to know the name of the brilliant mask, had followed her, but her short impatient answers baffled all their attempts at conversation. Freed from their importunities, Miriam had been for some minutes alone, when a mask whom she had not before seen placed himself beside her. She started, for that proud step, that stately mien, could only belong to one person. The very sound of his voice, in spite of an attempt to disguise it, convinced her it was the prince. His conversation left it uncertain whether he had already recognised her, for he seemed anxious to ascertain her name and rank. Miriam's delight at finding her lover amounted to ecstasy; she playfully parried his questions by insisting that he already knew all he was asking. At length, remembering that a longer stay would be imprudent, she rose to depart.

"You shall not leave me," said the mask pressing her hand.

"Alas!" returned Miriam. "You will not wish to detain me, when you hear that it is to no princess you are paying your court, but to a poor maiden, who wears a crown to which she has no right, whose only riches are a pair of black eyes, with which to weep your absence, and long raven locks to dry them with."

"I know!" whispered the other. "You are the Jewess ——"

"And if I am!" she interrupted, "will you deceive me and break my heart?"

"Let us understand each other," said her companion impatiently. "You had those jewels from your father."

"From my grandfather, who received them from a prince. I ought not to mention it, but I can conceal nothing from you."

"I know the story," said the mask, "but you are going home. I will accompany you."

Miriam's companion came up at this moment, and the three left the Romer Salle together.

Early the next morning, a travelling chaise with one person inside was proceeding along a street in Frankfort leading to the Jewish quarter of the town, when its progress was stopped by a crowd of persons assembled before a house, and seemingly in the most violent state of excitement. The traveller demanded the cause of the disturbance. He was answered that a young Jewess named Miriam lay a corpse in the house. It was supposed that she had been murdered by an old Portuguese Jewess, named Sarah, assisted by a woman of ill-fame, in whose room the deed had been done.

It was Reuben, Miriam's betrothed, who was just returning from his journey, to whom these melancholy tidings were communicated. Overwhelmed with horror, he entreated permission to see the body. He was refused, for the house was in possession of the city authorities. While he still disputed the point, a rush of the people drove him back, and curses were heard from every tongue as the two culprits, loudly protesting their innocence, were conveyed to prison. Soon after, some of the principal members of the Jewish community came to fetch the body of Miriam to her mother's house. Even in death, the matchless beauty of "the Pearl of Israel," was the admiration of all who beheld her. She lay with her rich garments drenched with the blood that had flowed from a wound near the heart. The black hair, from which the crown had been hastily torn, hung in disorder over her snowy neck, where the bloody marks of the murderer's hand had left evidence of the violence with which the ruby cross had been snatched from her bosom.

The coronation was over, and all the strangers had left Frankfort before Sarah and her accomplice were brought to trial. Although protesting that they were not guilty, the proofs appeared so strong against them, that they were condemned without a dissenting voice. On the scaffold, Sarah uttered bitter curses against her judges, while her companion stretching out her hands in a last appeal to her fellow-citizens, declared that she died innocent.

Years rolled on, the story of Miriam had become a tale remembered only when some traveller explored the Jewish quarter of the city, when the Syndic of the Jews was one day requested to accompany a person newly arrived in Frankfort to the Hebrew burying ground. The stranger was a man of remarkable appearance. Although apparently upwards of sixty years of age, his tall figure retained much of its former strength and elasticity. When excited by strong emotions, his black eyes sparkled with all the fire of youth; but his contracted brow and compressed lips seemed to mark him as one who had suffered much pain, mental or bodily.

On entering the cemetery, he requested to be shown the place where Miriam was buried. Passing numerous grave-stones inscribed with Hebrew characters, his conductor led the way to a lowly hillock, the stone of which was fast crumbling away. "Here," said he, "lies the body of the loveliest and most unfortunate of her sex. Evil was the day that the unhappy girl ceased to remember the gulf that separates a Jew from a Christian!"

These words were spoken with a bitterness that caused the stranger to look earnestly at the speaker, and he saw that his eyes were filled with tears. "Were you her brother?" he asked.

"I was more!" replied the other. "I was her betrothed: but for my fatal journey she might now be alive, the mother of my children. The tragic story has never been clearly explained, for the declaration of the two women seemed to implicate a third person in the transaction; but neither he nor the fate of the jewels could ever be discovered."

"Perhaps," said the stranger after a short silence, "I could give you the information you wish for. My mission here is connected with the circumstances that you speak of; but you must grant me two requests. The one is to be silent respecting my visit; the other, to permit me to enter this cemetery alone, as often as I wish."

His hearer, greatly surprised, promised to observe the conditions, and they left the place together.

"The two women," said the stranger, "were innocent. The murder was committed by a servant of the prince's; the same who in his infancy twice saved him from sharing his father's fate. Marco, that was his name, had been brought up in the family, was warmly attached to his master, and swore, if ever it were in his power, to revenge his death. On recognising the jewels, Prince Demetrius left the ball and communicated his discovery to this man, charging him not to lose sight of them. The story ran, that Prince Constantino had been betrayed by a Jew; and it was natural to suppose that the person possessing them, and who owned that she belonged to that people, was the child of the betrayer. Marco watched her and her companion to the house, and taking the opportunity of the absence of the latter, he entered Miriam's room. He was joyfully received, for she took him for his master—you know the rest. Prince Demetrius soon after married, and the crown that was torn from the brow of the murdered girl adorned that of his bride. From that hour the curse of Heaven seemed to pursue him. His children died, his wife was faithless, he lost the emperor's favour; and when at last, a banished man, he knelt by the bedside of the assassin, he promised that the fatal jewels should be offered as an expiatory sacrifice to the manes of the innocent victim."

The stranger took his leave, nor did the Syndic ever see him again, for on the following day he left Frankfort; Reuben, however, learned that he had visited the cemetery alone, and reflecting on the occurrence, he felt convinced that in him he had beheld one of the principal actors in the tragedy, and that his visitor must have been Prince Demetrius himself.

MATEO THE HUNCHBACK.

AN INCIDENT IN GUIPUZCOA.

THE chain of the Pyrenees, that magnificent natural barrier between France and the Peninsula, generally diminishes in height as it approaches the western coast, until, on arriving within a few miles of the Bay of Biscay, the towering wall or mountain dwindles into detached and comparatively trifling ranges of hills, and the boundary line between the two countries is completed by the insignificant stream of the Bidassoa. On the Spanish bank of that river, and at a short distance from the spot where it leaves the frontier, and becomes entirely Spanish, there stands, or at least stood, some half-dozen years back, a small squalid looking *venta*, or inn, which, judging from its wild isolated position, was more likely to be resorted to by smugglers and outlaws than by honest men and peaceable travellers. Built in an angle formed by some large masses of dark-coloured rock, the house was invisible to persons approaching from the east or south: on the north side, or front, flowed the river, at a distance of about a hundred yards, and with a thick forest of oak and chestnut on its opposite bank; while to the west the ground was rugged and broken, with a narrow mule track winding like a whitish line over the rocks amongst which it finally lost itself.

On an autumn night of the year 1838, the large smoky room that composed the whole of the ground-floor of this inn was occupied by two persons. One of these was a man in the prime of life, tall, raw-boned, and muscular, and possessed of the broad shoulders, narrow hips, and sinewy limbs, that characterise the Spanish mountaineer. His countenance, naturally harsh and stern in its expression, was rendered still less prepossessing by the scar of a sabre cut, extending from the left temple, across the cheek-bone, to the corner of his long upper lip, which latter feature was covered by a thick mustache of a reddish-brown colour. His dress was half military, half civilian; a blue frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and girt at the waist by a leathern belt supporting a curved and broad-bladed sabre, a Basque cap on his head, and at his heels sharp rowelled spurs that jingled as he strode up and down the damp and filthy floor of the room. He was apparently annoyed or impatient at something: from time to time a muttered curse or angry exclamation escaped him, and he would give a fierce stamp with the heel of his boot, or a hasty clutch at his brazen sword-hilt. Once or twice he paused opposite to the large projecting chimney and gazed for a moment into the log-fire that was smouldering on the hearth, or pulled up the wick in an iron lamp that hung from the rudely fashioned mantel-shelf, and then re-

sumed his monotonous promenade. The second occupant of the dingy apartment was a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, to judge at least from his diminutive stature and delicate features. He was crouched down upon a low bench in the chimney-corner, his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands, and his large restless black eyes glittering from amongst a profusion of tangled curls of the same colour, that hung over his neck, shoulders, and cheeks. The name of this lad was Matéo, and he was the son of the keeper of the venta, one José Miron, a notorious contrabandista, who was then absent on a smuggling expedition. The man who has been described was Antonio Ranez, or as he was more commonly called, Antonito, the chief of a small guerilla band, that carried on a kind of predatory warfare against the Carlists in the neighbourhood of the French frontier, a good deal on its own account, and a little on that of her Catholic Majesty Isabella the Second.

After some continuance of his restless walk, Antonio's patience seemed to be fairly exhausted. Stopping suddenly, he drew from his pocket a clumsy silver watch, and looked at it by the light of the lamp.

"*Las once!* Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed, "and not yet come. Something must have happened."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the stillness of the night was broken by a shrill whistle, given apparently within a very short distance of the house. The man hurried to the door, opened it, and gazed out into the darkness, which was excessive, the sky being covered with heavy clouds, and not a star visible. Suddenly a light appeared on the farther side of the Bidassoa, and threw a brilliant streak across the water. The illumination was momentary, and then all was again darkness.

"Matéo, *muchacho pronto!* quick!" cried the guerilla in a low hurried tone to the boy, who was still cowering in the chimney-corner. The lad rose to his feet, and it then became evident that his diminutive stature and sickly juvenile appearance were not so much owing to his youth as to the deformity of his frame. He might be twenty years of age, but was considerably under five feet in height, his legs long and awkward, his body exceedingly short, and disfigured by a protuberance between the shoulders.

"Matéo, quick to the boats!" repeated Antonio.

The hunchback led the way with long strides to the water's edge, where a small boat was lying concealed among some bushes, to which it was secured. Antonio sprang in. The lad untied the rope, and was about to follow, when the guerilla uttered a fierce oath.

"The oars — where are they?"

Matéo looked into the boat.

"Are they not here, Don Antonio?"

"*Demonio!*" exclaimed the guerilla, in a tone of suppressed fury; "the oars, you imp of perdition!"

And, seizing the boy by the collar, he shook him violently.

"They must be in the stable," said the hunchback, as soon as he had breath to speak. "I will fetch them."

At this moment another whistle and a second flash of light across the water seemed to increase the impatience of Antonio, who jumped out of the boat, and, striking the unlucky dwarf a furious blow on the face, caught him by the collar and dragged him in the direction of the house. In less than three minutes the guerilla returned, bearing one of the missing oars in his hand, by a few strokes of which the boat was impelled to within half a score yards of the opposite shore. Striking his paddle into the bottom of the shallow river, Antonio then checked his speed.

"*Quien vive?*—Who goes there?" said he, in a distinct but cautious tone.

"*Raposo* *," was the reply.

The keel of the boat grated upon the shore, a man, muffled in a cloak stepped in, and in a few seconds the skiff and its occupants were again on the Spanish bank of the Bidassoa. The boat was moored, and the two men walked up to the inn.

Divesting himself of his cloak, and laying aside the dark lantern which had served him for his signals, the new comer drew a bench to the fire, and, seating himself upon it, stirred up the embers and exposed his booted feet, which were soaked with water and covered with mud, to the pleasant heat of the flames. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with strongly marked features of a particularly keen and resolute expression, and dressed in plain clothes of unassuming cut and materials. Antonio, after carefully shutting the door, also approached the fire, and seated himself opposite to the stranger, who cast a searching glance round the room.

"Are you alone?" said the stranger. "Where is José Miron?"

"Passing tobacco into France," was the reply.

"And his son?"

"The humpbacked cub is in the sulks, and has taken himself off. You may speak freely, Señor L * * *. There is no fear of our being overheard. Are matters progressing?"

"Excellently well," replied the other. "*He* is at Aspeitia, without other guards than a few orderlies, thinking himself as safe as if he were on the throne at Madrid, with a regiment of body-guards at the gates of his palace. He little dreams of what is brewing for him. How astonished he will be to see us walk up to his bedside to-morrow night. For to-morrow night it must be, Antonio. There is no time to lose."

"And why would not the general do it?" asked the guerilla. "What can be his reason for throwing away such a chance?"

"Pshaw!" returned the other, impatiently — "the general! It is not your generals and colonels who want to put an end to a war which gives them money and promotion. No, no. He treated me as a madman when I opened the plan to him, hinted that I was a spy, and finally ordered me to leave the province. So I took a passport for France, and here I am. But we can do it without him, Antonio. To-morrow night, one hour after sunset, I shall be off St. Sebastian,

with the two *chasse-marées*. Mind you and your men are ready to join me."

"It is a risking business," said the guerilla, musingly. "But the prize is worth trying for. They ought to make me commander-in-chief and you prime minister, if we succeed; for we shall have done more than all their ministers and generals have been able to do. *Santissima Virgen! compadre*. Think of you and I rousing his majesty from his first sleep, just touching him on the shoulder and saying, 'Carlitos'."

"Hush!" exclaimed L * * *, hastily. "You are imprudent. No use mentioning names."

"Not a soul to hear us," replied Antonio; "but, however, silence is our countersign. Have you any thing more to say to me?"

"Nothing," said L * * *: "only remember to-morrow, one hour after sunset."

"I shall be exact," replied Antonio; "and then — hurrah for an ounce of lead or a general's commission!"

These were the last words spoken by either of the two men, who now left the house together. L * * * crossed into France in the same manner in which he had arrived, and Antonio, after conveying him over the river, entered a sort of shed that served as a stable to the *venta*, and presently reappeared mounted upon a strong rough-looking horse. He struck into a mountain path, and in another moment had disappeared in the darkness.

Scarcely had the clatter made upon the flinty soil by his horse's hoofs died away, when there was a stir amongst a pile of old sacks and fishing nets in a corner of the room which the guerilla and L * * * had so recently left; and the unshapely figure of Matéo Miron rose to its feet. The features of the deformed lad were smeared with blood, the result of the blow he had received; but instead of wearing an expression of pain or vexation, they were lighted up with a smile of savage joy.

"Aspetitia!" he muttered between his teeth, as he approached the fire and held out his long ape-like fingers to the embers. "Carlitos — a general's commission — the fool! Antonito the muleteer with a general's *faja*. He has reckoned without Matéo, ay, and without the blow," added he, putting his hand to his face, which was swollen, and still bleeding. "Ha, ha! the fool!"

And extinguishing the lamp, which was smoking and flickering in its socket, the hunchback uttered a wild sound between a yell and a laugh, and darted out of the *venta*.

It was about an hour after nightfall upon the day subsequent to that on which the incidents above narrated occurred that two of the fast-sailing lugger-rigged vessels, known as *Trincadores*, or *Chasse-marées*, came gliding down with a favouring breeze from the direction of the French coast, and backed their sails opposite to the harbour of St. Sebastian. At the same instant lanterns were run up to their mast-heads; and scarcely had this been done, when, from the shadow of the cliffs below the lighthouse, five row-boats, crowded with men, shot out, and in a very few minutes reached the side of the *trincadores*.

The crews of the boats were transferred to the larger vessels, with the exception of two rowers, who remained in each of the former, and pulled leisurely back to land. All sail was now made on the luggers, a fresh easterly breeze favoured their progress, and sent them bounding over the waves; but, as if even this rapid rate of progression had not been sufficient, sweeps were put out, and the sturdy Biscayan mariners applied themselves to accelerate the speed of the vessels, which advanced with extraordinary swiftness, the water flashing from their sides, and emitting the phosphoric light frequently to be observed upon that coast. The men who had been brought on board by the boats took no share in the labour of the sailors, which, to judge from their garb and equipment, would not have been very congenial to their habits and profession. They were about fifty in number, active, hardy-looking fellows, some of them of rather cut-throat physiognomy, but all with an expression of reckless daring stamped upon their features. Their dress was tolerably various, some wearing blue or green uniform jackets, others grey frock-coats. All had the round flat cap, which was the universal head-dress of the Carlists, and also of some of the Christino guerrilla corps, and all were armed well and alike, with clean serviceable muskets and bayonets, their cananas or leathern belts being stuffed full of cartridges.

These men formed the guerilla band of Antonio Ranez, who now stood upon the half deck of the larger *chasse-marée*, in low and earnest conversation with the same person whom he had met the preceding night at the venta on the Bidassoa. The Señor L * * *, however, had changed his costume to one somewhat similar to that of his companion, and had, moreover, buckled a sword round his waist, while from the breast of his coat protruded the butts of two pistols. His brow was slightly knit, and his countenance wore a look of decision and excitement as he paced, or rather turned, up and down the half-dozen planks that formed the quarter-deck of the lugger. "It is a bold thing," said he, in reply to some observation made by Antonio, "but the prize aimed at is in proportion. And if there has been no treachery, and the men are staunch, I will answer for its success."

"Treachery there can hardly have been," replied the guerilla; for even now none but you and myself know whither we are bound, or what is the object of our expedition. Certainly its real one is the last that will be suspected. As to my men, I answer for them as for myself."

Within three hours after the luggers had left St. Sebastian, they cast anchor at the mouth of a creek on a secluded part of the Guipuzcoan coast, west of the mouth of the river Orío, and within a short distance of the port of Guetaria. Forty guerillas, with Antonio and L * * *, were conveyed to land by successive trips of the luggers' boats; the other ten were left on board, with strict orders to allow none of the crew to go ashore, but to await at the same spot the return of their comrades, which would take place before daybreak. Everything was conducted with the utmost silence and caution; all lights had long been extinguished on board both vessels; the oars were muffled, and no man spoke above his breath.

There was no moon, but the night was a clear and starlight one, when Antonio and his band, under the guidance of L * * *, who stationed himself at the head of the party, left the coast, and struck into the interior of the country, marching in single file, at a pace not unfrequently adopted by Spanish soldiers, and that for silence and speed could be equalled by few besides North American Indians. It was neither a walk nor a run, but a swinging step between the two, capable of being long sustained, and which carried them over the ground with great rapidity. Their guide was evidently a man perfectly acquainted with the country he was traversing; he looked neither to the right nor the left, but pursued his course in nearly a straight line, now across meadows and ploughed fields, then through narrow lanes and perhaps for a short distance along a high road; through copse and thicket, over hedge, ditch, and bank, on he went with the untiring vigour and activity of a Biscayan mountaineer. From the moment the guerillas set foot on shore, they were in the Carlist country, amongst a population devoted to the Pretender, and within a short distance of numerous cantonments and garrisons of his troops. The lateness of the hour, however, the darkness, and the unfrequented paths they were following, rendered it improbable that they should be encountered or even seen, but nevertheless every precaution had been taken in case they were. Their dress and equipment were the same in all respects as those of most of the Carlist troops: they were all Biscayans, talking Basque, and familiar with the habits of the enemy they were so unhesitatingly venturing amongst. During a march of three hours' duration they made but two rencontres. The first was of some peasant women, who wished them a good night, and walked on unsuspectingly, taking them for Carlist soldiers, the more so as two or three of the men struck up a ditty popular amongst the factious troops, and the words of which were as complimentary to Don Carlos as they were disparaging to his niece and sister-in-law. The second meeting was not got over so easily. A peasant, mounted on a stout mule, came trotting up beside the party, with which he seemed inclined to keep company. He entered into conversation with the men, asked them where they were going and whence coming, and what was the cause of so late a march. The guerillas had had their lesson and were ready with answers, but his curiosity was not easily satisfied, and his questions became embarrassing.

"Get rid of that chattering fool," said L * * * to Antonio. "He is too inquisitive. Fifty lives must not be risked for one."

"True," said Antonio, drawing his sabre silently, and slackening his pace. As the unlucky peasant passed the guerilla, a bright blade gleamed for an instant; there was a low gurgling sound, and then a body fell crashing through bushes and branches into the ravine that bordered the road.

It was an hour past midnight when the adventurous little band halted in a lane that wound between hills covered with forest trees, from amongst which large irregular corners and pinnacles of rock here and there protruded. Every thing was still; the breeze had died

away, and save the occasional screech of an owl or croak of a frog, not a sound was to be heard.

"In ten minutes we are there," said L * * * to Antonio. "It is time to give the men their final orders."

Antonio assented, and the next moment the guerillas were collected in a circle round their leaders. L * * * addressed them.

"Men," said he, pointing to a light at no very great distance, "yonder is Aspeitia."

There was a movement of surprise amongst the men at finding themselves, as it were, in the very den of the lion.

"There is a person there whom we are going to seize and convey back to the trincadores. There are no troops in the place and we expect little difficulty in making his capture; but should there be any attempt at rescue, with an appearance of success, remember that, dead or alive, we must have him, and that his head alone will be worth its weight in gold to the man who shall present it to-morrow at St. Sebastian. And now, forward! *Raposo* the watchword. The rendezvous here in case of dispersion."

The men fell into their places, and the march was resumed. They had not, however, advanced a hundred yards from the spot at which this short pause had been made, when the pass was lighted up with a bright glare, and the reports of five-score muskets were echoed from the neighbouring hills. At the same instant, from behind rocks and trees, from amongst brushwood and bushes, hundreds of dark forms started up; and the white caps of the fifth battalion of Guipuzcoa, the gallant and much dreaded Chapelchurris, became dimly visible through the darkness as the wearers hurried down to the attack of the Christinos.

"*Hémos perdido*," said L * * *, as he fell heavily over at the foot of a tree. "We have lost, but the cast was worth risking."

He had been struck by two balls, and died almost instantly. More than a third of the guerillas had been killed or desperately wounded by the volley they had received, but notwithstanding this heavy loss, and the desperate situation in which he found himself, Antonio, who was as yet unhurt, did not seem to despair, or at any rate he was resolved to sell his life dearly.

"*Animo, muchachos!*" cried he, as he snatched up the musket of one of his dead followers, and taking a steady aim at a Carlist officer who was leading on his men to the charge, shot him dead. The Christinos, gathering courage from the example of their chief, poured in a volley upon the enemy, which for an instant checked the advance of the latter. But the odds were too large for the issue of the contest to be doubtful. A gallant but vain attempt was made by Antonio to retreat along the road by which he had come, fighting as he went, but after twice driving back the Carlists by the desperate impetuosity of his attacks, he found that he was completely surrounded, and might as well die where he stood. A general discharge from the Chapelchurris, who were enraged at the obstinate resistance of this handful of men, brought the matter to a conclusion. Five Christinos, who still

remained on foot, threw down their arms and begged for quarter, but were instantly bayoneted. Antonio himself lay mortally wounded on the ground.

Before the smoke of this final volley had cleared away, a lad, mounted on an uncouth Pyrenean pony, made his appearance upon the scene of the skirmish. Dismounting, he began peering about amongst the dead and dying men with which the ground was strewn, until he at length came to Antonio, who was lying by the road-side, his head partially propped up against a fragment of rock, his life fast oozing out by three wounds, the least of which was mortal. On recognising the dying guerilla, a wild shout of exultation burst from the lips of Matéo the hunchback.

"Ha! *Anton mio*," he cried, "we are not to be a general this time, it seems; we must wait a little longer for the *faja*. Or have we got the ounce of lead for our share? Ha, ha! Well — 'twill teach you to beat and buffet the poor hunchback. And so you would have carried off Carlitos, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

And he began capering and dancing round the wounded man, shouting out abuse of Isabel and her partisans, and singing fragments of Carlist songs, to the considerable amusement of some of the Chapelchurris, who had lit torches in order the better to despoil the bodies of the Christinos, and now stood looking on in the flickering, flaring light at the antics of the half crazy hunchback, occasionally, too, joining in the taunts he addressed to the unfortunate Antonio. Presently the latter made a slight movement, as if desirous of raising his head higher upon its rocky pillow. Matéo immediately threw himself on his knees beside him.

"Let me assist you, Antonito," said he, in a tone of mockery. "You do not seem at your ease upon your couch to-night."

And throwing his long lean arms round the body of his victim, he exerted all his strength to drag him into a sitting posture, at the same time twisting his flexible features into a hideous grimace of contempt and hatred. The wounded guerilla uttered a groan of pain and rage, which was echoed a moment later by a sharp shrill cry from the hunchback. The arms of the latter relaxed their hold, his head drooped, and he fell heavily across the body of Antonio, in whose throat the death rattle was now audible. Some of the Carlists stepped forward and raised Matéo, but he was already dead. By a last effort of expiring strength, the guerilla had drawn his knife and stabbed his betrayer and tormenter to the heart.

It is a fact known to few, but not the less a fact, that towards the latter part of the Carlist war in Spain a plan was formed for carrying off Don Carlos from his quarters at a Guipuzcoan village, where he was frequently left unguarded, and with but few attendants. It was proposed that a steamer should leave St. Sebastian soon after night-fall, and land a handful of resolute Basque guerillas upon the coast, within four or five hours' march of the Pretender's residence. Disguised as Carlist soldiers, they were to march across the country, cap-

ture Don Carlos, and bring him with all possible speed to the steam-boat, on their way to which they were to be met, and their retreat protected, by some Christino battalions. The plan of this daring attempt was submitted by its originator to a Christino general then commanding in Guipuzcoa, but who did not think proper to countenance it. It was one of those enterprises that at first sight appear mad and impossible of execution, but which nevertheless, by their very boldness and improbability, often succeed. There is no doubt that a dash of this description was subsequently made, without assistance from the authorities, but the adventurers were betrayed, an ambuscade laid for them, and they were all cut to pieces when within a short distance from the object of their expedition. The extermination of a few guerillas was a matter of too common occurrence at that time to attract much attention, and it was scarcely alluded to in the Christino papers, though the Carlist gazettes, according to their usual custom, recorded it with much exaggeration and bombast. They were either not convinced, however, or did not think proper to mention, that the object of the detachment which had been destroyed was no less a one than the surprisal and carrying off of the Pretender himself; an object that might not improbably have been effected, had not the Carlists been put on their guard by a peasant lad, who casually became acquainted with the plot.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, Life ! My senses swim ;
 And the world is growing dim ;
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night, —
 Colder, colder, colder still
 Upward steals a vapour chill —
 Strong the earthy odour grows —
 I smell the Mould above the Rose !

Welcome, Life ! the Spirit strives !
 Strength returns, and hope revives ;
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn, —
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom —
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapour cold —
 I smell the Rose above the Mould !

THE CHRISTMAS LOG.

BY SUUM CUIQUE, ESQ.

'Whatever you do, always keep a log.'—TOM CRINGLE.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT! no fun, of no kind?" asked Mr. Bartholomew Biggerton of a labouring man who was earning his daily proportion of three shillings a week by cracking flints on the road. "No fun, of no kind, at Christmas?"

"Fun and full bellies is out o' fashion in these parts," replied old Tom Shoveller.

"What! no ringing of bells?"

"None. Parson's quarrelled with the ringers, locked up the belfry, and put the keys in his pocket. For fear they should pick the lock and have a jolly peel, he's cut off and carried away the bell-ropes."

"No singing of carols and hymns? no waking up people out of a nice sweet sleep at midnight with fiddles and flutes and clarinets?"

"None," said Tom. "The singers was the ringers, and in course the ringers was the singers, and as the one's offended with parson so is t'other. If they wasn't allowed to ring, of course, they wasn't going to sing, and so they've left the church for the public-house."

"And don't the little charity school boys come round with their Christmas pieces to show what improvements they have made?"

"We've got an infant school, a national school, and a 'dult school, but no charity school," said Tom; "and they never have any pieces of any thing at Christmas, only a hot-cross bun apiece on Good Fridays."

"No coals given away — no blankets — no cloaks and bonnets — flannels and calicoes?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Tom, shaking his head; "but then we've plenty of ——"

"What?" said Mr. Biggerton eagerly.

"Tracks," said Tom. "We've temperance tracks, and missionary tracks, and tracks for the times, and anti-corn-law tracks; in short, they're so liberal with them that the butter-shops now won't give nothing for waste paper. Why should they when they gets it for nothing?"

"Tracts you mean," said Biggerton, laying an emphasis on the final *t*.

"Of course I does, and I says so," said Tom.

"But the squire there up at the Hall he keeps Christmas, I suppose, mistletoe bough, and all that."

"Can't say whether he do or no. As to mistletoe, he's mizzled from here, and we don't know what's come of him."

"What! left that fine mansion and park and the deer, and all the rest of it?" asked Biggerton amazed.

"All—and all owing to the stoopid tenants. They grumbled at there being too much game, so he had it all destroyed, rose their rents in consequence, and, as I said before, mizzled out of the country, not having an inducement to continue in it, when all his sport was gone."

"I am glad of it," said Biggerton. "The excessive preservation of game is very hurtful to the farmer, injures the poor, and promotes poaching."

"And where's the harm of that?" said Tom. "I am very sorry, for my part, as the squire gave in, and the farmers are fools for their pains. Many an honest shilling have I earned, and very easily too, for I could set a wire with any man—round as a hoop, and as strong as a cable; but now, it's all up. There is neither fun nor profit to be had; there is not a hare or a pheasant within miles of us."

"I am glad of it—I say again, I am glad of it. You might earn a shilling or two, but then —"

"Ay, I have some fun too," said Tom.

"But you were always liable to have a mortal struggle with the keepers, and be sent to gaol if you were caught."

"And where's the harm of that, when a man's nearly starving?" asked Tom Shoveller. "It's a risk I know, and I've run it many a time, and never been cotched, and if I had been, what then? I should have had a weather-tight roof over my head, and plenty to eat and drink; whereas, if I did not poach, I should, as I do now, stay at home and starve."

"But you could labour honestly to get your own living," said Biggerton, "or else apply to your parish."

"You said labour? Yes—at three shillings a week; and you said, 'apply to the parish.' No, no; no Unions for me; break a window first, say I, and go to gaol. Much more respectable, and a good deal better feeding; just compare the living, that's all; look at the ounces, and you'll see the gaol is the most liberal allowance, and far more respectable when you comes out."

"I cannot understand that," said Biggerton.

"It's easy enough when you knows it," said Tom. "When one goes into the Union, every body knows he's become disreputable and got no friends. All his sticks and duds is sold, and his wife and children goes in with him. They're stripped and washed, and dressed in the pauper's dress, and separated one from the other, and if they should ever get out again, they've got to begin the world anew without a rag to begin it with, and the stamp of the Union upon them; whereas, if a man poaches, and is cotched at it, he is fined, and of course can't pay the fine, but takes it out of the county allowance. He's shut up, it's true, but his wife and family is not, and jogs along, by the help of

their friends, until his term's up, and he is let out with a few shillings in his pocket for travelling expenses. When he gets home he finds all his tables and chairs and beds just where they were when he left them, and he goes to work again as if nothing had happened; for rely on it, catching a hare or a partridge is no crime in the eyes of the farmer that employs him, unless he farms his own land and shoots."

"Well, well," said Bartholomew Biggerton, "I can't say I understand it; for I am only a cockney, but dare say a trifle of money will be welcome."

"Werry," said Tom, as he transferred his hammer to his left hand and held out his right for the proffered tip.

Mr. Biggerton dived into the depths of his waistcoat pocket, and, after fumbling for some time, found a fourpenny piece, and placed it in the horny hand of the labourer.

"Humph!" said Tom, as he turned it over and over, and at last sent it spinning up into the air by a jerk of his thumb. "Humph! sixpences gets cruel small—been in the Union, this one, and kept on skilly. It's shrunk nearly half."

"That never was a sixpence," said Biggerton, rather confusedly; "that's a joe—a fourpenny—and a very handy coin it is."

"Then mayhap your honour will let me take out the odd tuppence in beer," said Tom. "I have heard your honour has a capital tap."

Biggerton was rather annoyed; but he did not like to be thought stingy; and "your honour" had great charms for him. He walked into the gateway and up the gravel path of his cottage, and ordered his maid to bring out half-a-pint of ale to the poor flint-breaker.

"This cup's been in the Union too," said Tom; "or else the maid's made a mistake and brought the wrong one. I'm werry thirsty still, and shall break the flints all askew unless I wet both eyes."

Biggerton called the maid to fill the cup once more, and then retreated within doors to avoid all further claims on his generosity from his new acquaintance.

As he hung up his hat and great coat in the hall he could not help hearing Tom Shoveller say to his maid of all work, "The old fido drinks something better than this himself, I'm thinking, or he would not look quite so plump. It's dear at a thank ye. Water's plentiful hereabouts."

Could Biggerton's ears deceive him? He heard the pauper—the carner of three shillings a week—criticising his home-brewed, and his maid laughing at his criticisms.

However, it did not matter, he had got a grievance to dilate upon, and that to a well-to-do London tradesman, who had just given up business and retired into the country to enjoy himself, was something worth having. He resolved to make the most of it.

"Margaret, my dearest," said he to his spouse, "there—look there—see that poor fellow upon whom I have just bestowed a trifle and a draught of our ale."

"Small beer, you mean, Bartlemy, love—small beer."

"Ale—table ale, dearest—but I was going to say, when you in-

terraptured me—that is a philosopher—he prefers a prison to an Union workhouse, and sooner than eat the bread of charity works on the public roads for sixpence a day. There's a nobility about that man's character that deserves encouragement—where should we find a man in London to work at so cheap a rate?"

Mrs. Biggerton confessed that she did not know where the individual was to be found; and also confessed that the sum was very small, but thought it seemed adequate to the poor man's support; for he did not look so very thin considering. She had no doubt that Christmas brought its comforts to him as well as to every body else.

"Christmas! marm, comforts! would you believe it? The ringers are not allowed to ring nor the singers to sing; the little school children have no pieces to show, and instead of blankets, coals, flannel, and calicoes, nothing is given away but tracts—nothing but tracts, marm, which even the buttermilk won't take off their hands for waste paper. Old England aint no longer old England, and we've come into retirement when there is nothing worth retiring for. But though the squire has run away because the game's up with him, and the parson has locked up the belfry, and driven the singers from the singing gallery to the public house, I see no reason why we should not keep up old customs, and have our Christmas log, and our Christmas fare as usual. What is the use of money, Mrs. B., unless we do some good with it, and enjoy ourselves, and make our poor neighbours merry?"

Mrs. Biggerton confessed that she could not see the use of it, unless it was devoted to the purposes suggested by her husband.

"Then, my lovey-dovey, having your consent, I will hold a little Christmas of our own quite in the olden style. I've got Hone's Every Day Book, and that tells us all about it. Ah, here it is—there's a pretty picture, Margaret—a religious play or mystery. We'll have a mystery my lovey-dovey."

"We'll have no other masters nor mistresses but ourselves, Bartlemy, as long as I've a voice in the matter—but go on; what next?"

"Mistletoe and holly, and all sorts of evergreens to hang up in the kitchen to kiss the maids under," said Biggerton.

"Nothing so improper shall be committed in *my* kitchen. We shall have the Society for the Suppression of Vice down upon us," said his spouse.

"And the yule log; we will have a monster; and I'll send out and order it at once," said Biggerton, as he rang the bell for the maid.

"Sally, go down to the carpenter's and order a yule log, the largest he's got."

"A what?" said Sally.

"A yule log, silly girl—a yule log—it's to be burnt, you know."

Sally looked as if she was thinking, and after a few minutes, she took her finger from her forehead and asked,—

"Hadn't I better order it at the grocer's—he's got the biggest?"

"No—no—do as I bid you, and make haste back," said Biggerton.

"Well, Bartlemy, and what else?" said his wife, when Sally had left the room.

"Roast beef and plum pudding, of course, and mince pies, and snapdragons — large jugs of ale with spices of all sorts, and toast and pippins bobbing up and down in them; and then a bowl of punch, and ——"

"Dear me, it will be very expensive."

"Never mind the expense, just once in a year, lovey-dovey; we can afford it," said Biggerton, as he slapped his little fat thigh, on which his pocket rested.

"And who's to be invited to eat and drink all these nice things?"

"Why, let me see — first of all there's the parson — but no, I won't ask him, he has not called upon me, and ——"

"Yes, once, Bartlemy; he called once."

"Ay — for his Easter dues and a subscription to some society. Besides, he has shut up the belfry, and crushed the Christmas carol singers. I won't invite the parson. There's the doctor and his family — he seems a good sort of chap, and called upon us the very day we arrived. He shall be asked, and his wife and all the children."

"And the attorney, Bartlemy, we must have the attorney, or it won't be respectable," said Mrs. Biggerton.

"Hang respectable, lovey-dovey; hang me if I ever ask an attorney within my doors until I want to make my will. You know it's an authenticated fact that they charge thirteen and fourpence every time you ask them to take a bit or a sup; and if you demand their opinion of the beef, or the pudding, or the wine, they won't give it till they've had counsel's opinion upon it. No — no attorney for me. You may ask his wife, however, if you please."

"I certainly shall, Bartlemy, for she leads the fashions. Well, who else?"

"Why, all our tradespeople, lovey-dovey. We'll ask them all. These shall be our parlour party. And then, in the kitchen, we will have a dance, and music, and singing, and acting; and, in short, we'll have some fun. And next day the poor shan't be forgotten. We'll make soups and more puddings, and give away blankets and calico, and all sorts of comforts, hurrah! — how jolly they'll be. The poor are so very grateful," said Biggerton, as he jumped up from the carpet and flourished his hand over his head. "But here comes Sally. Well, what does the carpenter say?"

"He says, sir, as he hasn't got one as weighs above ten or eleven score, and that's not very fat, and as for burning of them, they don't in these parts, they always scalds them," said Sally.

"I cannot understand this at all," said Biggerton, looking bewildered: "who ever heard of a yule log being fatted and weighed by the score and then scalded?"

"There must be some mistake in the message; Sally an't over sharp," said the lady.

"Just repeat, girl, the message you delivered to the carpenter," said Biggerton, with great suavity of manner and voice to encourage Sally.

"Why I went to him in the saw-pit and I said to him, said I, 'Please, sir, master wants a whole hog, the largest you've got, and it's to be burnt,' and then he up and told me what I told you just now."

Mr. Bartholomew Biggerton looked first at his dear Margaret and then at Sally. There was a something so perfectly innocent of the blunder she had made in the face of the latter, and such an appearance of pity for her ignorance on the countenance of the former, that it tickled his risibility wonderfully. He burst into a loud laugh, rubbed his legs and his little round arms, danced about the room, cried violently, and at last threw himself into his easy chair and roared until his face was nearly the colour of ultra-marine.

"Loose his neckerchief, missus," screamed Sally. "He's in a fit — he'll be off in a moment — he's very short about the scrag end of his neck, and them as is such is liable to lepsies and plexies. Look how he's a turning colour; our blue bag's a fool to him."

Mrs. Biggerton was really alarmed. She tried to follow Sally's suggestions, and remove her husband's neckcloth, but he waved her off, sat up in his chair, drew out his pocket handkerchief, and having buried his face within the folds of it, continued to laugh convulsively.

"He's no longer his own master, and he won't be long my master, if this goes on," said Sally; "I likes my place, however, and I'll try to save him for my own sake."

"Bartlemy, my dearest, do leave off laughing, you really will make yourself ill: — you'll have a headache, or burst a vessel, or do something shocking," said Mrs. Biggerton.

"Oh, that girl! that's what I call real country simplicity. Ah! ah! ah! the notion of her going to order a fat pig when I sent her for a log of wood! ah! ah! ah! — but where is she; I must explain it to her. — Sally, Sally, where are you?"

"Here I is," said Sally, "and here's the doctor, catch'd him just as he was passing the door to go to see Mrs. Pibbs, as is down with the yellow glanders, and a boil on her liver."

Dr. Smallbones rushed in the moment the door was opened, lancet case in hand, and called out for a bit of ribbon and a basin.

"Pooh! what nonsense!" said Biggerton — "I am all right, and Sally's a fool. I am all right, I tell you, and won't have my pulse pulled about by any man, merely because I happen to laugh at an ignorant girl who don't know a log from a hog."

An explanation, of course, followed, and Sally joined in the laugh raised at her expense; but when she had arrived in her own lower regions she said, "Them Londoners is precious fools! who ever heard of a block of wood being called a — a — whole hog — for hang me if that was not what master called it."

In the mean while Mr. Biggerton apologised to the doctor for the unnecessary trouble he had given him, and offered him a fee, which the other declined. It was a favourable opportunity, however, to invite him, in person, with his wife and family, to a Christmas dinner. The invitation was given and accepted, and, of course, a little explanation of the motives for the invite, and an enumeration of the parties to be included in it followed.

"I shan't ask the parson," said Biggerton.

"And, if I may venture the question, why not? He is a good man, and much liked," said the doctor.

"He never called upon me but once, and that was for his fees and a subscription. I paid him the former and declined the latter, and he's never been near me since."

"I think I can account for that," said the doctor. "He heard that you had said you liked him well enough in church, but never wanted to see him in your house again."

"And so I did — upon the same terms — that's all I meant; I hate being bothered for money; but, leave myself out of the question, I am not going to entertain a man who locks up the belfry and drives the ringers into the ale-house, and won't let them sing Christmas carols, and won't even let the little schoolboys come round with their Christmas pieces. No, no, none of *my* beef and pudding for him," said Biggerton.

"What *can* you mean?" said the doctor, surprised.

"Just exactly what I say. I heard of it all not an hour ago."

"From whom?" asked Smallbones.

"From that poor half-starved creature there pulverising pebbles into powder for sixpence a day," said Biggerton.

"What, Tom Shoveller, the most notorious scamp in the neighbourhood? His character is such that no one will employ him; but as for starving — pooh! pooh! my dear sir, if you want a hare or a tub of smuggled spirits, or even a — a — what we use in the surgery — a stiff one — Tom's your man; but as to believing any thing the rascal says, don't — that's all."

"Make me believe that a man who deals in game, and grog, and forwards the pursuit of science by robbing the graves of their dead, would work there for sixpence a day! — pooh! And if he tells lies about the parson, how is it the bells don't ring, and the people don't sing, and the boys don't bring their pieces — specimens of their callo'graffy — eh?"

"We have oculist's proofs and aurist's proofs of that," said Mrs. Biggerton; "for we haven't heard a ring or a sing, or seen even a copy of the bellman's verses."

"My dear madam, allow me to explain. The belfry is shut up because the tower is deemed unsafe. The singers took offence because an organ was erected, and they were not allowed to have all the singing to themselves; so they left the church, not for the ale-house, but the meeting-house, and the sect they have joined does not patronise carolling. And as to the little boys, instead of being allowed to beg from door to door, taking lessons in juvenile mendicancy, they have a good dinner and sixpence a piece given them by the clergyman."

"Ahem!" coughed Bartholomew and his wife.

"You see, now, my dear sir, how that scamp, Tom Shoveller, has imposed upon you."

"I don't — I can't — of course I *cannot* doubt your word; but still, I — I — don't like that private sort of way of keeping Christmas. It is not what I have been used to in Bishopsgate. I miss the dust-

man, and the potboy, and the postman, and the — but not to be tedious, I'll keep Christmas in my own way in my own house, and I won't invite the parson, — he'll only be a drag on the wheels of fun."

The doctor did not stop to argue the matter, for he thought it would be useless; besides he had to attend to a patient for whom the parish paid him just fourpence three farthings *per annum*; but although he was paid so badly for her, he did not wish to *lose* her.

CHAPTER II.

WELL, the important day arrived. The invitations had been sent out, and all accepted, except by the lawyer's wife. The old folks were to come to dinner to the number of twenty, and the youngsters were to come to tea to the number of thirty or forty.

"Now, Margaret, my lovey-dovey," said Mr. Biggerton, "cut a bustle. It's one o'clock now, and we dine at three. The pudding's boiling, the beef a roasting, and the minces gone to the bakehouse. Sally has laid her cloth, and got the plates and dishes down before the fire, so now we'll decant the wine, get the plums picked for the dragon, and make the punch and the spiced ale."

For more than an hour and a half did Bartlemy and his lovey-dovey work away at drawing corks, picking raisins, and squeezing lemons: at last all was in readiness; and as the hospitable couple looked upon their preparations, they felt certain that their labours would be appreciated, and that they should spend a very merry evening — a regular old Christmas specimen of joviality.

Mrs. Biggerton dressed herself; took a final look to see that the dinner was likely to be well-dressed too, and then sat down to receive her guests.

"Rat-tat-tat;" in they all came. Cloaks, clogs, coats, and comforters, were deposited in the little back room; and Biggerton shook hands with every body, wished them a happy Christmas, and laughed and rattled away until his mirth came to a station on the line of merriment; for he found that he was the only one that was saying a word, or indulging in a smile.

"Never mind," said he, "every body is very dull for ten minutes before dinner. Beef, pudding, and wine will set all that right. Here's Sally! — now then — don't stand upon ceremony. I'll take in Mrs. Smallbones."

A great deal of time was wasted before each of the guests could ascertain and take the seats to which rank and station entitled him or her. Biggerton pushed one here, thrust another there, and begged and prayed of them all not to let the beef get cold. At last all were seated. Sally took off two very large covers, and disclosed a noble sirloin of beef, and two very large twin puddings.

"You see your dinner — no kickshaws — plain Christmas fare," said Biggerton, as he dug away at the joint, and sent beef enough for two to every one.

"No soup!" whispered the grocer's wife.

"No fish!" said another.

"No jellies, nor blongmonges!!!" said a third; and all the three, who were nearly in the centre of the table, put the notes of admiration at the end of their remarks by turning up their eyes and noses.

All were silent except the giver of the feast, who took beef with himself, and wine with every body else as fast as he could, and laughed and talked and joked until he was very nearly choked.

"Cursed dull people—but they are too busy eating and drinking to laugh. Just wait till after dinner; they'll be jolly enough over my old port."

As Biggerton said this to himself he looked at his party, and, sure enough, he was justified in one part of his remark, a stiffer set were never seen in a Quaker's meeting.

"Come, come, this won't do—glasses round, while Sally removes the meat, and puts on the cheese. Come, doctor—come, gentlemen, look to the ladies right and left of you."

The gentlemen were, of course, ready to show their politeness; but as the grocer's wife—who had a notion that the less she drank the better bred she should show herself—declined taking any more wine, all the rest felt bound to follow the example set them.

"Well! never mind," said Biggerton—"you shall try my ale, capital stuff—real Scotch."

But none of the ladies drank beer, and the only bottle that was opened, for the host himself, who thought example better than precept, was not up.

"Flat as my company," said Biggerton. "Take away, Sally, and put on the sweets and glasses, while I put on the wine—there it is—sherry, real Amontellado; Madeira—undisputed London particular, and port that has never been in the doctor's hands—I beg pardon—in the wine merchant's hands to be doctored——"

"Ahem!" coughed the apothecary, and his wife bridled up.

"You mean spoilt," said Mrs. Biggerton, wishing to mend matters.

"Never mind—no offence meant, and, of course, can't be taken. Glasses round—fill to the brim—give you my old toast, 'All friends round St. Paul's, and a happy Christmas to them.' All charged—now then! Gentlemen, on your legs if you please. Ladies, we won't trouble you. Now then—hip, hip, hip—hurrah!"

"Heavens!" said the grocer's wife, "what will he propose to do next? I am glad, however, the gentlemen were too genteel to join in that horrid noise."

"Excessive vulgar," replied her friend; "but what can you expect from a city man?"

"We had better retire early. He is putting his little hat on already," said a third.

"Come, come—fill again—no time to lose—recollect the little ones—we tea early on their account. Smallbones, you're a regular cock. Come, help the ladies," said Biggerton.

"No more—no more," said every lady as she began to draw on a glove, push back her chair a little, and look imploringly at the hostess.

"Oh! don't go yet—we don't tea till six," said Mrs. Biggerton.

"Go! I should think not, indeed — what! only drink one toast and one glass of wine on Christmas day! never heard of such a thing," said the host.

All the ladies, however, rose simultaneously, and Mrs. Biggerton was obliged to follow their example, though apparently very unwilling to do so; for the fact was, she enjoyed three or four glasses of wine after dinner, and rather dreaded an hour and a half with a set of strange ladies who seemed so very dull and ceremonious.

"Stop a moment, lovey-dovey. This is my own house, and I won't break through old customs. You and I must drink one another's health — bumpers, my dear. Margaret, have you filled? Well, then, my dear — May the close of our married life be as happy as its commencement — hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Bartlemy, my dear, your good health — may you be as happy as every good husband deserves to be."

Mrs. Biggerton looked affectionately at her little man, slowly drained her Madeira, and then, to the consternation of the company, walked round to his chair and gave him a hearty kiss.

"God bless you, my dear," said Biggerton fervently: "you may look, gentlemen and ladies, but it's a custom with us. We have done it for thirty Christmasses."

They retired, and Biggerton hoped to begin the evening and be really jolly; but he was disappointed. He pushed about the bottles himself, but no one seconded their motion. He told funny stories, but nobody laughed at them. He tried the sentimental; but did not raise a single sigh of sympathy. He even offered to sing a song, but no one said "hear!" or seemed inclined to elicit his harmonic powers.

"I am afraid you don't like the wine, gentlemen," said Biggerton. "It is the best I have got, and was generally thought pretty good in Bishopsgate."

"It cannot be better," said Smallbones.

"Then why don't you drink it?" asked the host.

"Thank you, I have done very well: I seldom drink above two glasses," said the doctor.

"Nor I — nor I."

"What do you drink, then — grog? — order it in directly."

Every body cried out that they never touched spirits.

"Well, what do you drink then?" again asked the host, amazed to think that some half score respectable tradesmen in a little country town declined wine and spirits in moderation.

"Tea," said Smallbones.

"Or coffee," said the grocer; "a little ginger beer or lemonade in summer."

"Why you're tea-totallers then!" screamed Biggerton.

"Not exactly totallers; but members of a temperance society," said Smallbones.

"Hang me if you should have come here if I had known it," said Biggerton to himself, as he rose and rung the bell, and told Sally on her entrance to beg of her mistress to get tea as early as she possibly could.

While the bohea was being prepared, the poor host left the guests to their own entertainment — a very slow talk upon business matters and missionary meetings — while he discussed his pint of Madeira, and wondered what he was to do with all the ale he had spiced and the punch he had prepared.

"Never mind," thought he. "The young ones won't be so squeamish as these old puts — they'll lower the punch bowls, and what is left will do for the poor to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.

WELL, tea was announced, and with it the arrivals of a great many little ladies and gentlemen. The host, who was fond of young people, although he had none of his own, tried all he could to make them happy and comfortable. He handed a cup of tea to one, and pretended to drop it in his lap, and then toast to another, making believe that the plate burnt his fingers, joked with the overgrown boys about the mistletoe in the kitchen, and even hinted at a game of hunt the slipper; but not a smile could he extract from any one of them — they were all upon their best behaviour.

"Never mind! wait till they begin dancing and card-playing, and snap-dragoning, and try the punch, their tongues will run fast enough then."

In this poor Bartlemy was fated to be disappointed: as soon as they had all "tea'd," as he and his spouse called it, he rang the bell — ordered every thing to be cleared away — the card tables to be set for such as preferred a game at whist or speculation, or any other noisy fun, and the fiddlers to strike up in the kitchen, which being the largest room in the cottage, had been prepared for the ball-room. Sally bustled about, and, aided by the charwoman, soon announced every thing to be in readiness. Biggerton walked round the room, offering his card to all the old people, begging them to cut in, but they would as soon have accepted a challenge. They answered to a man, and a woman too, that they never touched a card.

"Do you dance then?" said Mrs. Biggerton, much annoyed, for she loved and had anticipated a rubber.

"Not ourselves," said the grocer's wife; "but we think it an innocent amusement for young people, when conducted on proper principles."

"Come along, then, old lady," said the jolly host, catching hold of his wife's hand — "come along. We'll keep up our old custom, and open the ball with a country dance. Choose your partners, and follow me. Come boys — come, you pretty little dears — tol-de-lol-lol."

"Excuse me," said Smallbones — "but — really —"

"Well, really what? out with it."

"Country dances are never danced in this country. We only know the quadrille."

"Oh, very well — very well — set them agoing, and I and my old woman will look on and serve out the punch."

"Excuse me, once more — but our young folks hereabouts take

nothing but a little lemonade, or orangeade with the chill off," said the doctor.

Biggerton looked round at the youthful circle, and saw a confirmation of the unexpected assertion in every stately face. He was deeply disgusted.

"Where do you go to school?" said he to a great hulking boy who stood near him.

"I don't go to school at all, sir, I go to a diocesan seminary," replied the lout, turning up his nose as high as if he had just come home from Eton.

"Humbug!" said Biggerton to himself. "Well, go and amuse yourself in the best way you can. I'll manufacture the lemonade — and if I do not make it sour enough to give you all the mulligrubs, may I be plagued with you again."

A series of stately quadrilles were walked through by the young under the inspection of the old. No fun — no merriment — not even a look at the mistletoe bough which impended over them! In the midst of a most intricate passage of "The Lancers" in rushed the jolly host, who had brought back his good-humour with a glass or two of punch, with a large pie-dish full of raisins swimming in burning brandy.

"Now, then, young ones — here's a jolly dragon, snap away at him."

The only reply was a scream from the little ladies, and a wondering stare from the little gentlemen.

"Excuse me, once more," said Smallbones, "but we don't know this sort of preparation about here — let me blow it out — see how pale it makes the young ladies look." The doctor puffed and puffed until, Biggerton was delighted to see it, he had singed his eyebrows, lashes, and whiskers flat with his face.

"Well, never mind, dance away, supper will be ready soon," said Mrs. Biggerton.

Ere another set had been walked through, Sally announced that supper was prepared in the dining-room.

Great justice was done to the solids by every body, but the spiced ale and the punch bowl were shunned cautiously. In the midst of their eating a loud scuffling noise was heard in the passage. What could it be?

"Make way there, make way," shouted Bartholomew, who had been at the punch again. "Make way, here comes the yule — the Christmas log."

And sure enough Sally and the charwoman were seen bringing in an immense piece of an ashen, as much as they could carry between them.

"On with it — hurrah! — up the chimney, never mind; that's it — now it sparkles and crackles — hurrah! do take one glass, every body, just to sprinkle the yule log."

Biggerton forced himself through the crowd, pressing one and praying of another to oblige him by swallowing a tumbler of punch, but his exertions were of no avail. He could not get one to join him in his jovialities. "Well, then," said he, "I must sprinkle the yule log myself."

In the midst of the solemn silence that followed this announcement, a rushing, rattling sound was heard. Then a violent agitation of fender, poker, tongs, and shovel.

"The log! the log!" screamed Sally. "It's come out upon the carpet, and the house is on fire."

"Fire, fire, fire!" screamed every body; and in a few minutes the room was deserted by every one but Mr. Bartholomew Biggerton, who quietly rolled up his much respected log in the hearth-rug, and sat upon it when it was extinguished, laughing ready to burst his little fat sides.

"Never mind the carpet, Margaret, my lovey-dovey; I have driven away those totallers and their stiff-backed progenies; hurrah! — we have been gloomy enough to-day, but we *will* be jolly to-morrow. Now one more tumbler of punch, and then to bed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE morrow came, and with it, at one o'clock, twenty aged paupers, ten of either sex. Soup — real good beef soup, with lots of onions, carrots, turnips, and herbs, and half-a-dozen good rich plum puddings — was the fare, followed by the spiced ale and the punch — the leavings of the day before. Biggerton and his wife helped the soup, carved the puddings, saw glasses and jugs put upon the table, and then left the party to enjoy themselves unchecked by their presence.

"They don't seem so *very* jolly," said Biggerton. "The ale is strong and the punch potent: they ought to be up by this time; I will go and have a peep at them."

"Do, Bartlemy, dear, and I will go with you. I like to look on grateful faces."

"Come along, lovey-dovey," said Biggerton, as he crept stealthily to the open door of the kitchen.

"The soup warn't so werry weak considering," grumbled out an old crone.

"Considering of what?" asked another.

"As it was *only* the bones as the nobs left yesterday, biled down to a jelly."

"Bones, indeed — *beef* bones!" growled Tom Shoveller. I happen to know it was made from the leg of a horse."

"I wish you could prove it," muttered nineteen voices in unison.

"I wish you could prove it."

"So I can," said Tom Shoveller: "I sarched the copper, and among the bones I found this here."

Biggerton and his wife looked and saw, to their horror, Tom Shoveller produce from his pocket a large HORSE'S SHOE.

A groan burst from the lips of the grateful paupers, but before it was ended Tom Shoveller was on his back from a blow of his indignant entertainer.

"Hang me," said Biggerton, "if ever I attempt to keep Christmas in the country again." He did not — he returned to Bishopsgate, and railed at totallers, and diocesan seminary boys, and grateful paupers, over spiced ale and punch, "the very last Christmas-day as ever was."

MADAM WATERS' STORY.

A TALE OF THE RISING IN THE WEST.

It was well for the good people of London, in the year 1745, that the Pretender was considerate enough to allow them to enjoy their Christmas feasting, and even to make preparations for the approaching summer, ere he startled them with reports of his coming. But although most persons felt quite at rest on this subject, rumours, no one could tell from whence, aroused, from time to time, the fears of the more timid old ladies and gentlemen.

Among these, Madam Winfield must be placed; for, in the absence of such every-day news, as fires, deaths, removals, changes of servants, in short, the whole domestic history of her neighbours, her thoughts, although unused in general to so distant a range, were sure to fly "over the water," and then her fears of invasion became so violent, that Mr. Fleming was sure to be resorted to as chief comforter. And well did he comfort the old lady, who had unbounded faith in his political knowledge; for he pointed out the military skill of the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Wade, dwelt upon the general hostility expressed, (particularly at corporation dinners) against "the pope, devil, and Pretender," but always finishing, as the climax of consolation, by showing the utter impossibility of danger, while Mr. Pelham was at the head of affairs.

Madam Winfield's fears had, however, returned this morning with threefold force; for she had seen in the newspaper an account of streamers in the air—deep-red streamers—and every body knew *they* portended war. Moreover, Prue had come in from Leadenhall Market with two fearful stories, one that there was a pig with two heads to be seen down at Epping, which was certainly a sign of "something," and what could that be, but the Pretender? and the other, that a Dutch skipper had told, as a great secret, that the Duke of Berwick, with a company of wild Highlanders, had set out from Belle Isle, intending to land in Wales, and to besiege Norwich Castle. Poor Madam Winfield, she could scarcely eat her dinner for thinking of these fearful omens; so, as the afternoon was fair and mild, she put on her hood and cardinal, determined to take a dish of tea with Mr. Fleming, and receive his consolations.

"Well, here am I, my good friend," said she, entering the sitting-room, but drawing back when she saw Madam Waters seated by the fire, and adding, "if I don't interrupt you."

"By no means, good madam," cried Mr. Fleming, while fair Lucy rose from the tea-table to disencumber the old lady of her wrappings.

But Madam Winfield hesitated. She had come to tell all her fears to Mr. Fleming, and there was stately Madam Waters, who looked

just as if she had never had one fear in all her life, and who would yield her very little sympathy; but yet, if she went back, there was nobody but Prue to speak to, and, moreover, here was the tea just a brewing — not common bohea, but gunpowder, she knew it by the smell — and if she went home there would be the kettle to boil, and a nice cup of tea would take some time to make. “Well, if I shall not intrude,” said the old lady, at length seating herself; “but here are sad times a coming, and I wanted to ask you, good Mr. Fleming, about it? Ah, Madam Waters, if the Pretender should come?”

“I should think that, not very likely,” replied Madam Waters; “but if he should, I trust there are bold hearts and ready hands to drive him back.”

“Oh, Madam Waters, but only to think if he should come! what a sad sight it would be to see the wild Highlanders raging about London streets, and the frog-eating Frenchmen, and the Jesuits, and, oh! what a noise with the cannon, for I suppose we must fire them all off at once!”

“But, my good lady,” said Mr. Fleming, smiling, and stirring his tea, “you forget Mr. Pelham; depend upon it, old England’s safe while *he* is at the head of affairs.”

“Ah, but good sir, remember the streamers:—there were just such in the year fifteen; and, by the way, Madam Waters, only think, it is just thirty years since then, and that was just thirty years after the Duke of Monmouth’s rebellion.”

“Yes, it is sixty years since then,” said Madam Waters, solemnly; “a fearful time! and well I remember it!”

“*You*, Madam Waters!” cried Lucy.

“Yes, my dear Lucy, remember, I am the daughter of a Parliament soldier, and he drew his sword for the last time at the fatal battle of Sedgemoor.”

“Ah! I remember that battle,” said Madam Winfield; “it was in the year I finished my sampler; and I mind there was much pity for the duke, and folk said Judge Jeffreys was a sad brute. Heaven grant we may have no more such doings!”

“Heaven grant it! for, oh! to take leave of our friends, not knowing whether we shall ever see them again—to hear the sound of artillery, and know that our cause is lost, and yet to know not whither to fly!”

“Oh, Madam Waters,” cried Lucy, fixing her large blue eyes intently on the speaker, “were *you* there?”

“Yes, dear Lucy, within sound of the cannon.”

“O dear, O dear, Madam Waters,” cried Madam Winfield, “I should have died of fright. I’m sure in the fifteen, when the train-bands were ordered out—rain or shine, Madam Waters, and quite fagged, poor souls! they were—I could do nothing else but look at them, and smell to the arquebusade bottle. O dear, then, it was said too that we should all have to keep in-doors after six in the evening. But, good madam, will you tell us what you did then?”

“Will you, dear Madam Waters,” said Lucy, “if it will not distress you?”

The old lady smiled. "No, Lucy, for I had great cause for thankfulness, as you shall hear."

"Threescore years seems a long period to look back to, and yet the events of 1685 are as fresh in my memory as though they came to pass but yesterday. Well may they be fresh in my memory; for most wickedly forgetful of a kind Providence that has led me for so many years, should I be, did the slightest remembrance of those days fade away from my mind. I need not tell you with what feelings of sorrow and fear we heard the news—not of King Charles's death, but of his brother's accession; nor need I tell you how men long denied every right, and persecuted, even unto death, sought too hastily for deliverance, and adventured our cause into the hands of the feeble, though I really believe well meaning, Duke of Monmouth. My dear father never approved of that rising; and, in answer to a letter from Mr. Charles Speke—he who afterwards so heartily laid down his life—said, 'We want a brave heart and a steadfast mind, such as we had in former days, to lead us; but for *these*, how can we look to one bred up in the court, and bearing the name of a Stuart?' Still, my father was greatly urged to go down into the West, to give, at least, his counsel—so he went.

"It was a bright day in May, I well remember, when he came back; and old Colonel Scrope and Mr. Colyton had come over to us to hear what he should tell us, and I was standing in the garden just outside the blue damask parlour, looking at the sweet brier, which, though so early, was in full blossom, when Gideon Darley, my father's own man, came up. 'I told you, my young lady,' said he, 'that it was not for nought we had roses so early; that very tree looked just as it now does before the battle of Naseby, and depend on it there will be brave doings ere long.' Poor man! little did he think that never again should he see the blossoming of his favourite tree.

"Well, my father that very day after dinner told us his resolve was taken, and that he would go down and aid our poor brethren in the West, who were crying to us for succour from their crowded prisons, 'though,' he added, 'I fear for our success.' "

"'Fear not,' said old Colonel Scrope—a venerable old man was he of fourscore—how I did use to look at his long white hair, that seemed like silk. Ah, Lucy! my hair was then as light and thick, though not so soft, as yours, but now it is white as old Colonel Scrope's!

"It was with great delight that I heard my father's determination, and I prayed him to let me go with him into the West, to which at length he consented, for there was no one with whom he could leave me in charge; and as soon as the news of the rising should be made known, he well knew Colonel Scudamore's house would not escape a strict search. Besides, we had friends at Bristol; and should the worst happen, he thought we might make our way there, and easily

from thence set sail to New England ; so it was settled that I should go, and right pleased was I. Well, when nurse heard of our plan, she took on greatly. She had never been separated from me, she said, since the death of my dear mother (who died of the spotted fever four years after the great plague year), and if I left her, it would break her heart. Besides, she said, how, if master should be wounded, could I, who had never seen a sword-cut, let alone a carbine wound, nurse him ? Whereas, 'twas well known that Hepzibah Marston, through God's blessing, had been very successful after the battle of Worcester in five cases where Colonel Scudamore's men had been wounded, and, moreover, had nursed young Captain Thornhaugh with the gun-shot wound in his shoulder, by token that he had sent her a silver porringer with the letters E. T. to H. M. graven thereon. Well, her importunity prevailed, and my father consented she should go, and great cause for thankfulness had I that she went.

" We set out a goodly number, but not all at once, for there were many eyes on our doings. So Hepzibah went over to Colonel Scrope's the day before, on a pillion behind John the carter, and one of the grooms followed with a bundle carefully made up, and wrapt in the red and white counterpane. He thought it was nurse's things, but my father's best holster pistols, and carbine, and bandoleers, and belt, were in it, and two canisters of powder beside. Then, quite late in the evening, Gideon Darley, and four young men, who had prayed most earnestly to go, set out. They were all mounted on good grey horses, and all their appointments were so good, that my father said they were worthy of the Ironsides, to which most gallant troop the father of two of them had belonged.

" The next morning was a stirring morning to me, and I was up betimes, for my father and I were to set off to Colyton Grange, and young Mr. Wargrave of the Pleasaunce, and the two Throgmortons, were to meet him there, and well pleased was my father to find that they were so warm in the cause. So we set off with four serving men in their blue coats and badges, mounted on stout horses, and my father riding True Briton, and wearing only a rapier under his travelling cloak, just as though he was only going to pay a visit to an old friend, while I was by his side on my beautiful horse, White Lady, quite full of spirits, both on account of the journey, and that the good cause was about to revive again. I was a high-spirited girl then, just sixteen, eager for strong excitement, and with some tinge of romance, which I derived perhaps from reading the " Grand Cyrus," but much more from Sir Philip Sydney's " Arcadia," that treasury of noble thoughts, and which is ill supplied by the foolish books young folks read now-a-days. Well, gaily I rode along ; but, O ! could I have known all that would come to pass ere I again returned to my home, my laugh would not have rung so gaily, nor should I have urged White Lady so joyously on, as I did that morning along Whaddon Chase.

" Colyton Grange was the meeting-place for all ; it was so secure, being more than five miles from any market town, and just on the borders of the two adjoining counties. Here our plans were settled ;

and, as the duke was expected to land in less than a week, it was agreed that half of the men with Darley should go on by the way of Salisbury, and the others, with the Throgmortons, take the road direct to Devizes, while my father, who was most likely to be suspected, should go on with me, and nurse to Bath, as though he came to drink the waters, and there stay till farther notice. A good arrangement did this prove, for the very day after we arrived, one Sir Fulton Welsted, a bitter cavalier, who bore great spite towards my father, was asked on the bowling-green by the Dean of Wells, who came over on purpose to gain intelligence, who he was. 'O,' said Sir Fulton, 'tis the round-head Colonel Scudamore, and I should think him after some mischief, only he hath his daughter and her nurse with him; and when such as he set out on such errands, they do not trouble themselves with girls and old women.'

"Well, in a few days, the news came, and my father went to Lyme, where he was gladly received, and then we went on to Taunton. I saw the duke enter that town, and, oh, the joy of the people! methought the very women would have flung themselves beneath his horse's feet. And I saw the procession of the little girls, who had worked banners for the army of deliverance, as the poor people called it, and Mary Blake, a beautiful young woman she was, who presented the sword and Bible to him. It reminded my dear father of the Commonwealth time, and he drew his sword. 'This sword,' said he, 'hath done service at Naseby and Worcester, may it do tenfold service now!'

"Still my father could not conceal his fears that the cause would not succeed. 'We want a bold and a valiant leader,' said he, 'and we are losing our cause in losing our time.'

"Ay, so it was; there was delay until Lord Feversham came with well-appointed troops and artillery, while our men were ill supplied with arms, and hundreds went away for want of them. It was on the evening before the fatal battle of Sedgemoor that my father came to the house where I was staying in Bridgewater, and called me and nurse aside. He told me there would soon be a fight; and as it was partly feared that Bridgewater might be attacked, he had determined to send us to a lone farm-house, some three or four miles off, where we should be quite in safety, as the people had never taken part on either side, and where, if our cause were lost, he might come and convey us away. 'May God bless you, dear Ellen,' said he; 'keep this, for should I die, I would not that it should fall into the hands of our enemies.' So he took my mother's miniature, which he constantly wore round his neck, and gave it into my hands.

"'Dear father, do not send me away from you,' I said; 'O not yet.' But he shook his head, and then bidding me wait, went out, and while I was listening for his footsteps, I heard voices outside. I flung open the casement only just in time to see him mounted on True Briton, and waving his cap, as he dashed down the street.

"Soon after, Gideon Darley came, with a decent countryman, who led two horses: I mounted the one, and nurse the other, after taking sorrowful leave of our kind friends who were also preparing to depart.

On we rode, sad at heart; at length Gideon rode up close beside me.

" 'I longed to see you once more, my lady,' he said, 'and I would fain ask a favour.'

" 'So would I of you,' I said; 'and it is, that while I am away, you would look to White Lady;— poor thing, she will miss me, (for every day I used to go after breakfast, and stroke her, and give her a piece of white bread.)'

" 'Ah! mistress Ellen,' said he, 'I may never see White Lady after to-morrow. So if I should die, pray look to my poor wife, and little child, for I fear I shall never see *them* more.'

" 'Surely I will,' said I; but I was greatly amazed, for he had ever been so confident. Poor Gideon saw us to the gate of the farmhouse, which was just beside the moor, and even after I had entered the door, I saw him still gazing after us.

" The farm house was an old large place, with a comfortable kitchen and a blazing fire on the hearth; and quite in the chimney corner, though it was the 23d of June, an old man wrapt in a frieze coat was sitting eating his porridge. There was an old woman in a blue and white knit hood, and red stammel petticoat, sitting in a chair by the dresser, spinning, not with a spinning-wheel, but with a distaff. There was a young woman, too, skimming the pot that hung over the fire, and there was a middle-aged woman, in a lawn cap and bone lace pinnners, the mistress, looking into a large metal pan of milk which the dairy-maid was stirring, as though she had eyes for nothing else.

" 'It's all along of *her*,' said the old woman, turning sharply round and breaking her thread; 'and *this* is her doings, too,' said she; 'an Monmonth's men would hang her up, I'd tell Ralph to take down his matchlock, and join 'em.'

" 'I wish I'd given her that piece of bread,' said the dairy-maid, 'for the curd will never come.'

" As she spoke, she raised her head, and perceived us, and then there was much bustling, and the mistress, with many curtsies, asked pardon for her neglect, but the case was, she said, that she feared they were all bewitched.

" I had heard much of witches and witchcraft in my young days, and I cannot but say I believed such things might perhaps sometimes be; but the stories these people told were so silly, that, had not my heart been too heavy, I think I should have laughed outright. There was an old woman, as they told me, who dwelt in a wood some ten miles off, and she had caused their cart to stick fast in a lane, and had bewitched the whole pan of milk, which was to make cheese; moreover she was attended by an imp, whose howling frightened the whole neighbourhood; and many other stories did they tell us, for their whole talk was of their farm, and of this witch of Balesborough Wood, as they called her. Yes, all their talk, though not five miles off on either side were the troops of two conflicting parties, — men, who would soon close in deadly fight, — a fight on which would depend actual freedom or bondage!

" The people, however, were kind, and heaped our trenchers with

chicken pasty, and brought us a great bowl of custard, and drew their oldest cyder; and then the mistress showed us into a pleasant chamber, with a half tester bed, and blue check hangings; and the chimney was filled with a great bow pot, and another was on the window ledge, and so there I slept soundly, little thinking of the long watchfulness of the next night.

"Slowly passed the next day. I sat chiefly up in the chamber, for I was known to these people only as Mistress Ellen Ashton of Bridgewater, and I feared I might betray myself. Nurse feared so too; so we kept chiefly in the chamber, nor, although it was Sunday, did we dare to cross the threshold. Toward evening the carter came in. He had been over to Bridgewater; and he told us how full the town was, and how brave a sight it was to see the soldiers all preparing.

" 'Alas!' said nurse, after we took leave of the family at night, 'ere to-morrow morning the battle will be fought!' I then recollected that it had been said by some, that the attack would be made at night, and I turned toward the window, flung open the casement, and looked, and listened, but there was nothing to see or hear.

"It was a bright evening, and when at length night came on, it could scarcely be called so; for the deep blue sky only shaded each object, and right opposite the window clear twilight lingered. How anxiously I looked out, though there was nothing to be seen save two or three fields, and a narrow road, and the desolate moor beyond.

" 'Dear Ellen, to bed,' said nurse; 'do try to sleep, for we know not what's before us.'

" 'I cannot sleep, nurse,' said I.

" 'Nay, lie down at least,' said she, 'for to-morrow night, Heaven knows where we may lay our heads.'

" 'What! shall we not be safe *here*?' cried I.

" 'Not unless we win,' was her reply; 'for yonder is the road to the king's camp, so if they pursue our poor men, they *must* pass here. Had my good master but known what they told me this afternoon, he had never sent us to this place.'

" 'Oh, nurse, let us flee,' said I.

" 'That would be the worst we could do,' she answered; 'well, God grant success to our men, and then we are safe enow.'

"I sat down at the open casement, and nurse beside me. Ten struck, eleven, and, oh, how long did it seem ere twelve!

" 'Hark,' said nurse, and she laid her hand on my arm, 'footsteps—and the tramp of horses.' I rose up, and looked out. That low trampling sound came nearer, and now I could just discern men and horses.

" 'Our own men, God speed them!' cried nurse, and she clasped her hands, and wept aloud!

"Oh! how I strained my eyes as the troopers passed along, to catch one sight of my dear father! Surely there he was,—the leader of the second troop,—the rider of that horse that looked so much lighter than the rest—surely that was True Briton. But they passed at too great a distance to allow of more than conjecture; and then came the foot;—a thick moving body sweep-

ing onward, in the stillness of midnight, with no glad shouts, no stirring music, only the low rustle of their tread on the grass. 'God speed ye,' I cried, 'God speed ye, for ye are no hirelings.' No; they had suffered, nearly all of them, fine or imprisonment for the good cause, and now they were about to lay down their lives for it.

"Another hour, oh, how long, passed; and then a strange confused noise arose. 'The fight has begun,' said nurse, who well remembered the sound, 'God speed the right.'

"How did that confused noise rise, and die away, and how intensely and breathlessly we listened! at length there was a pause, and then the roar of cannon. 'All's lost,' shrieked nurse, 'it is the king's artillery, for we have none!'

"Oh! how did each roar knock at my heart! there were our men mown down perhaps by scores, and where was my father?

"Nurse now rose from the seat on which she had flung herself. 'We must prepare for the worst,' said she, quite calmly. She took off my gown, and unfastening the long hanging sleeves that were then worn, she took out the lead that was sewn at the bottom, and split four gold pieces into each instead; she then unripped my hood, and between the velvet and the lining she put some letters of my father's, and money within them, and lastly sewed my mother's miniature and my gold chain into my girdle, which for greater security she buckled under my gown.

"These preparations were but just finished when we heard a noise at the gate, and I was sure I could distinguish my name. And true as he had foretold, there was Gideon Darley sitting on his jaded horse wounded to death. The people of the house were now up, and sorely affrighted, so saying nought to them I rushed out, and with nurse led poor Gideon in. He was scarcely able to speak, save to say, 'Pray, remember your promise!' 'But my father,' said I, and, oh, how I dreaded the answer! 'Coming hither,' said he, but he came not.

"I cannot tell you what passed the next few hours; it seems like a wild dream. The king's troops pursued our poor men, and killed more in the flight than in the battle; and they came into the house, and threatened the people, and took away money and food, while nurse and I, fearful of being discovered, took refuge in the store-room. Here the mistress came to us to say that the constable of the tything had come to make search, and that if we belonged to the rebels—for that was now the word—she dared not harbour us. Alas! poor Gideon had betrayed us in his last moments. The good woman behaved very kindly, although she dared not shelter us. She gave us food, and lent us each a large country cloak, and told us if we would go about half a mile along the moor, in the opposite direction to which the king's troops were coming, we might find shelter under some elder bushes, and at night-fall she would come to us, and show us where to go."

"I doubt not but the woman told us rightly, and I doubt not but that she meant to come to us; but we knew not a step of the way,

and we most likely took a different path ; so onward we went, looking out in vain for the elder bushes, quite bewildered on the wide moor. How long we wandered I know not, but we were sorely tired, and as we saw some trees at a distance, we made toward them. Oh ! how pleasant was their shade, and how soft the bank beneath them !—it was well that we reached that place, for I think I could not have walked a stone's throw farther. A little stream run hard by, so I went and sat down beside it, and bathed my head in its water, and after a while was refreshed. But nurse was very anxious to find a shelter, and as she thought she could see a smoke among the trees, she set forth toward it, bidding me await her return.

"I had not sat long before I heard a low mournful noise, a kind of whine ; and looking round I saw, under the farthest tree, a huge black dog, miserably thin, who held out his fore-paw to me, and looked up as though asking help. I always loved dumb creatures, and well do they know who love them ; so I went to him, and found that his paw had been dreadfully torn, as though in a trap. Well, I pitied the poor creature who looked so piteously up in my face, so I dipped my kerchief in the stream, and carefully washed the wound, and bound it up as well as I could with a strip of linen, which I tore from the covering of the bundle I carried.

"It was but a little time after, when I heard a trampling of horses. Oh, how I longed for nurse to return, that we might seek together some more secure place of refuge ; but she did not come, and the sounds drew nearer, and I now could hear voices. It was a company of soldiers, making search after the duke, for I heard them plainly say, 'a thousand pounds to whoever finds him,'—and then, 'beat about here, for if *he* is not caught, we may find some rebels, and they're worth five pounds a head.' I started up—but which way should I go ? the dog looked earnestly up in my face, and limped off towards the right, and then stopped, as though bidding me follow him, so I did. It was a long, a narrow, and tangled path that he went, and how far I know not, only I know how rejoiced I was to hear the voices and footsteps growing fainter and fainter.

"At length we came to an open space, and on one side were two very large beech trees, and under them, though you might scarcely see it, a low miserable hut, scarcely better than a cattle shed, and in the dog went, and I followed.

"It was so dark inside, that I could see nothing ; but I sat down on the floor, little thinking any one besides myself was within, when I heard a low croaking voice say, 'Come, Rutterkin ;' and as I looked again, there seemed to be an old woman at the farther end, crouching over a few lighted sticks, and patting the dog.

"'Good mother,' said I, 'pardon me, but I've lost my way, and am sorely wearied.'

"The old woman rose up, and hobbled towards me, and fixing on me the fiercest pair of blue eyes I ever saw, 'Who are you, and what do you come *here* for ?' said she. The poor dog now came up, and laid his wounded paw on my lap (for I was too faint to rise up from

the floor), while the old woman stood looking at me, as though she would look me through. 'Who are you?' she said again, 'and with silver buckles in your shoes! *such* do not often tread *my* floor.'

" 'Indeed, good mother, I have lost my way,' said I.

" 'Dost thee know her, Rutterkin?' said the old woman; but the poor starved dog was smelling and scratching at the bundle, in which was the food the farmer's wife had given us; so I opened it, and took out a piece of bread, which he devoured greedily.

" At this the old woman set up a scream, '*White* bread, white manchet bread! Ay, Rutterkin, 'tis long since you' or I saw the like.'

" 'Good mother, take some,' said I, and I opened the bundle. She snatched a piece of bread and a piece of paste from it, as though she had been starving (which indeed was the case), while the dog leaped up, and laid his maimed paw on my shoulder, and tried to lick my face. 'He loves you,' said the old woman; 'poor Rutterkin, who hath been hunted and hounded from tything to tything — *he* loves you; ay, the lady with silver buckles in her shoes hath fed the witch's dog with white manchet!'

" Oh, what did I feel then! — I had not indeed much fear of witches as such, but I knew they were outcasts, and abandoned creatures. And she was poor, poor even to starvation — how eagerly she had eyed my silver buckles, — how certain she was that I was a lady, ay, and had I not, in gold pieces alone, enough to make her fortune? I dared not look toward her, but I glanced toward the door; could I not, though so faint, at least strive to fly?

" Just then my eye fell on a little bird that had flown in, and was busily picking up the crumbs at my feet. 'God careth for the sparrows,' said I, 'surely he will care for me.' How swiftly this thought darted into my mind — a blessed thought! so I looked up to the old woman. 'Good mother,' said I, 'may I stay here and rest?'

" 'Ay, that you shall,' said she, 'for I know well who you are. You belong to the Monmouth men, and your friends are forced to fly for their lives; but *here* you are safer than in a church, for who, of all the country round, will enter the witch's hut, the witch of Balesborough Wood?'

" Oh! how strange it was that I should have been led thither, but it was the saving of my life, and that of my dear father's!

" Well, the old woman gathered fresh fern, and spread my cloak on it, and made me lie down; and then she bathed my feet, and all the while the poor dog kept watch beside me, looking in my face with his half human eyes. But I was much distressed about nurse, so the old woman promised to seek for her; and quite worn out I fell asleep, I know not for how long. When I awoke I looked up, and there was dear nurse by my side, and there too was the faithful dog. Oh, how strange it seemed! the daughter of Colonel Scudamore lying in a miserable hut, — the strictly brought-up puritan, the guest of a reputed witch! What strange extremes! and yet, at that very time, these extremes were linked together by the bond of a common danger,

for the riotous crew who burnt the Bibles at Bridgewater would as soon have hanged the puritan girl as the old witch.

"Nurse brought me good news. She had seen my father, just as he was making his way to the farm-house, and had warned him of his danger; so he was now safe with a small farmer some two miles off. As to poor Gideon he was dead, and his body was hung up with nineteen others on the Bussex tree. Poor man, we faithfully fulfilled his last wish, for my worthy servant, Mistress Betty, was the little child committed to my care.

"More than a fortnight I stayed with the witch of Balesborough Wood, for there was a hot pursuit through the country; and during that time she fetched our food from the farm-house where my father was, and she went into Bridgewater too, to make inquiries for us. At length, through the aid of a kind royalist gentleman, who, though he held not with my father, greatly respected him, we were enabled to get away. It would be a long story did I tell you all our adventures ere we again saw our home, which at length, thank God, we did.

"We parted from the old woman with hearty thanks, and pressed her to take four gold pieces, but she would not, for she said they might bring her into trouble; so we gave her what silver we had, and prayed the folk at the neighbouring farm-house to see that she did not want, and sent money to them for her. She asked me for a keepsake, which I was right willing to give, so I made her take one of the gold pieces; it was one of the Commonwealth, and a hole had been pierced in it, so she, poor creature, said she would keep it for luck's sake, and we bade her farewell.

"Six years passed away; and many stories could I tell you, Lucy, about the events of those years. Well, better times came at last, and my father and I now greatly longed to pay a visit to Somersetshire, to see our good friends, and to talk over our former troubles and dangers, and our happy deliverance. So, in the summer of '91, we went, and staid six weeks with Mr. Speke. It happened it was the time of the assizes, and as the country ladies often attended them, I went with some friends. There were some trials of little moment, and then one came on of a reputed witch; and, oh, how was I struck to see that very old woman who had so kindly nursed me standing at the bar!

" 'I know her,' I said; 'poor creature, she is innocent.'

" 'Nay, wait,' said my friend, 'for she is strongly suspected of having murdered some of the poor men who fled after the battle of Sedgemoor—pray wait.'

"I did so; and then I found that when her hut was searched, much suspicion had arisen in consequence of a blue ribbon—all our poor men wore a dark blue ribbon—having been found, and also a gold piece of the Protector's. 'It was I, who gave it her,' I cried, and I stood up, and begged to be heard. The daughter of Colonel Scuda-

more, that day, had no need to pray long to be heard; nor had she need to conceal the fact that her father had fought at Sedgemoor. So I told all; and how in gratitude I had given that very gold piece to the old woman who had nursed me so kindly, and how that the blue ribbon had doubtless belonged to my nurse.

"It was enough—the old woman was acquitted, and I went down, and shook her by the hand, and thanked her publicly. She scarcely knew me, for she seemed very feeble; but poor Rutterkin, who, in spite of much ill-usage had kept his place just outside the court-house, knew me well, and almost pushed me down in his joy. Well, the poor old woman was taken home to Mr. Speke's, where the house-keeper took great care of her until, about three years after, she died. As to Rutterkin, his place was on the mat before the fire in the house-keeper's room, where I always paid him a visit when I went, and where at length he died.

"Such was one of my adventures in those troublous times; and looking back upon so great and strange a deliverance from such fearful danger, well may I express my deep thankfulness; and well, dear Lucy, may you believe that I remember, as though but yesterday, the events of 1685."

H. L.

THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.

A VERY pretty public stir
Is making, down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestow'd upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a Parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—
A Wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!

THE PASTOR AND HIS SON.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY THE MOUNTAINEER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

FATIGUED by the arduous duties of the day, WOLFGANG GÜNTHER, the superintendent of the church in Friedland, had retired to his study. He sat at the open window and gazed upon the street leading to the Schlossberg, now animated by the forms of men and women. The warm air of May streamed from the mountains down into the valley, and the solemnity of the sabbath evening seemed to dwell upon the city. Upon the spirit of Günther, however, the holy quiet breathed not its healing power. Oppressed with mental care as much as by physical weariness, he sat with his forehead resting upon his hand, whilst his knitted brow indicated the presence of melancholy, gloomy thoughts. An open letter was on a table near him; he took it up, as he had taken it up many times before; he perused it again and again, sighing deeply as he traced the lines, and at length, as if anger and indignation could no longer be restrained, the veins of his noble forehead swelled, and he crumpled the paper in his hands, as it seemed with the whole concentrated energy of nature. "That one must see such things and hold one's peace," he said, gnashing his teeth—"that one must bear oppression, and yet not look one's scorn—oh, it is terrible—monstrous. It is the torment of hell begun upon earth!"

As he spoke, his wife Barbara entered the apartment. She had heard the last words of her husband, and was not slow to inquire into their import. Günther took her hand, and drew her to a seat at his side.

"Barbara!" said he calmly, but in a tremulous voice. "Heaven, I fear, has put us to a heavy trial. You are aware of the violent and unlawful measures of the emperor in the interior of the kingdom. With your own eyes you have seen the poor exiles driven forth, naked and destitute. You have beheld them passing through our city as they quitted their native land. You have longed and prayed to assist the castaways, and you dared not gratify the affectionate longing. Oh, think if such a fate were ours!"

"You are needlessly alarmed, dear Wolfgang," said the wife, appeasingly. "The frontier has remained hitherto secure from the persecution of the exasperated emperor. The mountains are our

ramparts : into these secluded valleys the ministers of his arbitrary will do not penetrate."

"We may deceive ourselves," replied Günther. "Revenge and fanaticism respect no bounds, as they know no repose, acknowledge no compassion."

"But we are not even the subjects of the emperor," persisted the determined wife. "The duke, named after our city, has the command of it, and severe as he is allowed to be, he is still no tyrant. He is not inclined to do every act enjoined him by the emperor."

"So much the worse," answered Günther, rising from his seat. "It is said that the emperor has ceased to make Roman Catholics of the poor Bohemians — possibly because men are wanted for his purpose, or more likely still because the persecuted, weary of torture, comply with the requisition, in utter desperation. This letter ——."

"Well?"

"Is from the canon of Kottwa, he who seized upon our tithes last autumn. He commands us to obey the orders of Captain Gersdorf, under pain of the displeasure of the duke."

"The captain arrived a few hours since," said Barbara, turning pale — "during the afternoon service. Will he ——"

"Compel us to be Catholics?" said Günther completing the sentence. "No — he dare not. Hard conditions he will propose to us — conditions which we must sanction by our oaths. But he will not venture upon the so-called conversion of my people. I know my congregation well — their firmness and their faith. They may part with their worldly goods — with their life's blood, but they will not barter there eternal welfare for a precarious tranquillity."

As he spoke, the house bell rang violently: the hurried steps of many people in the streets became audible; and an indistinct murmuring close before his house announced some unusual commotion. Günther hastened to the window, and beheld the street crowded with a restless mass of people, all in anxious conversation, and some pointing to his dwelling.

"Hush!" said the superintendent, turning to his wife.

"God grant no harm may come to him!" exclaimed one in the street, loud enough for Günther to hear. "His visitor will soon be with him now."

"Let the stranger, Barbara, be conducted here, whoever he may be, — then go to our children."

Barbara, perplexed, prepared to obey the direction. The house-door had been already opened. As she was about to leave the apartment, a soldier entered it. He was a man of savage aspect, and he pushed rudely by her, in his anxiety to approach her husband.

"Are you the teacher of these heretics?" he began, without further greeting.

"I am the master of this house," replied Wolfgang calmly. "Your business, Sir?"

"I am no talker," continued the other. "You are the man I seek. Give me your company to my master."

"And who is he?"

"Yours," answered the soldier. "I call him either Hans-von-Gersdorf, or the Duke of Friedland. I have no time to spare. Forwards!"

It did not take long to satisfy Günther that further discourse with so rough a companion would be superfluous. He took his trembling wife tenderly by the hand, intreated her to be tranquil and to rely upon his speedy return, and then stepped into the street guarded by the soldier.

The assembled people received their pastor with looks of mourning, and followed in his rear, as he proceeded.

Günther ascended the *Schlossberg*, crossed the drawbridge, and passed into the fortress. The heavy iron gates closed after him, and as the sound rattled in his ear, it was with difficulty that the pastor checked a groan that tried to force itself from his oppressed bosom.

"Stay you here!" exclaimed the soldier, "whilst I announce you." In a few minutes a servant conducted the pastor to a spacious room, whose lofty walls were adorned with full-length portraits of the early masters of Friedland. The stately form of the late imperial field-marshal, Melchior von Räder, the victor at Szigeth, looked down upon the minister as if encouraging his serious and firm tranquillity. Beneath the picture, upon a purple velvet sofa, sat, in half-warlike costume, a tall and martial-looking man. It was Captain Hans von Gersdorf, the authorised agent of the Duke. A semicircular table, beautifully carved, was before him, and upon it stood two silver sconces and a half unfolded scroll. The latter might have been just perused by the captain, for one hand still held it, whilst the other shaded his eyes. Upon the entrance of Günther he looked up, bade the servant quit the apartment, and then in a tone of kindness requested the superintendent to be seated.

Günther obeyed in silence. The chamber in which he sat was well known to him. He had spent many a happy hour in it. It was here that the Baroness, the wife of the late field-marshal, — now an exile — had welcomed him when he first came to Friedland — here that he had discoursed on the subject dearest to his heart, the holy Protestant religion, with that strictly Protestant lady. The furniture, the tapestry, the portraits were all the same. Everything looked as of old: there was no change except in the possessors. The Baroness had quitted the noble castle, and with her son, the rebel Christoph von Rader, had fled into Poland from the anger of the emperor.

"You have received the letter of the canon of Kottwa?" commenced the captain.

Günther bowed in affirmation.

"Good! You are prepared then for what I now announce to you in the name of the illustrious Duke. The good services which the Duke has rendered to the imperial house in reconquering rebellious Bohemia, have procured for him the possession of this land. Be sure his subjects will have a gracious master: and he asks nothing but obedience to his lawful will. He has learned with pain and sorrow that seditious and fanatic bands have burned and plundered the property, as well as taken away the lives of orthodox Catholic Christians in his

territory. I say the intelligence has filled him with grief, and he is resolved to put an end at once and for ever to the source of all disquietude. You understand me, pastor. There is but one way to heal the wounds of this his adopted country, and the Duke will be the father of his people, and make it sound again. It is his will and pleasure that every Lutheran minister in his dominions shall communicate, without delay, to his particular congregation the necessity of an immediate return to the holy Catholic communion, and shall himself — pray mark me — lead the way to the misguided by his sublime example. The Prince is kind and forbearing. A charge is published to this effect. He grants eight whole days from the period of its promulgation to every commune, — more than ample time for full consideration. Should stubborn blindness — stiffnecked obstinacy induce any to refuse the boon thus offered them, they and their heretical teachers must quit their homes, and surrender within three days the possessions of the Duke, their master, their movable goods being graciously conceded to them. The Duke will have no Lutherans in Friedland. He will have assurance that all are extirpated. War must be carried on abroad, and true and faithful hearts must battle for their holy faith. Pastor, I have no more to say. Here is the instrument, which you will recite to-morrow to your flock; and afterwards impart to your brother ministers. Good night."

The paper was in the hand of Günther before the astounded superintendant could realise the magnitude of his misfortune. He would have spoken, but the words died on his lips. Dismissed by the rough brevity of the captain, he found himself again in the society of the ruder soldier, who, as quickly as he could, conducted his charge back to the court-yard of the castle.

"Adieu, priest," said the savage as he quitted him. "Why, you tremble like a thief on the ladder. Do you like being preached to, as well as preaching? Ay, ay, the captain is the man to lay hold of the heart and make the whole machine quake. May good come of it, say I, and a clearance of your heretical rabble!"

A number of citizens waited the return of their minister at the gates of the stronghold. Günther was assailed with questions and intreaties. All were eager to learn what urgent business had summoned him so unexpectedly to the castle. But the minister could not answer them. He pressed the hands of many, implored them to be quiet, patient, to trust in God, and to cling to their faith. The bell, he said, would call them to church on the morrow, although it was no Christian festival; and then he would attempt to speak to them.

As if in a dream, without consciousness, bereft as it were of feeling, Günther staggered homeward. He had known suffering, he was not a stranger to grief; but, oh! what suffering, what grief comparable to this! His soul was sick, and faint, and weary.

Barbara had quitted her home to meet him on the road.

"Heaven! what ails you, dearest?" she exclaimed as she pressed her trembling husband to her bosom. "You are pale and cold — icy cold. Your eyes are full of tears. Speak, dearest Wolfgang — have pity on my anxiety."

"Are you anxious now, poor Barbara?" said the husband, as the collected tears burst from his manly eyes. "Now—at the beginning only! Dear child and partner, reserve your grief, gather up your strength for trials that are coming on. Oh! you will need the energy of life—the courage of a martyr. Beloved wife, we must be gone. We, you, I, the children—all my darling flock, all. Nothing is left us but the renunciation of our Lord or the abandonment of home." The strong-minded man was overborne by his affliction. He stood before the threshold of his house, and bitterly wept. Barbara offered consolation, and who but she could give it now!

Neither husband nor wife for a few moments was aware of the presence of a child, who in the street had waited the return of both with some impatience, and now gazed upon his father with a look of mingled sorrow and anger. It was their only son. Günther no sooner perceived him than he checked his grief, as, with all the calmness he could command, he took the boy by the hand, and led him into the house. In his own apartment again, the minister, in a fervent, faithful voice, sent up to heaven a prayer for strength and resignation, to which the wife and son responded with a solemn, heart-felt "Amen."

The clear and solemn tones of the bell called the citizens of Friedland betimes to church on the following morning. Many who had heard nothing of the occurrence of the previous evening were thrown into painful disquietude by the unusual summons: and some, believing that the city had been surprised by foes, resolutely armed themselves for danger. By degrees, however, every man was told of the general calamity, and all entered the house of God depressed and anxious. The very bell seemed to their unhappy ears to bring tidings of misfortune, as it resounded through the city, and sped with its melancholy note onwards to the valley.

Günther was on his knees at the altar. In his clasped hands rested the fatal paper. The priest felt like an executioner at the scaffold, or a judge announcing death to those whom he loved best. There was a general prayer, and then the minister arose. The scroll of the Duke was unfolded, and his special commands were made known. There was much verbal reiteration in the document; but the following points contain the gist of the communication. It was the will and pleasure of the Duke:—

First. That for the future, throughout his territory, no person, not a Catholic, should acquire or retain the right of citizenship, or be allowed to exercise any profession or trade whatever.

Secondly. That no person not a Catholic should contract a marriage, since his highness preferred a depopulated country to a land of heretics.

Thirdly. That any one harbouring a Protestant priest in his house should lose his property.

Fourthly. That no Catholic priest should accompany to the grave any who had died in the Lutheran faith; but satisfy himself with collecting the surplice fees from the survivors of the deceased.

Fifthly. That any one suffering Protestant doctrines to be taught in his house should lose his goods and be whipped from the city by the public hangman.

Sixthly. That all wills and testaments of those not Catholics should be invalid.

Seventhly. That all such as should henceforth dare to speak irreverently of God, the Holy Virgin Mary, the Catholic Church, or the glorious House of Austria, should be punished by instant death.

Eighthly. That all heretics in the hospitals, should they refuse conversion to the holy Catholic Church, should be driven into the street, and the Catholic sick and poor be received in their stead. In like manner every Protestant must be compelled to quit his home within eight days, should he persist in refusing to abjure his heresy and to return to the bosom of his holy mother Church.

Such was the command and will of his Highness Albert, Duke of Friedland.

The paper fell from the hands of Günther, as its last words escaped his lips. His streaming eyes were turned towards Heaven, and silent prayer conveyed his wishes there. A death-like stillness had prevailed in the assembly until this moment; but now a mixed impetuous movement was apparent. The resentment and just exasperation of some betrayed themselves in thoughtless sacrilegious words. Others, stunned, hurried from the church in silence. Women sobbed aloud; children cried because their mothers wept; and young wives clung to their scarce older partners, imploring them to leave in peace their miserable country.

The superintendent, unable to calm the many excited souls, delivered his blessing, and called upon the elders of the city, the councillors, and his fellow-clergymen, to aid him in an address to the captain, which should simply contain a prayer for time. These assured him of their assistance and constancy, and a pressure of the hand united all in one great and common duty.

The embarrassment and confusion in the city was unparalleled. All business ceased, giving place to activity and self-preservation. The inhabitants, generally, occupied themselves in packing up their valuables and ornaments — indeed their moveable property of every kind, so that no hour might find them unprepared for flight. It was different in the abode of Günther. The superintendent had no great earthly possessions. Educated and strengthened in the Lutheran faith, he had imbibed the spirit and the virtue which had conducted martyrs to the stake peacefully as though they were about to quit — and were they not? — a dungeon for a palace — bewildering gloom for peaceful and eternal light! For himself he was prepared — for his family he trembled, and yet he exhorted them by precept and example to unflinching steadiness. It was only when he thought of his unhappy flock that his courage utterly failed him, and his heart was agonised. But in his own home and household the pastor was doomed to meet with a resistance which he had little expected.

His son George, a boy just fifteen years of age, was of an ardent passionate temperament, self-willed, and inclining to a wild and agi-

tated career. At the earliest age he had displayed a character foreign to that of childhood. He had never taken an interest in the usual games of children — never suffered his attention to fix upon their amusements. He preferred to them at all times battle and contest; yet even better than these he loved the office of general peace-maker when quarrels arose amongst children of his own age. As his intellectual powers developed, he could not fail to remark the depression of the Protestant party amongst whom he moved. The tranquil and somewhat acetic piety of his father's house, the mild earnestness of the pastor, the almost slavish dependence of his mother upon his father's words and thoughts—all failed to impress him favourably. He remarked that wherever the Catholics appeared, a proud confidence accompanied their steps; that, notwithstanding the severe discipline of their church, the laity were free and unrestrained in action; and that every adventurer found readily a successful field for energy and talent. His lively perceptions combined readily into form, and gave a spur to the natural ambition of his mind. In the midst of the household wreck the boy stepped forward and fearlessly proposed to his father — a change of faith!

He waited for an answer from the pastor, but a look of terror was his only reply.

"Don't be angry with me, father," said the boy. "I don't wish to offend you, or to be disobedient and ungrateful. But surely all are not false doctrines in the Catholic Church. It is no crime to preserve one's life; and if we are obstinate, the best that will happen to us is to be driven forth and despised. If it is criminal to become a Catholic, others will be to blame, not ourselves; and if it be the true Church, by returning to her bosom as we are commanded, we shall take the best care of our souls."

"Cease, child!" replied the father with a look of horror; "cease to repeat the jargon that your brief acquaintance with the world has already taught you. Beware lest I reject you, and you perish elsewhere, both body and soul."

George involuntarily knit his brow. His mother sought to pacify her husband, and to bring the child again to his bosom, for he had cast him from it but a moment before.

"It is the unhappy time, dear Wolfgang," said poor Barbara; "the miserable time which has driven even our young ones to despair. George will recollect himself, and be true to his religion as he is to his affection. Will you not, child?"

George submitted, to, rather than returned, the endearments of his mother, and muttered a few inaudible sounds.

"What do you say?" inquired the pastor.

"Our Duke," answered George undaunted, "is a great and extraordinary man, and in his youth was a Protestant himself."

"Right!" answered the father. "He abjured his faith. He had no conscience in his youth; he has none now. To him all means were ever lawful for his end. By sin and crime he is what he is; by them he has attained the rank of duke; by them he may sink again from his dukedom to a dungeon."

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed the wife in a whisper. "If you should be heard, Wolfgang!"

"I should be a martyr to my own convictions," replied the minister with zeal. "And better be put to death than that men should say of me I had preached the Gospel to the world, and at my own hearth sown tares for the devil."

"The Duke is said to be generous," murmured George.

"Yes, to flattery and unconditional submission. He will give you lands and castles, if you will sell him life and soul."

"Will he?" exclaimed the boy, his eye glancing with fire. But the next moment he sighed deeply — the spark expired — and his very thoughts seemed to retreat, and to seek concealment in his soul.

"Boy, boy, what ails thee?" asked the affrighted father. "What are those brooding thoughts? What devilish temptation hangs before thine eyes? Let not ambition make thee capable of infamy. It may lead thee to betray thy parents."

"It can never make a wretch of me," returned the boy in anger. "I wish to gain honour, and to do that, honour is necessary. I would die rather than betray you, though I might ——"

"What, what?" cried the father, faltering; whilst Barbara slipped protectingly between the two.

The blood mounted to the cheek of the stripling; his bright eye glistened again with fire, and his hands were contracted like rigid iron at his side.

"I will do it, I will do it!" he exclaimed, with the energy of a young lion, — and the next minute he quitted the apartment and the house.

Weighed to the earth by the national misfortune, and with a heart stricken by the words which had fallen from the lips of his child, Günther repaired to his study to draw up the points which his mind had suggested, for the document proposed. "It is difficult," said the anxious man, as he seated himself at his desk, "to be master of one's self in the midst of such fearful discord. But I will endeavour, and, above all things, no complaining! God, O God! my son an apostate — a renegade! No, Lord of Heaven and earth, let me not live to see that time. Take me and mine, rather than we should live for such an end. Better to be slain by the foe than lost eternally to the Arch-enemy of man."

As he spoke the words, his child was passing rapidly through the city, noting with care the proceedings of the citizens, and the preparations that were making for a speedy, and, if needful, instantaneous flight. Fixed determination was written on his countenance, varied by a smile of irony, which would play about his lips as he marked the anxious haste with which the burghers packed their useful and their useless goods together. He ascended the Schlossberg, and stepped into the open and extensive garden that surrounded the towering walls of the impregnable fortress. He contemplated and admired the picturesque pile before him, — its massive turrets, its solemn ranges of

narrow windows. What would he have given then to have been born the lord and owner of that castle ! Then his eye wandered over the landscape extended beneath him in the bright emerald garb of Spring. Over the irregular cliff-like basaltic rocks foamed the bright Wittiche, and the fretting waters sounded like music in his ear. Trees, which had been precipitated from the mountain height into the stream, cracked as they forced their way around the sharp projection of a rock, and he rejoiced to see them shiver. Here there was battle and uproar ; here power resting with power ; here the glorious vicissitudes of victory and defeat !

" And they would make a pastor of me ! " exclaimed the youth indignantly ; " that I might pray, beg, exhort, and comfort the weak, and be an idle spectator of the contests of the fermenting world. Never ! I will have a sword, and fight my way to fame, or perish !

His eye glided from the high mountain ridge down into the champagne below, which transformed the spacious valley of the Wittiche into a magic garden. Villages, farm-houses, mills, and the peaceful monastery of Haindorf, all lay bathed in gorgeous sunshine, and carrying inspiration to the brain of an enraptured youth, wanton with the energies of life. Behind the mountain heights, westward, towards Reichenberg, George remarked from time to time glittering flashes dancing along the thicket. For a few minutes he was unable to explain the dazzling light, which no sooner appeared than it seemed to vanish, but at length he satisfied himself that a body of troops was rapidly advancing towards the city. His heart beat high with joy and expectation. He longed to look at warriors face to face, and to hear tidings of the great duke, whose name, like a meteor, had come across the mountains from afar, filling him with awe and admiration. He hurried down the Schlossberg, through the city, and took his position on the balustrade of the bridge which passed across the impetuous stream. A whirling cloud of dust announced the approach of horsemen. Then came the clattering of horses' hoofs, and soon upon it, a troop of fifty musquetaires. In the midst of them rode five gentlemen in the garb of priests. They were on the bridge, and on the point of entering Friedland. George, with a beating heart, saluted them. He was greeted in return.

" Come you from the great Duke ? " said the boy eagerly, addressing the nearest officer.

" Ay, youngster," replied the latter, smiling. " You see we wear his scarf as you may do, if you would achieve honour and glory."

" I would achieve them," answered the boy.

" Bravo, lad ! Thou art worth something. I shall not forget thee. Advance ! "

The train passed on. George had not been able to answer the last address of the officer. His bosom was oppressed : his heart was full to choking. Apprehension and alarm were mixed with a joy such as he had never tasted before. A dark foreboding announced to him that he had demanded entrance at the gate within which his future destiny was hidden.

It was not until evening that the boy proceeded with slow steps,

homewards. His spirit, agitated by conflicting emotions, needed open air to soothe and pacify it. Tranquillity awaited him at home—he knew it well—an agony of quiet,—and he must grow calm in order to sustain it.

His father had been occupied during the whole of the day in preparing the petition, and in consulting with his colleagues. Exhausted in mind and body, he reappeared towards evening in the bosom of his small family. His first inquiry was for George. The boy had already returned, and a flush of joy came to the old man's face as he found his worst fears unrealised.

"My successor is appointed," said Günther with placid resignation. Barbara sighed.

"It is the Dean Sebastian von Waldhausen. He arrived to-day under escort with four other priests from Reichenberg."

"I saw him," said the son quickly.

"Indeed!" added the father dejectedly.

"Yes, I met the train, and the gentlemen smiled upon me, and gave me good words."

"Ay, smiles and good words from Jesuits: stooping in order to overcome—condescending in order to over-reach."

George rose from the table upon which the evening meal had just been spread.

"Whither do you go?" inquired the pastor.

Oh, pray be seated, George," interposed the mother. "We waited for you at noon with great alarm."

Don't be uneasy about me, mother. "I will never give you pain or cause for sorrow."

"Amen," responded the superintendent, "and spoken like a child again!"

It was evident that Günther desired to forget as quickly as he might the conversation of the morning, and to regard the startling expressions of his son as the overflowing of a violent, easily excited, and exasperated temper. He discoursed with his family without reserve on the subject of their present trials, and of the hopes that he cherished for the future. "They will hardly," said he, "inhumanly drive us forth as beggars into the street: and let the worst happen Providence is not unjust or regardless of those who put their trust in her."

Several days elapsed, and the fall of Friedland was still uncertain. The petition of the Protestants had been handed to the captain, and an audience had been asked for by its author. But no answer had been returned, and it was supposed that the captain was taking counsel of the holy men who were lodged at the castle. At length, on the ninth of May, Günther received orders to appear with the committee of burghers upon the following morning, to hear the decision of the ducal plenipotentiary.

The committee, with the superintendent at their head, entered the castle gates, as the castle clock announced the hour of their appointment. Many of the burghers had accompanied the delegates as far as the drawbridge, and there quitting them, recommended them and

their good cause to the protection of Heaven. Hans von Gersdorf received the Protestants in the room already mentioned, surrounded by officers, but attended by no priest.

"You have sent a memorandum, gentlemen," began the captain, without further ceremony; "in which you ask for mitigation of the severe, or, as you term them, cruel measures which the circumstances of the time have rendered necessary. Were I as cruel as you represent me, I should have torn your prayer to pieces, and scattered it in the air. I have not done so. I am willing to hearken to you. Speak! what have you to say?"

Günther, as the most skilful of the party, advanced towards the captain, made a profound obeisance, and then spoke.

"We do not ask you, sir," began the minister, "for worldly benefits or temporal possessions. We crave freedom of thought, and on our knees we beg for it. The illustrious Duke, our master, demands us, within eight days, to abjure our faith, or to quit the land, leaving behind us all that is justly ours. Captain, if you have a heart, I intercede with nothing else, but I appeal to that. The city that extends before your eyes affords a home to three thousand quiet and industrious men, who worship piously the God whom you adore. Their form of adoration, however, is not your form; and yet so intimately is it theirs, so firmly has it knitted itself into their souls, grown with their being, that to destroy it would be to take away the better part of life. Is it merciful, is it just to deprive three thousand souls of peace—to follow to misery, and even unto death, those who are guilty only of a faithful adherence to their creed? Can such a spectacle be pleasing in the sight of Him—the father of us all? And will the illustrious Duke himself have joy or profit in the depopulation of a city—a city which, if deserted, shall be but a passage for the wind, whose murmurs must re-echo in his ear the complaining sighs of those whom he has driven forth! Oh! The Duke can never will our ruin—the Emperor cannot command it. Neither are prepared to offend their Maker by treading his children under foot. We are defenceless people. If you make use of force, we must submit to that, which, however dreadful, is still inevitable. But defenceless as we are, we dare yet stand undaunted before the great ones of the earth, and declare aloud before our God that we will never be sworn traitors to our faith—the true faith as we believe, and as we are willing to attest, if need be, with our lives. We intreat your lenity, and your intercession with the Duke. Deny us these, and we implore for justice; that you will suffer us to continue in our faith about our hearths, or at least to seek in strange lands for shelter and abode, ere we expose our wives and children to the roughness of the elements and the heartlessness of men. May the Lord incline you to mercy, and not suffer my supplication to be in vain. Amen." The minister had spoken with animation and warmth. His words were not without their effect upon the captain, but the latter, in answer to them, simply shrugged his shoulders, and said that his influence with the Duke was not so great as they supposed it; that the Duke could not brook opposition, and that, should his commands be resisted, he

was likely enough, in the first burst of passion, to render them still more severe. If the petitioners were disposed to contest the will and pleasure of this personage, they must address the mighty man himself, not him. He had no authority to grant delay — he could not offer the slightest mitigation of their sentence; and he must be content to hear himself still called “inexorable and hard-hearted.”

Repeated blasts of a trumpet, the trampling of horses’ hoofs, and a dull confusion of voices mingled with cries and exclamations, suddenly disturbed the conference. One of the officers advanced to the window, quickly returned, whispered into the ears of the captain, and then hurried to the door. Gersdorf changed colour, and followed him. The Protestants, unable to explain the outbreak, stepped aside, and fixed their gaze upon the door, as though they expected some sudden revelation there. At this moment, the folding doors were opened, and some richly dressed halberdiers, in the colours of Friedland, entered the saloon in respectful silence. Immediately behind them appeared a man of tall and powerful frame. His swarthy complexion, upon which lay a gloomy earnestness, and which was animated by the unnatural fire of two small piercing eyes, awakened rather fear than confidence. He wore a brown leather horseman’s doublet, high white Spanish boots, gorgeously embroidered gauntlets, and from his shoulders dropped a blood-red riding mantle, which trailed upon the ground, and gave to the majestic figure, as it entered, the aspect of a demon. Hans von Gersdorf, with head uncovered, and stooping, as if in reverence, walked by the stranger’s side.

“The Duke! — WALLENSTEIN!” whispered the Protestants, in tones that they could hardly hear themselves.

The Duke — for it was indeed he — glanced haughtily at the delegates, and then threw a look of reproof towards the captain.

“Your highness surprises us at our work!” said Gersdorf, with ill-assumed ease.

“Have my commands been communicated to my subjects?” inquired the Duke, briefly and sharply.

“They have!”

“And they have refused to obey them. I have heard the news in the city. The heretical *canaille* are refractory. We will teach them obedience to their sovereign.”

“Most noble, gracious prince!” said Günther, bending his knee before the Duke, whilst every Protestant followed his example.

“What!” demanded Wallenstein. “Stand up. I hate the dog-like humility. Man kneels not to man. He dies before him. Speak!”

“We have implored for indulgence and for a respite —”

“Stay. You are the Protestant priest of these heretical burghers?”

“I am the shepherd of the persecuted flock, prince.”

“Persecuted! you choose your expressions ill. Punishment, if just, is not persecution. You have children?”

“I have. Two daughters and a son.”

“The boy’s name is George. Is it not so?”

“You know my —”

"Son. Right. I am not slow in recognising friends and foes."

"Oh, prince, if you know him, exhort him with your sovereign power to be tractable and dutiful to those who call him theirs."

"Do you renounce your heresies?" asked the Duke.

"Prince, there are no commands higher than your own, save those of Him higher than yourself."

"You will not, then?"

"Prince, I dare not utter blasphemy in the sight of Heaven. No."

"You are bold, priest; but I like bold answers. What of your congregation?"

"They love their own souls. Here stand their delegates. Let them vouch for it."

"No, I say no. It shall not be!" exclaimed the Duke, impetuously, throwing his hat upon the table. His dusky face grew darker, and the veins of his noble forehead violently swelled. His black, short cut hair rising from his forehead appeared to stand on end. "I will force these stiff-necked burghers to continue here," he proceeded. "I require men. I will make these fools happy and rich. There shall not be one subject poor. I will release my citizens from the payment of every impost for the space of three whole years. Write that down, Hans; and you, Kottwa, make it instantly known through all the streets to the people who stand gaping there before their houses. I will be a kind ruler, a father of my people; but obedience I must have — strict, unconditional obedience — by fair means or by foul."

"You may command all, prince, but that the heart shall love that which is repugnant to it."

The Duke cast upon the speaker one of those glances which were said to pass like daggers to the soul of him to whom they were addressed. He paced the saloon in anger, and at length tore open the casement which looked upon the courtyard of the castle. That courtyard was now filled with people. An unequivocal murmur welcomed the Duke's appearance, and there was but one voice that could be heard to cry — "Long live the Duke of Friedland!"

The prince looked immoveably upon the brooding crowd, and then a sarcastic smile played around his firmly compressed and finely-drawn lips. He made a signal, as if to one in the crowd, and then returned to the saloon. He stopped before Günther, whilst his brow grew darker than ever.

"Answer me, priest!" said he. "Have you wealth? I ask for the truth."

"My office has hitherto maintained me," answered Günther. "Should it please God, however, to take it from me, He is not man — He will not reject the hungry."

"Sdeath!" cried Wallenstein, stamping with his foot. "What madness possesses you that you should persevere in your error? Well, seek an employment, fool, elsewhere — retain your income till you find it."

"Sire, I am unworthy of your favour. Take back your gracious promise, and vouchsafe their prayer to these poor burghers."

"Shall I do what pleases you? Will you force me to do your will

and not my own? Thank Heaven that I concern myself about you. The brutes below I hate and despise for their blindness. You are a man. But mark! you are released on one condition."

A signal was given — the door was opened, and George, the son of Günther, entered.

"Approach!" said the Duke, addressing him. The boy obeyed and fell upon his knees.

"Oh, my son! my son!" groaned the father, raising his hands in bitter supplication.

"You love him?" asked the Duke.

"He is my child — my boy — my first-born!"

"You will surrender him to me. Boy, henceforth you shall be the son of Wallenstein."

"George wildly seized the hand of the Duke, and covered it with tears of gratitude.

"You see, priest, I need no force here," said the Duke, smiling.

"He exercises his own discretion; he is a willing follower. And I knew it!" As he uttered the last words his powerful frame seemed yet to increase in size, an enthusiastic fire streamed in his sparkling eye, and across his stern forehead there passed, as it were, the shadow of a great prediction. "The stars," he continued, "revealed him to me in the past night, and what mortal dares oppose their mysterious working?"

The Duke, carried away by his vision, and lost in the starry light in which it was his pride to believe that he could read his destiny, strode the apartment like a man possessed. As he passed the superintendent, the latter threw himself before him, and exclaimed, with the heart-rending cry of a despairing father, "Prince, Sire, Duke — take back your money — punish, and kill — but do not take from me my boy. I cannot sell his soul for gold."

"No," answered Wallenstein, sharply, "I do not ask it. Take you the gold, and I the boy. Is it not so, George?"

"I love honour and fame!" replied the stripling.

"You hear," said the Duke. "Your son is wiser than you. He is a discreet and marvellously good lad."

"George, George," cried the father; "be true to your faith — though devils tempt you to abandon it. Oh, beware of your accursed ambition!"

"Thou shalt be about my person, lad," said the duke, coaxingly — "do my secret bidding, and be well cared for. But I must trust you, and we cannot confide in those we do not love. I — your future father — am a Catholic. Thou, George, must become one too."

"You are my lord and master," stammered George, receding from his father, and approaching closer to the Duke. The tortured pastor, still on his knees, seized the hand of the Duke, pressed it, and with gushing tears, continued —

"Prince, look upon a father's agony — think of his mother. You cannot rob her of her child. If you hope for mercy in the hour of death give back my boy — the child of my heart, beguiled and de-

praved by the snares of Lucifer. George—George, think of your mother's love, and then desert her if you can."

The followers of the prince, who had hitherto maintained silence, and contented themselves with remaining mere spectators of the scene, now interposed. Hans von Gersdorf ventured to entreat the Duke to consider what he did.

"Consider!" bawled Wallenstein. "'Sdeath, are you mad? I have not taken this boy away—not I, but the stars. His fate and mine have come into collision, and we are not free to act but as our destiny commands us. George von Bobriczan is the boy henceforward named; and he accompanies me to the seminary of Gitschin, that the Jesuit fathers may make a fit and proper man of him. Heaven! Is it so terrible a misfortune for the son of a destitute father to find the protection of a prince, title and estate? Take courage and be grateful, foolish man. The boy shall visit you every year—but he obeys me as his lord and master. Enough. Rise, priest, and tell your mulish flock that to attain to fortune, men must have sense and judgment. Away! I am weary of fools and simpletons. As for you," he concluded, turning to the delegates, "You will become Catholics within three days, or, as I live, musket-balls shall hunt you from the city. My corn shall not be eaten up by foreign mice."

So speaking, the Duke took the boy George by the hand, and passed haughtily into the adjoining room. The officers followed him, and a few halberdiers only remained behind to escort the delegates of the city as far as the castle gates.

SORROW REPROVED.

It has been my unhallow'd wont of late,
Perverse, among the quiet fields to creep,
Crushing the flowers as they clos'd to sleep,
Or plucking each ripe beauty from its mate.
My heart is troubled with a fearful weight,
That drags away the wish and powers to weep,
Else should the tears, like frightened children, leap
Up from their bed at sight so desolate.
One year has SHE been tenant of the grave,
And on I've liv'd, a weak and worldly man,
Forgetful of the love which others crave.
Last night a new and happy life began,
As woefully I linger'd near the trees,
And heard, dear wife, your murmur in the breeze.

JOHN STRONG'S BOX.

THOUGH the night was cold, though the church clock had added another sixth hour to the eternity of the dead, and another unit for record on each mouldering stone, the sexton still stood with the key in the churchyard gate, and kept his eye upon the collar of the clerk's superfine black coat.

"Lastly," said the clerk, "let the Swiggles' pew be nicely cleaned by Sunday. Let Mrs. Wink include it all in the parish job, he—m! —you understand; or you *can* give her a loaf — a surplus parish loaf I mean. Look, too, into the vestry for some better hassocks, and mind that Wink brushes 'em well, and does justice to the Swiggles' pew, for they are uncommon nice people; and give — an excellent cup of tea, and exceedingly well-buttered toast."

The clerk, as he said this, looked down at the sleeve of his coat, and had stepped two paces forward proudly, as if he was about to lift the cassock on the vicar's shoulders, when a fat little woman, gay in a light-coloured bonnet, touched the coat of orthodoxy.

"Pray, sir, can you tell me at what number in the next street, Mr. Swiggle, the chandler, lives?"

The clerk coughed as he would have done before lecturing an unruly parish-boy, and then looked down at the inquirer.

"Do you know the Swiggles? do you take tea in the bosom of that brotherly family?"

The fat little woman had a weak voice, so she faintly said "No."

"*I'm going there* to tea. *I can show the way. Come on.*" The little woman obeyed, but she had not stepped twelve little steps to the clerk's six cloisteral strides, before he stopped abruptly and looked stern, as if, like St. Peter, he was about to bind and fasten. "What are you?"

"I'm Martha Dipple, sir. Zecharia, sir — that's my husband — is in the same trade as the Swiggles — the tallow and mould line, sir." The clerk grunted forth his satisfaction, stepped on, but stopped again.

"Are you of the church? Are you given to true faith?"

"Why, we've got a comfortable pew, and a candle all to itself, and —"

"Stick then to it," replied the clerk, "and remember that the wolf is abroad. He—m! take my arm; the toast will be cold, and the Swiggles in their second cup."

The clerk said no more, but stepped quietly on, with the little short-breathed woman on his arm. The Swiggles' shop was not a shining light in the neighbourhood, for the proprietor burnt dips

instead of gas ; nevertheless, beyond the shop, all looked thriving and comfortable ; and by the brightness of the great brass candlestick on the staircase, or in the carpet-roads, the clerk might have trimmed his chin. Up this staircase the clerk and the little woman went ; the way led by a hot-faced tiny servant-maid, just decked with two red roses fresh from the kitchen fire, for the sixteenth round had been buttered and toasted.

The clerk, making a profound bow, entered the Swiggles' tea parlour ; nearly the *third* cup was forth, and on its way. Yet the clerk remembered a certain little text about patience, as well as that *tenth* fruits are as good as *first* fruits, though he had never heard of a *modus*, or a tithe-pig in his life.

Enough of crumbs fell from portly laps beneath the table at their entrance to have fed all the ravens from sea to sea. Mrs. Swiggles put a little something genuine into her anticipative fourth cup *by* mistake ; and Miss Numble, the poor relation, in her fright, helped herself to the plum-cake.

The clerk sat down ; the sixteen tea-spoons clattered again, cake and toast were between the ceiling and the floor, nipped in thirty-two thumbs and fingers, when the fat little woman, just sipping the hot cup of tea set before her, wiped her forehead, for she was nervous in company.

"I'm come to hear about John Strong's character. For I, and my Selina, and Dipple my husband, say as how he must be respectable.

"Strong is an industrious, good, worthy man," replied Swiggle, putting another lump of sugar in his tea.

"John is orderly, clean, and pious," remarked Mrs. Swiggle.

"Follows the parson in all his responses," said the clerk.

"Don't drink only half and half," chimed in the landlord of the Sun, two doors off.

"And is very civil when he answers the door," whispered Miss Numble.

"But he has —," said Swiggle.

"Yes, he has," interrupted Mrs. Swiggle.

"What has he?" shouted the clerk.

"Has he?" murmured the landlord.

"A child?" asked the anxious clerk.

"A sweetheart?" laughed the merry landlord.

"A fortune?" inquired the poor relation.

"Pray tell us," asked the whole company in one breath.

"John has got a *box*," roared Swiggle, putting a little of the genuine into his own tea.

"I hope it's not a Popery-box?" sighed the clerk.

"'Tis certainly a money-box," thought Miss Numble.

"It may be a letter-box," said a clerk in the post-office.

"It may be a deed-box, fire-proof," remarked a lawyer's clerk.

"It may hold the secret of a deed," suggested an ominous novel reader.

"Or the register of an improper marriage, or the evidence of a *fello-de-sees*," mumbled the clerk.

"Or a score for secret Cream of the Walley," added the landlord.

Mr. Swiggle had finished his genuine, so he said "No."

"Is it large?" asked one.

"Is it round?" said another.

"Is it dark or light?" inquired a third.

"I should like to see it," whispered an ingenious gossip.

"I might judge by its outward signs, its inward portion," again shouted the clerk, swallowing a prawn as large as his spectacles.

"I might touch it and be sure," said a serious brazier from the ward of Cheapside.

"No! no!" said Swiggle; "John is a worthy, honest servant, and his secret shall be kept so in my house. This is his only oddity, and no man has a right to question it. A box *may* be kept locked without holding a sin within it."

The clerk shook his head; but, being in the middle of a slice of seed cake, he thought of the vicar, and said nothing.

The little fat woman fastened up her topmost curl and tied her hat strings, whilst she remarked, "That as John was to be one of the Dipples in eating and drinking, and sitting by the fire, every one would not do, for Selina was marriageable, and Zechariah, when out of his line, did not keep his eye in the chimney-corner." By which Mrs. Dipple meant, that Zechariah had a hobby on which he mounted very often, and rode abroad.

"Take John, and take a treasure," said the good-natured Swiggle, whilst the faint-voiced little woman courtesied to all; constitutionally beginning with the church first. "I'm only sorry we're going to part; money, Mrs. Dipple, is the sole cause, for John wants more wages, and I shall have, come Lady-day, an eighth little Swiggle to bring up in the way it should go."

Mrs. Dipple was satisfied; as she stepped down the staircase, she looked into the rotundity of the brass candlestick, and resolved that John Strong and his box should find a home in Rotherhithe.

Swiggle, opening the door of his office—in size a tea-tray—in contents, ledgers and wax candles—introduced the new mistress to the new servant. John was a north-countryman of burly stature, light hair, large features, and gifted with the virtue of silence. A virtue, of an expectant kind, for thought is bred by silence, and truth dwells with contemplation. He said "yes" and "no," took up his pen again, and the little woman as she touched the handle of the door, concluded the negotiation by saying, "Tuesday next."

That day was an eventful one, in the second floor bed-room, and comfortable kitchen of Zechariah Dipple's home. It was a day of doubt and anticipative mystery, a day when "Box" was the word.

"Here it will perhaps stand," said the fat little woman; as she dusted the chest of drawers in John's bed-room, and turned round to Selina, who was daintily tacking up the fresh crisp window blinds; "or here, or perhaps under the bed, or, if it's not very large, beside his pillow, perhaps. Dr. Badger thought, when he was here this morning, that it *might* stand on the drawers themselves."

"Mother," remonstrated Selina, stepping back to see if her work

was neatly done, and who, in spite of her high bred name, was the most humble and unsuspicious-hearted little creature in the world; "don't be curious; so be honest and faithful to my father, let him have as many boxes as a voyager that has to sail round the world. What matters it to us?"

The little woman shook her head: it was clear from this that the Doctor was an important personage.

Zechariah Dipple was a substantial man, taking gold into his purse, and sending forth in outward bound vessels, means to light the seamen's cheerless polar night, or read the pointings of the compass in the southern wastes of the Pacific, or the dreary soundings of Cape Horn. In his business he was expert, industrious, and practical; but once with his pipe, and his foot on the last step of his own little wharf, he was a cipher of a man, with his thoughts far away, as if he were spiritually in some dreamy ship, that in by-gone years had sailed to the fabled Atlantis. Zechariah's hobby was the sea, and by his own fireside, and on a winter's night, he talked of Nova Zembla, or the southern Isle of Desolation, as if they were his next door neighbours. Even without this hobby to prance and caper upon, he was a happy, charitable, good man, with a comfortable house, a thrifty wife, a pretty daughter, and a cheerful fireside, cheerful because good and kindly hearts sat beside it; though, in the idea of certain conventionalists, happiness or God's nature may not sit by common hearths, or come to such as break the bread of human industry.

A bleak March wind blew southward from the sea, and the oozy waves of the Thames rolled hoarsely against the chandler's little wharf, when a gentle hand touched the old man's arm. The little red spark in the bowl of the pipe had flickered up and died, so he dismounted, and took his child's hand, when she whispered the word "supper." Across the old wharf they went together, gently, carefully, for the night was dark, and strange anchors, tubs, and piles of timber, were strewn about. He pushed the back door open, there was the kitchen, with its jolly rosy light, its fire, its cheerful supper. There too was the Doctor; there too was the little woman, evidently with her ear open, for Dr. Badger had just dropped the word "anatomy" from his tongue.

The supper was commenced, but it was a curious one; not in the viands, for they were excellent; but for the attendant interlude, like a little by-play to a coming farce.

"Any more turn-over, Doctor? — Excuse me, sir, there is."

"Now you'll know," remarked the Doctor, dropping his knife and fork.

"Know what?" asked Zechariah testily, "eat your pudding, woman, and hold your tongue. Wasn't I telling you how the wind whistled and —"

"There he is, and there's the box," interrupted the fat little woman, jumping up, neither hearing the continuation of her husband's story, nor Selina's remonstrative "mother;" her curiosity was at the last extremity, she jumped up, took the candle and hastened to the front door. There, sure enough was John, and the box firm and fast in his

right hand. The little woman's eyes fell upon it : she walked as in a dream. Her wonder grew apace from the front door to the kitchen ; by the kitchen table it was at a climax ; like the frog in *La Fontaine*, it could be puffed up no more without explosion. There were other boxes at the door, but they were forgotten ; *they* needed not the prefix of a definite article.

John bowed to Selina and the Doctor, and shook his honest master by the hand, heartily, for a reserved and silent man, and his eye looked bright and glad, as it glanced around the happy smiling hearth. The hand of faith, and the hand of honest purpose, seemed heartily held forth, as much as if hand could say, here, master, this shall honestly serve you, here, servant, this is yours in faith and belief. Old Zachariah (in despite of the Doctor's desire to keep it to himself) took up a bottle of enticing Jamaica, filled a little gold-eyed glass, held it to his own lips, whilst he said, veritably smacking his lips at its prodigious flavour, " John, my man, here's a welcome to you." And John in his turn filled another little gold-eyed glass, and answered, " thank ye."

The Doctor sighed ; an enjoyment had been ravished from his own lips, so he wiped his spectacles, and looked at the box with the eye of a stern dissector, as John now held it in his left hand. As for the short-breathed little woman, her eyes were glassy and set, as if the box were a hideous, ghostly, and withal an impudent face, that she would put to the blush if she could. John calmly held his box, as if his conscience were not troubled, which calmness the Doctor set down to the score of practised wickedness, whilst the little woman shook like an aspen leaf. This thing of mystery, this popery box, this spice box of a certain old gentleman, this pepper box, this *anguis in herba*, this Pandora's box of mischief, was made of oak, strong and stout, two feet by one and a half in breadth and length. It was proportionably deep, with a fair lock for which Dr. Badger had a detecting eye. Here was a climax to mystery and fraud. Badger was convinced.

" Let me take your box," said the little woman, moving her glassy eyes.

" 'Tis heavy with —— " remarked the Doctor, coughing in place of the omitted word.

" A light commodious hat box," chimed in the little woman, taking up a candlestick and holding forth her hand.

" He—m, books—do you study, eh ! what ?—divinity—mechanics—geometry——"

" *Men*—a little," answered John dryly, as he took the candlestick, looked at the doctor, and asked the way to his chamber. John was a man not to be questioned with impunity : the little meek woman was once more natural, the Doctor seemed shrunk into a nutshell, Selina smiled, and Zechariah was wide awake and not dreaming. John's heavy tramp was heard upon the staircase, his foot across the chamber floor, then all was still.

" Oh ! dear," exclaimed the little woman, breaking the silence " there it is—there—it's going down by the drawers—there—there—he's opening it—and ——"

"Hush, mother," whispered Selina.

"A secret crime," outspoke the Doctor, fortifying his courage with another gentle sip of the incomparable from the isles of the West, "and ——"

"Charity, charity, faith in God and man," interrupted Zechariah, lighting his pipe, and, it might be, thinking of those men who sailed to the unknown seas with faith in God alone, and his stars to mark their path. "Charity in *my* house, Dr. Badger; charity for John Strong."

Badger buttoned up his coat, looked proudly, finished his Jamaica, glanced at the little woman, as much as to say, "You and I agree;" and bowed himself from the kitchen, with a stiff "good night."

"My dear," said Zechariah, when the street door was closed, "never let that Badger come here again."

"Why, Zechariah, *his* pills have cured you."

"Then let him take them, and cure his own spleen first before he comes here again. A little charity, Mrs. Dipple, or why do we hear godly sermons?"

John Strong's foot was heard upon the stairs, so the little woman made no answer to the old man's kindly remonstrance, but when the supper was over crept up stairs, in a very Eveish manner, to peep and to wonder at the poor humble oaken box.

Weeks went by; now it was bright, broad laughing summer, with the blue heavens looking down into the depth of the city river, and the flapping sails of the lazy craft, as they crept up against the tide, whispering that south winds were abroad, and laden with the scent of bud and flower, and on that narrow wharf old Zechariah smoked his pipe and dreamt more than ever, and within the little cheerful home was a flower as fair and as natural as those of the fields.

John Strong by this time had proved himself a peerless servant. Trusty, honest, faithful: more ships outward bound stayed at the little wharf, more golden coin fell into the little parlour till, more good was every where, yet nevertheless old Zechariah had more time to dream, to whiff Virginia, and live in the happy cloud land of his own.

Yet the little meek-voiced woman, in her secret heart was ill at ease; the mystery was unsolved, and she had not Badger to consult. The little worm of curiosity gnawed stoutly beneath her tongue. Yet every day its appetite grew more astonishing. When she made John's bed she shook the box; when she dusted his room, she turned it upside down; when the day was clear, she peeped within the four little gimlet holes at the top and saw nothing but darkness; when she trussed a goose upon Zechariah's birth-day, she took up a skewer, but found all within the box was hard; she listened at the door at night, when John unlocked the box—then her curiosity became a virtual fever, slow, parching, undying—certainly. The box was with Mrs. Dipple at home and abroad. Eve she was, and Eve she determined to be. Even when Zechariah read about Eve on Sunday evenings, she outwardly exclaimed, "Poor woman, she couldn't help it."

Selina, kind, gentle as she was, guessed that the box held the *memory of a sorrow*. She saw wisely within the heart of a man. She never touched the box, never turned it, never was unjustly curious, yet as she tucked up fresh crisp blinds, or laid a little book upon the table, or a note, or a few flowers, or a plant in the windows, she wondered, but not ignobly. She was only made gentler and kinder, by this observed touch of sorrow ; she would not add to it, not she. Did not this man serve her father well, faithfully, justly ? was not the old man less care-worn, and more at ease, and what did she do ? merely respect, merely observe, merely do service to one happily not garrulous ; one wise in saying little, and perhaps thinking more. Oh ! *this* was nothing, nothing, trusting silly believing little heart ; the dew of mercy fell upon it, and thou believedst that it was nothing. Fye !

John never talked of his history, his friends, or whom he knew, or whence he came : and moreover you could *not* ask him questions. One thing more than all, now summer was come, was his going forth every Sunday and holiday at noon, with his box, not again returning with it till late in the evening ; then, the little wondering heart said that he was always sad. How was this ? God's summer flowers and gifts never yet made mortal sad ! Wonderful, wonderful, *what* could it be ?

One August Sunday afternoon some little matter of business took the old man from his home, and as he wanted company, he bid his pretty daughter put on her best bib and tucker, and come away with him to the fields. So she did. Towards evening full, they reached a little secluded village amid the Surrey hills, with a quaint primitive church, ivy clad, and topped by a golden spire, on which glittered the last smile of the setting sun. It had a curved, tinted window, with baby angels decked for heaven, and saints too bright for earth ; and little mossy hillocks amid the daisied grass that hid from all of earth, earth's sleeping children.

The old man's business lay with the landlord of the little village inn, so the girl stepped out into the garden, from thence by a primitive green lane, into the lonely church-yard ; a quiet, quaint, hidden place, where even the flowers slept, and the tall grass waved gently. She stepped on, with light, silent foot, hushing her very breath, and bending droopingly with chill but unsuperstitious fearfulness. She found a little wayward path, amidst the tiny graves ; she passed beneath the angel-gloried window ; and there before her, in the shadiest spot, with his back towards her, seated on the grass with his head bent forward and his hands clasped, with the *box by his side and the lid open*, sat John Strong, veritable, silent, and, to all human ken, unpoetical John Strong.

She looked, she could scarcely believe, yet in looking she felt herself guilty, guilty beyond all self-pardon. *Yet*, might not some redeeming pardon lie in silence, imitative virtuous silence. Oh ! little heart, why was it so trusty ? She crept back again, scarcely breathing, never looking back, on, on, into the green and overshadowed lane,

and *there* she stopped and thought. Why was she pale and silent that night? Zechariah asked why?

At home, Mrs. Dipple took tea alone—one cup was all, though four were her quantity; as to the toast, it dried upon the hob, and hissed and frizzled till the butter was no more. Her thoughts were with John's box. She thought and thought till the bells tolled for church; *then* she dressed, took up her prayer-book, laid it down again, then took forth from the closet a phial, locked up the house, put the key in her pocket, and took her way to Dr. Badger's, forbidden Dr. Badger's.

The Doctor was alone in his little parlour behind his shop, philosophically entertaining himself with rolling bitter pills of aloes and gentian, and peeping into that column of his ledger, charged with unpaid patient's bills, so that to the aloes and gentian a little spiritual bitterness was added. His spleen was therefore in an exceedingly fine condition.

"Come in," cried Badger, putting the two last pills, the twenty-third and the twenty-fourth, into a screw of brown paper, for the dose was to be parish paid, "come in."

The meek-voiced little woman entered tremblingly, felt her pocket, and produced the little bottle.

"Three pen'orth of laudanum, Doctor, I've got ——"

Got the pills over the way at Shuker's, eh!"

"Lord, Doctor, Zechariah would have 'em there since."

"Yes, yes, I know Mrs. Dipple, since that fellow with his box—Oh! yes, I perfectly understand; let Shuker make the pills and have a family practice, because I saw what was in a vagabond's box; yes, yes, I understand. Get your laudanum elsewhere, ma'am."

The little meek-voiced woman set down her bottle nevertheless; she was not ill-natured, yet she longed to hear Badger's particular opinions respecting John Strong. So she talked so placidly, so enticingly, so tickled Badger's hopes that he should supplant Shuker, that he forthwith left the bitter ingredients alone, drew a little bottle from a three-cornered cupboard, the contents of which proved cordial and medicinal, put his chair close to the little woman, and pounded his aloes and his gentian in another fashion, and with his aspic tongue.

By the time church was over, the little woman went home in a very confidential humour, perfectly convinced Badger was a much-abused man, and quite full of anticipative examination of John Strong's box, and a *tête-à-tête* cup of tea, that the Doctor promised to take with her on the following Wednesday afternoon, when Zechariah and John were to go down the river, and Selina, to see a friend on Tower Hill.

Wednesday came, the Doctor was in his best black coat, the souchong was strong, the muffins unexceptionable, the cream thick; and Badger looked at Shuker's pills, and bit Shuker's pills, and tasted Shuker's pills, and told the little woman that Zechariah would be a dead man in six months, if he did not take off Shuker, and take on with Badger.

The Doctor having finished his six well-sweetened cups of tea, the

little woman carefully locked the front and back doors, and led the way to John's room, stopping at every two stairs, under pretext of fetching her breath, but in reality to still a little conscious fluttering about the heart, that increased to a wild hesitating throb, as she turned the handle of the door. There was the box. No candle was wanted, for the setting sun fell warmly within the little chamber, and the Doctor's eyes were like the magnifying telescope. Veritably, like the boy with the apple-pie, the Doctor peeped into it, and touched it, and eyed it, and longed for it, and mourned for it, and nodded for it, and questioned it, and rubbed it, and stared at it, and viewed it, and watched it; and would, if he could, have cut it, and divided it, and fought for it, and got it, and kept it, and finally would have opened it.

"And what does it hold?" asked the little woman, exploding with curiosity, and interrupting the Doctor's turnings, and twistings, and shakings. Badger was on his knees; he turned round, placed his two hands in the form of a trumpet to his mouth, and hissed up into the little woman's face, in a ghastly manner, "*Something alive.*"

The little woman's heart throbbed ten times more, her face was very pale, her voice sunk to a hoarse whisper.

"Alive, alive, alive," she said, "alive, living without food, and with a very little air, alive! What can it be? is it a snake? is it a crab? is it a bird? is it a fish? is it ——"

"Whew," whistled Badger, rattling the box up and down, as if he were pounding all the hyssop and wormwood and gentian within the boundary of the bills of mortality, "whew — a secret! — he — m."

Matters were at this climax, when a grappling iron was thrown upon the little wharf, a flapping sail eddied and settled towards the breeze, darkening the window panes with its momentary shadow, and a lusty voice called out for Zechariah. The little woman had been left to deliver the necessary reply to this expected summons, so she unwillingly, reluctantly witnessed one more shake and one more rattle, and crept from the room, and bid Badger follow her for fear of accidents. The Doctor obeyed, with a wink and a nod. Once more in the kitchen, he sobered himself with three lumps of sugar and a little wine, whilst the good woman stepped down to the wharf. As he thus stood, the boiling kettle steaming on the fire, caught his eye; he hesitated a moment, then stepped to the window, stepped back again, took up the kettle, slipped off his shoes, crept to John's room, poured the boiling water through one of the tiny holes in the box, crept down again, filled the kettle from the neighbouring water tap, put it on the fire, took another lump of sugar, and *laughed*.

He was just anticipating a soothing sip of Zechariah's incomparable Jamaica, when the little woman crossed the wharf, and coming in, whispered that Zechariah was sculling himself up the river, and was in sight of the wharf; then she asked in an agitated under breath what the secret was, but — Badger only smiled, whew'd again, put on his hat, and crept forth from the front door, which the little woman held open for him. When the door was shut, Badger stopped in the street, laughed outright, jerked his upraised thumb in the direction of Shuker's shop, laughed again, and then went home, and com-

pounded a soothing emollient of syrup and poppies, tinct with his laughing tears!

Business in the lading of an outbound vessel kept trusty John Strong from home the remainder of that week, till late on the Saturday afternoon. Then there was the business of closing the wharf for the night, and paying off the workmen, and when John did come in and shook the old man who was in the chimney-corner smoking his pipe, and Selina by the hand, he went up stairs. The little, pleased, wondering heart, thought all was right now John was back again, so she bustled about, made all comfortable, set the tea things, and made the little fireside — though it was summer tide — so pleasant, that Zechariah kissed her, and then fell into a reverie, about some fabled mermaid with a cheerful face that he had heard a seaman tell lived and sported in the lucent waters of the Southern Ocean, far away amid the palm-clad isles.

Little, busy, wondering, dreaming heart, why did it think John Strong so long away up stairs, and wished him down, and settled the tea-cups twenty times, and had the bread and butter all cut, and the tea all steaming to be poured out, and why did she go to the foot of the stairs, then come back again irresolutely?

Some errand called the low-voiced little woman to the door; so then Selina, leaving the dreaming old man, went up stairs — only for her thimble or the scissors. Then, when she had hesitated more times than she meant to speak words, she stopped before the door and softly said, "Mr. Strong, the tea is ready." As she said this a heavy sigh, a sob, a convulsive choking by a resisting, self-struggling breast, caught her ear. She tapped at the door — again was the sob; she spoke again, there came no answer. "Mr. Strong — sir, good sir, John, John, what is the matter?" Then the little heart beat so, and grew so fearful — so very fearful, lest Mr. Strong, sir, John, should be ill, that all hesitation passed away; she stopped to think no longer, but opened the door and went in, gently, fearfully, and wonderingly. There, there, too, was a pitiable sight, to one so pitying, the strange, silent, unsubdued, unsentimental man, sobbing in anguish like a froward child, sobbing convulsively, weakly, pitiable, as strong men do with anguish at their hearts. She stepped back, then went nearer, then hushed as if she spoke beside a sleeping child, asked John if he were ill, and — and — that she ——

The strong man looked up and saw the angel of pity by his side, as pure from earthly curiosity as the brightest winged spirit that ever housed on earth; so then he pointed to the box, and took her hand, and sobbed again. Then, whilst the little fettered hand trembled, he looked up again, dried his tears, and said but few words, "Pity, oh indeed a pity, when a little darkling, silent, brooding life, was all earth had left — pity, pity!"

"Oh! sir — oh! John, who has touched upon your secret?"

"I know," said John; "cruelly, wickedly 'tis done. Be silent that I have been a child, and am a child in heart. Mercy, mercy, good kind girl. Tell no one, and to-morrow — to-morrow afternoon, in God's ~~when~~ sunlight, the secret shall be yours. You will then judge *how* pitiable, how wickedly the cruelty has been done."

The little beating, *now* hoping heart, wept away again; and when she had dried her sympathetic tears, she went down stairs, and John came too, by and by, not a weak sobbing *child*, but a *man*, silent and sorrowful, yet with a wandering eye, that whispered how the heart *can* have a newer spring time.

When the little meek-voiced woman looked into John's face that night, her heart throbbed so audibly, her breath came so thick and short, her hand so shook, the blood so mounted to her face, her eyes so drooped beneath the lids, that there was evidence that Badger's shaking and peeping was an unhidden thing. She dare not look up; every voice made her tremble, even a knock at the street door, or the bowl of Zechariah's pipe, as it ticked against the hob, made her heart leap up with fear.

The morrow was as bright as the previous Sabbath. More bright in the eyes, and to the senses of *one*, who to the summer day of sunlight and flowers, watched that hope and secret pride. How jauntily the little bonnet was put on, how fresh each flower, how bright each lustrous tree, how in wondrous circles each tiny flounce floated tricksomely, and how beyond all other things was the virtue of a cheerful heart, that made one little loving human face like God's bright flower as it was!

Then, after dinner, John said to the old man that he would take his daughter to a little country village, for the summer air; and the old man said with hearty voice, he might, and kissing his child, fell from thence into one of his excursive and voyaging reveries.

John manfully brought the box down stairs; the little woman saw it with wonderment, though she dare not say a word. With this in his right hand, and the little tiny hand upon his left arm, he set forth to that little same village amidst the Surrey hills.

The sun was waning when they reached, through the overshadowed lane, the silent quaint old burial ground, with its aged drooping ivy, and in the glowing, tinted window, the same still-kneeling angel worshippers, praying as they had done for ages, though inaudibly to the sensual ear.

John had not spoken three words since the journey was begun, and the little throbbing heart was silent in outward voice, though it had wondered eloquently what could be the mystery held within this quaint old burial ground.

Alone, they stood together side by side, upon the heaped turf of a narrow grave, upon which wild flowers grew. Down they sat, nor were the drooping flowers more silent or subdued. At last John spoke.

"Here below, beneath this grass, on which the winter's wind and rain falls unpitifully, lies one, who knew no winter of the heart — a poor Italian girl. A shadow never fell upon her spirit — life was one long summer day to her, with flowers, and a sun that never set — that sun was her own heart. Years ago — some fourteen or so — I stood one night in Bethnal Green, homeless, shoeless, foodless, my last penny gone, my home far away amidst the Border hills. A little hand touched mine, a little softened, almost whispering voice, spoke

one word 'bread, bread,' a little tiptoe figure peered up into my face with eyes, that, in the darkened street, looked like stars in the dull wintry sky. 'Bread, bread,' she said again in broken English, and then setting down this very box, she stepped lightly away, coming back presently, to whisper 'bread' again, and place a loaf within my hand, then whilst I eat, she drew a little tambourine from beneath her ragged handkerchief, and twirling it round, danced lightly before me. As she danced thus, a heavy foot came along the broken pavement, and a man clutched her arm roughly. 'Dancing for pastime, eh?' he asked. 'Go on : ' he pushed her rudely against me. I was about to speak, when she whispered 'hush,' in the same silvery voice, dropped a few pence into my outstretched hand, and followed, like a beaten dog, the coarse, harsh taskmaster, who had a barrel organ swung across his shoulders. I neither starved, nor was houseless that night. The day after I got work, honest work ; want never came again. Months after, I read by accident, that an Italian had been committed to Newgate, for a brutal attack upon a poor itinerant dancing girl. My heart told me it was she who had looked pitifully upon me. I sought her. In a cellar in Saffron Hill, crowded with pauperism and misery, debauch and riot, coarse crime and low despair, this girl lay, bedless, but for the cast off rags of one who groaned cant by day, and rioted in blasphemy by night. I raised her fevered head. I whispered 'bread, bread,' and when she raised her eyes, they were those that had looked towards God in pity. 'I have you no friends?' I said. She shook her head, but whispered 'here, here,' and then I placed my hand beside her; there was the little darkling life, brooding, silent, wonderful. She said again, 'here, here.' Pitiful, oh pitiful. That night I took her away to a more comfortable home. But she was nearer to heaven than earth, happy, happy, for Earth had reared her with its bitter tears, though she had shed none. She was alone, save for the little darkling life. She lingered months — she wished to die amidst the flowers and fields, to hear the summer wind and thrush's note, to smell the upturned earth and feel the sun. Here she came, and week by week I visited her, till pity and sorrow for Earth's child became love, though the minutes of it were numbered, shorter, shorter, each day upon the sun-dial. In the summer air she died, in the little cottage garden, with the blue heavens above, and the violets at her feet; and she wished to be buried in a sunny spot. I was alone, alone, with that little darkling life, that had been the only thing of comfort to her, and nestled to her, when the world was rough with its giant terrors."

Thus as he spoke, he looked aside, and *there* another angel of pity wept redeeming tears, they were the first shed in sympathy with him. Nature taught him to take that little hand, and draw it within his own, and then the little head fell droopingly upon his shoulder. It was all, pity, pity. Why ask if it were so? There was no necessity to speak, the heart was soluble. John Strong knew full well why the little hand so trembled: he learnt that angels of pity were not extinct upon the earth, and he drew that little hand upwards towards the sun, and towards his lips, and whispered "*mine*."

And then, *pity was not dead*—he unlocked the popery box, the mystery box, the *anguis in herba*, and drew forth from it and laid upon the grave, A TORTOISE, a dead tortoise. Badger's prescription of boiling water had proved effectual.

The sun had *quite* gone down, and left no glory on the vane top; the praying saints were veiled in darkness, though their orisons were still a thing of the same eternity; the daisies drooped with dew towards the earth, before they left the burial ground, and left behind within the turfed sod, the secret and the mystery, dead in its little darkling life, but born again spiritually, in newer love and newer pity.

John Strong's Box is still a pepper box, and a box of mystery, within the little old wharf of Rotherhithe; but Zechariah is happy, with his incomparable son-in-law, and does not so often ramble spiritually to southern seas in quest of the singing mermaid, as he has two little mermaids of his own, that call him grandfather; and Mrs. Dipple sighs about the box, but she dare not ask a question; and, lastly, Shuker is popular, and Badger at a discount, compounding hyssop for his own particular disease, an envious heart and aspic tongue.

RESULTS OF GERMAN STUDY.

THE TWO MINERS.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT ninety years ago, a workman at one of the most profitable of the mines in the Harz Mountains, lived Michael Hauser. He was at that time an old man; he toiled hard for eight hours during the day, and the interval between his leaving off work and retiring to rest was spent always in the bosom of his family. His wife was still living, affectionate towards her husband, and carrying her love for her children, of many that she had borne, two remaining sons, to an extent that became the common talk of the neighbourhood.

Karl and Wilhelm were both handsome, bold, and vigorous young men, but with characters as unlike as they could be, and which distinctly marked the conduct of each; in nothing more, perhaps, than the difference of their regard for one another. Karl, the elder, was not what would be called athletic; yet his figure, although thin, seemed to possess strength that might be dangerous to a far bulkier antagonist than himself. His complexion was sallow, and his whole face had an air of reserve, and if the expression may be granted to the case, of pride, that kept at a distance most of the young men of his age and station. None of his features were very remarkable, or drew the attention, with the exception of his eye, which certainly had an appearance that no human eye had ever before possessed. It was

large, full, and open, to a fearful degree. You never saw it wink. You never saw it lighted up in laughter, or obscured with tears. It has been said, I do not know with what truth, that Karl Hauser never wept in his life. He worked with his father in the mine, but with the rest of his fellow-labourers he had little or no communication. Wilhelm was eighteen years of age, and two years younger than his brother, whom he loved tenderly, and, as it would seem, yet the more that his brother continued to avoid him. He was thick-set, and his face chubby. His sparkling blue eye, that seemed to have usurped all the motion that his brother's wanted, was never still. He was his father's favourite. His mother, urged perhaps by pity, showed, though a delicate observer only could have perceived it, a partiality for her Karl.

About six months previous to the commencement of this narrative, Wilhelm had become enamoured of the simple beauty of Bertha Kramer, the only daughter of the widow of a poor lieutenant, who gained, in the small town of Klausthal, a livelihood for herself and daughter by needlework. The young miner had made no mention of his attachment, not even to the maiden herself. He contented himself with walking in the dusk every evening to a clear and beautiful spring — one of the many which are found bursting forth as with all the freshness of an eternal youth in the famed hilly region of which we are speaking. Sheltered by the trees which shadowed the spring, he watched the tender Bertha, as she held her can at the mouth of the fountain, and gazed a full half-mile after her whilst she retraced the path in the mountain which led to her own home.

One day, however, whilst performing some household work with Karl, being no longer able to retain his dear secret, Wilhelm took the following method of revealing it to his brother.

"Karl," he said, "mother and father have been man and wife forty years, and they have lived all that time happily together. How preferable is a married life to a single one!"

Karl turned his head towards him, and Wilhelm proceeded.

"Now, brother, tell me, would *you* live in this world alone and comfortless?"

"No," said Karl, and resumed his work.

"Well, now, I like that, brother; you do speak but very seldom, and when you do, it is not always to such good purpose."

Karl smiled, but his eye changed not.

"Tell me, Karl, will you walk with me this evening to the Mägdesprung?"

"For what purpose?"

"It is *not* to see — a devil."

Karl suddenly turned round, and every feature — his eye excepted, which was like a stone — had a fearful expression. Recollecting himself, however, he said, —

"I suppose not. There are no devils now to be seen in the Harz Mountains."

"Oh, Karl, I do not know that," said Wilhelm, assuming a mock serious tone of voice; if what old Verloff says be true, there is

a goblin and a sprite, not only in many parts of the mountains, but actually in our own good Carolina-mine. And as for *der Teufel*—and here, endeavouring to assume a deeper tone of seriousness, he laughed out for some time in great ecstacy. “If young Spindelman speak sooth, you, Master Karl, have had dealings with such a personage. It was only the night before last, as we were taking a glass of Schnapps together, that he told me how one morning, as he was walking alone in the mountains, he saw you in close conversation with — a *man*, as he at first supposed him to be, as large as yonder tree; how he heard you say these dreadful words:—‘*No less? Will nothing less suffice you? Great God, what a doom!*’ and how, shortly afterwards, he saw him descend into the earth, whereby he knew him to be no man at all, but the black gentleman himself. What do you think of that, Master Karl? And Spindelman is an authority, for he gets drunk every day. Poor fellow, he’ll soon drink himself to death. The Brantwein plays sad tricks with his five senses. The devil and you, Karl,” — and he again burst out into an ecstacy of laughter, in which his brother seemed to join most heartily, though he did not utter one syllable, nor turn his head, but employed himself more diligently than ever in chopping wood—as it chanced, his morning’s occupation.

“No, Karl,” still continued the gay Wilhelm, “I will take you to see a *fairy*, the sweetest in all Germany—a fairy that shall make sparkle again those stern and dumb —”

Karl turned suddenly round, and the word Wilhelm would have uttered died on his lips. Karl, without taking any notice of the effect he had produced, said, “Do not trifle with me. Speak seriously Wilhelm. What do you wish me to do?”

“Well then, in sober seriousness, I want to show you —”

Before he could say more his mother entered and interrupted the conversation.

Whoever has made the tour of the Harz Mountains will not forget whilst he lives the majestic and awful appearance of their innumerable trees, which, crowded together over the undulating tracts of the hills, and swayed by the winds, present the picture of some mighty and supernatural ocean. To such a scene were Karl and the anxious lover now hastening. The sun still hung above the hills, and the pleasure of seeing that huge ball of fire drop into the valleys was yet reserved for the youths: their road led them over a mountain top.

Karl seemed to be acquainted with the business upon which they were bound. He listened to the frequent bursts of passion which escaped from his brother’s lips with a cold and unchangeable silence.

“Oh, Karl!” exclaimed the fond youth, “you are cold and quiet, and have no experience, no sympathy. If it were otherwise, you would know how blessed a thing it is to love—to love as I do, with a fear of rejection, creeping and trembling before a hope that is dearer than certainty itself. Karl, am I not happy?” He looked into his brother’s face for an answer, but receiving none, poor Wilhelm continued —

"You know, Karl, that father said, whichever married first should have the two rooms in the cottage. Now, as there is little chance of your entering upon the married state for some time, if ever, I shall become the owner, and you, my dear Karl, must be content to visit us there."

At length they arrived at the Mägdesprung. The sun went down.

"My dear brother, look at that light foot. See with what a maidenly grace it bounds over the stones. Wait till she approach — look on her face, and tell me if she is not an angel?"

Karl looked towards the spot to which he pointed, but in truth he saw nothing; for little Bertha was at such a distance, and her form so indistinct, that none but a lover's accustomed eye could trace it. Karl continued silent, and a quarter of an hour elapsed before the maiden drew near.

Wilhelm exclaimed at the top of his lowest voice —

"There, there ——."

And in his eagerness to observe the treasure, he did not at all perceive the movement of his brother, who, as if impelled from the mouth of a cannon, rushed from his hiding-place, and stood before the widow's daughter. She shrieked, and crying "Oh, my dear Karl," threw herself into his arms!

CHAP. II.

THE first impulse of Wilhelm was to leap upon his brother and Bertha. A few moments afterwards he was retracing his steps homeward, and weeping like a child. "It is too hard," he said: "I cannot bear it. As his tenderness became relieved by his tears, and as *they* soon ceased to be any relief whatever to him, vexation, disappointment, and ill-feeling got the better of his good heart. "He shan't carry it so prettily," he said. "He has done it to baulk me, and to kill me. I understand his silence now, very well, and his smiles, and his contempt, and his patient listening to all that I said about her. He knew that I loved her better than my own soul, and look, how he has trifled with me. I will not bear it patiently—I cannot. It is very, very hard!" he exclaimed, and leaning passionately against a tree, once more he burst into tears.

As he approached his home he was at a loss to know what excuse he should make for Karl. This difficulty, however, was got over, when, upon entering the cottage, he saw Karl quietly sitting at the *ofen*, his mother busy preparing the *abendbrod*, old Michael reading the *Stunden der Andacht*, and his brother himself employed in carving a pipe out of a twisted branch of a tree, an employment in which the miners are particularly skilful. His surprise was great, but he said nothing. Karl, looking towards him, without any embarrassment, said, "Wilhelm, why did you leave me? You take me to a spot which I have seldom, if ever visited, and you leave me to find my way home as I best may. This is hardly kind of you." It was now Wilhelm's turn to remain silent. He stared at his brother

almost wildly, seemed choked with the suppression of a feeling in which he dared not indulge, but said nothing. No notice was taken of his behaviour by the old people. The supper was eaten rather silently; but, in other respects, the evening passed off as usual.

The next morning, as was their wont, the brothers went together to their work at the mine. They had walked some time in silence. Wilhelm looked now quiet and calm, and seemed to be preparing himself to act upon a determination which his good sense, his pure manly heart, and one night's reflection had probably suggested to him.

Suddenly he stopped, and in a steady, settled, and impressive voice, as if he were compelling the words which came from him, said,

"Karl! I can't speak to you as I should wish to speak to a brother. You are either too proud or too ill-natured to answer my questions, —and I will not—I am determined—be angry with you, because it is so. Never mind. I can bear it and more. If yesterday morning I had been offered the whole of the mine over which we are walking to give up that girl, I should have refused, and thought myself rich in doing so. If you had cut this limb from me," and he held out his big arm, whilst a tear started in his eye, but he checked it, "if you had cut off this arm, I say, I should have borne the pain and the loss of it much more easily than I can, do bear the loss of hope. I am not saying all this to show you how great a sacrifice I am willing to make, or to brag of it; but you shall know that I have not loved her lightly: you shall know that I am able to give up even to you, from whom I *can* expect no return, the only—next to our dear father and mother—the only thing worth living for. Tell me, do you love her? Does she," —and it was here that his voice first began to tremble, —"does she love you?"

Karl had been unmoved during the whole of this pathetic appeal. He turned now towards Wilhelm, and with a stern inflexible manner, said—

"Boy! when you took me to the spring, I knew not whom I was to meet there. What passed there, or as much of it as you witnessed, for I know not how long you remained, may be a sufficient answer to your question." With which words he turned his head away, and was again silent.

"I have done," said Wilhelm, and putting on their miner's clothes, they went down the pit to work.

A week afterwards and there were no bounds to the happiness of Michael Hauser's wife. She knew, she said, that one thing only had been wanting to make her Karl as gay as the wildest of them. "In fact," she said, and she was a woman of experience, "it takes different things to make different people happy. Now some must go to the Wirthshaus—some waltz—some gamble, and if a man can get no pleasure in any of these, all that is left to give it him, and which he, without knowing it, requires, is a wife."

Little Bertha smiled; and assisted her future mother-in-law in removing the coverings from the gay furniture, now five years de-

posited—having been originally designed as the marriage portion of a daughter who did not live to enjoy it, in those two rooms which poor Wilhelm had so ardently hoped to have made the home of *his* Bertha.

Of all the lovers that have been known Karl was the most singular; and how the charming Bertha could fancy him was a matter of no small surprise to all who knew nothing in the world about love affairs. Whatever had been the origin and progress of their attachment, it is unquestionably true that the sullen and gloomy miner had now a more than common influence over the affections and conduct of his betrothed; yet even towards her, as to all the world besides, he was cold and peevish.

Love blinded Bertha, and she did not feel his conduct. Perhaps there was some reason for his moroseness with which she was unacquainted, and for which she pitied him, and, it may be, loved him the more. We shall learn in the sequel.

Wilhelm went about his work as before. Afflicted, as he was, by his loss, he was too good to give to the causes of it the least uneasiness. He left home earlier in the morning, and returned home later at night. And it was only when his pride was working within him, or when he was compelled by circumstances, that he ventured into the room in which *she* sat. On such an occasion he had remarked the apathy of his brother's manner to her. "He does not love her," he internally said; "does not love her, as I do—did. I hope she may be happy. Heaven bless her!" The last three words were unconsciously *uttered*, and in a tone that did not escape the mole-cared Karl. Wilhelm perceived it. He arose from his seat, approached his brother kindly, took him by the hand, and saying softly, "Forgive me; I could not help it," left the room.

"Not later than ten," said little Bertha to her *Brautigam*, as she stepped over the threshold of the door for the last time previous to her marriage. "Good bye!" and so saying, she kissed him, and departed.

Wilhelm was lying at the foot of that spring, which even now he cherished more than any other spot, as Bertha passed it on her way home. He saw her, but he turned his head away, and played with the waters of the fountain. He felt the whole world going round with him, as the sensation of a delicate hand, touching his back, crept through his blood. Having apologised for the interruption, "Master Wilhelm," said Bertha, "I am a very foolish girl, and I know you will think me half crazy for my superstition; but I must throw myself upon your generosity, or be unhappy for ever."

Wilhelm's heart beat violently, but he did not interrupt the lady. "You must know that—I'm sure you will laugh outright—twelve years ago, when I was a little girl at school, having more time upon my hands than I knew how to employ to any good use, I one day entered into a compact with a young schoolfellow,—of which, as she

some three years since removed within five miles of our village, I have lately been reminded by her, — that whichever was first married should invite the other to the wedding, under the penalty — such did each imprecate upon herself — of being made — now I see you are smiling — a widowed bride. It is very possible that I should not now have concerned myself much about it, if I had not dreamt of it three times last night, and it has really made me so unhappy that I do not know if I shall be easy again, unless I find means to ask her."

It did not require much argument to prevail upon Wilhelm to become the messenger. He set out on his errand. Though nine o'clock, it was not yet dark. Upon his arrival at the house, he was informed that the family had, the day preceding, on account of the ill health of some of its inmates, left it for a temporary residence in a warmer climate. Nothing was left for William but to return to his home, which he did not reach until a late hour, and every one had for some time retired to rest. Having entered, which to him was not difficult, he made his way cautiously to his own room, where, for some time, he sat musing upon the business in which he had been engaged. He could not think it right that the imagination of Bertha should be permitted, by a knowledge of the truth, to become, as it in all probability would eventually, the instrument of her own destruction. And yet he was assured that she could not for any period be kept ignorant of the fact, which, coming to her in suspicion, and after it had been thought necessary to withhold it from her, would be doubly alarming and injurious in its consequences. Perplexed and uneasy, and seeing no way to extricate himself, he determined upon speaking to Karl.

He went at once to his brother's bedroom, the door of which he gently opened: nor, until after he had opened it, did it occur to him, that that door had never been known to remain unlocked, when Karl was at the inside. He trod softly, and with the candle approached the bed; he called his brother's name

Exactly four minutes after Wilhelm had left his own room, he was again sitting in it, his eyes bursting from his head — his hair standing on end — his strong limbs quivering — he gasped, panted, and seemed to be choking from the violent effect of horror and dread. Confronting him, stood his brother, foaming with rage, and every feature, his large eye excepted, maddened with expression. There was no candle in the room, but the moon was shining full on their faces.

"O Karl! O Karl! Karl, Karl!"

"Silence!" said the elder in a loud whisper, and thrusting his fist into his brother's mouth to stop his utterance. "Silence! — By Hell, I'll murder you if they hear you!"

"Oh! how horrible!" exclaimed Wilhelm still in vehement agitation, but adopting his brother's whisper.

"How dared you, viper! enter that room? How dared you pry —"

"No, Karl, I did not pry. Believe me, I did not — I —."

"Lower, lower, — if they hear you, I'll kill you."

"Well, then! but indeed I did not pry. 'It was for your own good

that I came. For *her* good. I would rather have been shot than known that ——."

"Name it not. I spurn you, boy! But the misery is on you, not on me. I have learnt nothing. You have a living curse within you: and the pains and the tortures of damnation are honey-drops compared with it."

"Oh, Karl, kill me if you will! but do not talk thus."

"Yes! you shall die! but not now, nor by my hand. You *must* die! You cannot live, knowing these things. Your good angel shall be your destroyer."

"Oh! I am not awake, — and, Karl! you are not ——."

"What?" said Karl sharply and bitterly: and Wilhelm, not daring to answer, rushed to his bed, and hid his head in the clothes.

For some minutes both were silent. At length Karl spoke: — "What brought you into that room?" Wilhelm explained the nature of the transaction in which he had been engaged for Bertha, hastily, but intelligibly: and his recital seemed to call upon Karl for all his natural boldness and self-dependency.

"Look you, Wilhelm! No human soul has seen me at such a moment. You are the first. I have not repined at my lot. I have lived above it. I never felt the common passions of men, and therefore sorrow and fear could be no part of my feelings, in bearing it. I have seen great things. I have bought knowledge which you can never learn — that kings do not possess, and wise men dream not of. Is this nothing? — I have leaped into the bowels of the earth, and traced Nature in all her handiworks. Is this nothing? — I have held commune with the invisible spirits of another world, and spoken with restless and departed souls. But I have paid for all this — and you know the price, Wilhelm! You must leave this place to-morrow. Let your secret *be* a secret: and never let me see you more. Be wise — content yourself — leave me to myself — and, if you can, — forget this night."

Wilhelm, more collected after his first shock, said, "Karl! I am in your power. You have the means of crushing me — body, but not soul. I have become innocently acquainted with your secret — call it what you please — by your own inadvertency. Take what advantage of my situation you think proper. I shall *not* leave my old parents now, when more than ever they need a protector — a protector and a comfort. When you ask me to forget this night, you ask me to forget the light which is in heaven, the air that we breathe ——."

"But," interrupted Karl, "there is one thing. You will not divulge this to the old people?"

"It would break their hearts."

"You will not divulge it to them, then? You promise?"

"I do, I do!" and he sighed deeply.

"Nor to any one? — You promise?"

"Nor to any *but* ONE," said Wilhelm firmly, but with intense passion: "nor to any *but* ONE, Karl. That poor wretch — she shall not be your victim."

Karl, who seemed to have forgotten the tender maiden, now unconsciously and peacefully sleeping, received this intimation as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet; he was frantic, and his tempestuous passion added to the whisper which he was compelled to adopt, and his wide eye all the while quietly glistening in the moonbeam, gave to the scene a hideous effect. He fell upon both knees, and really clung to his lately despised and discarded brother.

"Wilhelm! dear Wilhelm! if you have one spark of brotherly love in you — if you feel one drop of your mother's blood throbbing in your veins — spare me. Be not so cruel. I told you that I had nothing in common with man — that I was a stranger to his passions. One being has linked me to this world; else I had not borne the load of life so long. Bertha has been a whole world to me. I am no less to her. For her sake, I have sustained life, which was bitter, and found it sweet. And she, before she knew me, life was to her a joy, a blessing. Since then, it has become a paradise. Rob her of that, and you murder her. Take from her one thing, and you annihilate her. Wilhelm! you know how much I am accustomed to kneel for favours. But, beggar as I am, and as you see me, be kind to me! be good! be charitable! be brotherly! and I will make you richer than empires. Do not refuse me, for her sake, — and you once loved her, — do not!"

Wilhelm replied, "The man, Karl, who turns from his God, has need to bend to a worm. You would not be in this posture, if what you had occasion to ask were right. I may kill her; or, it may be, only humble your fiendish pride. But, come what may, I know, and shall do my duty."

"The riches of these mines shall be poor compared with yours:" and he waited for a reply.

"Thrice their value!" Again he waited.

"You shall have power infinite! Will nothing satisfy you?"

Wilhelm remained silent.

Karl, after a pause, rose from the ground. His features, now nearer to their wonted austerity, assumed an expression of scorn and pity; and without uttering one word more, he retired to his room. Wilhelm threw himself upon his bed, and burst into tears; and, when he awoke the next, or rather the same morning at seven o'clock, was surprised to find that he could have slept at all.

CHAPTER III.

"*Viel Glück nachbar.*" — "*Congratulire.*" — "*Viele Freude theurste nachbarinn*" — "*Der Brantigam soll leben*" — "*Die kleine schatz soll leben.*"

Upon the morning that was to change Bertha Kramer from the happiest girl in the village to the happiest woman in the world, at half-past eight o'clock, exactly two hours before the ceremony was to take place, the neighbours and fellow-workmen of Karl were amusing old Michael and themselves with these and similar attempts at civility, all of which were received by the old miner with bows that threatened

to reach to the bottom itself of the deep Carolina. Karl and Wilhelm were both present. Karl astonished every one by his gaiety, and nobody more than his brother, who sat quite apart in a corner of the room with his face buried in his hands. Poor Wilhelm! He had been wishing himself dead a thousand times; and then, thinking that wrong, had wished a thousand times again that he had never been born. Worn out by such vain conflicts, he collected himself as well as he could, muttered "God's will be done!" and continued sitting with his face hid. He might, perhaps, have remained in that position until the marriage was over, if he had not been roused by Karl, who, in a voice that sounded as if it was meant to comfort and revive him, said, —

"Come, man, rouse; never sigh on such a day; *you* may be as happy yet."

Wilhelm, like a man who has lost his senses, held up his head, and stared his brother widely and full in the face. Karl, without noticing this, continued, —

"There, that's right. Donner wetter, brother, you are not to take it to heart in this fashion. Wish me joy —"

"Joy — joy — joy —" cried out the youth. Wish *you* joy — *you* — *you* — JOY — HIM! Father — oh — oh, oh —" and he again dropt his face into his hands.

All the neighbours looked at Michael, and then at Karl; but as they did not seem willing to make any inquiry into this singular conduct, the old man, having previously ascertained that Wilhelm was not observing him, gently seized the oldest of the party by the coat, drawing the wearer nearer to him, and then, by look, getting the rest of the company round him, he, in a low voice, thus spoke: — "It was not, friends, until this morning that Karl told me that Wilhelm himself here has an affection for our little Bertha. It appears, although he never mentioned it to us, that it has been going on for some time. As he never disclosed the secret himself, Karl says, it would have been very wrong in him to have betrayed it, if he had not feared that his hot temper, as the moment approached, would lead him into some excess or violence, which, you see, might very easily have happened."

"Father, he lies!" cried the youth, starting from his chair. "I do indeed love her, but —"

"Ah, poor fellow," thought the neighbours, "we see how it is," and they let him go on.

"— but he lies most foully. Ask him one question," he said, his cheeks crimsoning with rage.

Karl passed him hastily, and whispered into his ear, "Your promise!"

"True, true," he replied, and burst out of the room.

"And a better heart than thine never beat, my dear Karl," said Frau Hauser, moved to tears, as her eldest son followed Wilhelm out of the room, as she said, to appease and tranquillize him — "Heaven bless you both!"

"But did he tell you *all*? And can you forgive me?"

"All, and I forgive you."

"And will she come?"

"She cannot. The illness of her mother prevents her: but she acknowledges the fulfilment of your share of the compact. Wilhelm himself would tell you this, and more, if his jealousy and unkindness did not keep him away. He left his father and mother about an hour since, and has hid himself no one knows where. I almost despised him for his want of generosity; but I hope the fool will come to no harm. Why do you sigh, Bertha?"

"For Wilhelm, love."

"For him?"

"Yes. Have I not made him unhappy? Have I not nourished a passion in him which may be his ruin? Did I not daily visit that dreadful spot? Indeed, Karl, these are things to make a girl sigh, whose days have crept on so quietly as mine have. I am sure, if I had known it, I would not have gone to that ugly spring a second time.

"Forget it, child."

"But surely he will not offer you any violence? Oh no, I am sure he will not. No, my dear Karl — he is too good. He loves you too well. Ah, yes, and I could prove it to you, if you would not be angry with me."

"Was I ever angry with you?"

"Well, you must know that I saw Wilhelm about an hour ago."

"You!" interrupted Karl.

"Well, well, but he did not see me. There, I said you would be angry — I will *not* tell you."

"Oh! Bertha, if you knew what agony your words bring to this heart, you would not trifle with me."

"Indeed, indeed! I am sorry for it. But why should they? Can you be jealous of Wilhelm?"

"You say you saw him this morning. Was he alone?"

"You shall hear. Anxious to receive an answer to my message, I was descending to your cottage in the hope of meeting with Wilhelm, when I saw him rush from the door so violently, that for my life I could not approach him. I retreated — he did not stop until he came to the foot of that large tree which stands at the end of the road leading to the old mountain track. I felt myself compelled to follow him thither: he did not perceive me. He was crying and raving; but getting at last more composed, he took a book from his pocket — he knelt against the tree — he prayed. I heard him — it was the Bible, Karl, and he spoke most fervently and distinctly; he mentioned your name, and hoped God would be kind to you; and he spoke of me, wished that I might be happy and know no sorrow. At this moment, seeing you coming, I was frightened and ran away."

Karl, by his manner, had evidently expected to hear more than was conveyed to him in these words. As it was, this speech of Bertha's had a visible disheartening effect upon him. From that moment till he entered the church with his lovely and innocent bride, he was silent and

gloomy. At the altar, even, as he stood, the pride of his parents and the envy of his companions, his brow was overcast, and his spirit was oppressed. To the many congratulations that were offered him he returned not a word. To the tears shed, half in joy half in fear, by his loving Bertha, he was cold and insensible. He led her from the church because she clung to his arm, but he supported her so carelessly that it seemed as if it would be a matter of indifference to him whether she withdrew her tender hold or not. At his particular desire, the neighbours returned to his father's cottage together, and permitted Bertha and himself to find their way home alone and uninterrupted. The friends of Michael availed themselves of the opportunity to discuss the absence of Wilhelm, of whom nothing had been seen since his hasty departure in the morning. Some called him an ill-willed boy, and foresaw that he would come to no good: others pitied him, and said that he had been unfairly outwitted by his brother. His absence, however, made nobody unhappy or uneasy, but Michael himself, who called his Wilhelm a loving, kind-hearted boy, that deserved to be horsewhipped for making his old father wretched.

Karl and Bertha were meanwhile loitering on the mountains. The latter, happy as her situation could make her; the former, still silent and dull. At any other moment Bertha would have been affected by his reserve — a stranger would have been struck with it; but the novelty of her situation had bewildered her, and she knew not whether the silence of Karl was the result of the late ceremony, or his natural temper. She would not, she could not, find fault with him; and, trembling at his side, she walked, unwilling and unable to disturb him. At length, Karl stopped, and taking her by the hand, which he held fast, looking her full in the face, he said, —

"Bertha, it was his own fault — his own deed — he had the choice — I offered it to him — there was no alternative."

"What do you mean, love?" said Bertha, timidly.

"Wilhelm — my brother — that prayed for me at the tree — you cannot deny it — you told me so yourself."

"Yes, I did, Karl; but why do you look so wildly? Why do you press my hand? You hurt me, Karl."

"Do I, child?" said he, as if starting from a dream. "I do. Forgive me, love, forgive me:" and he walked slowly on; and she followed, amazed and frightened; and so they reached home.

It is midnight, and there is not one sound to be heard in the whole village of Klausthal. Every creature has gone to rest. The miners that danced at the wedding, the young girls who had been three days making the *kranze* for Bertha, the youths who had neglected their work, wooing them; the old and the young, the strong and the weak, all were asleep — all, including Michael Hauser and his wife, who, although the day had closed in upon them without their receiving any tidings of Wilhelm, had gone at their usual hour quietly to sleep. It is twelve o'clock, and they are all at rest. One o'clock sounds — Bertha is awakened by a noise like the striking of a flint. She looks up,

and—catches a glimpse of her husband creeping from the room, and concealing, with his hand, a lighted candle. He treads softly towards the stairs, and, without looking behind him, descends. The heart of Bertha beats with emotion. She has but one impulse, and she obeys it. Stealing from her bed, more gently even than Karl, she hastens to the staircase, and follows the glimmering of the light.

Karl reaches the bottom, and stops—listens for one moment, assures himself that every thing is silent in the house, and opens carefully the cottage door. He steps over the threshold, and as carefully closes it. Bertha is left in utter darkness. She stands fixed to the stair which she had reached at the moment of her husband's quitting the house, and her fear and her surprise render her motionless. How long she remained in this situation, it was impossible for her to know. Agitated as she was, time seemed to have no power or influence. It became at once, as it were, divested of its importance, and was nothing. She felt as if she could suffer years of suspense, rather than receive the information which every succeeding minute threatened to bring to her. A light that appeared through the crevice of the door gave the first intimation of Karl's return. Bertha drew herself up, and having a full view of the passage, escaped, herself, the chance of being observed. The door opened—and Karl entered, but looking most pale, anxious, and disturbed. In his left hand he bore a spade. His right hand—and Bertha, to her inexpressible horror, perceives it—is covered with blood. The assassin, the murderer, the fratricide—for such indeed she imagines him—mutters to himself these words—she hears him distinctly—"I am happier now, much happier." A gleam of hope burst in upon her. "Thank God," she thought, "he is innocent; he could not speak thus with his brother's blood upon his soul. There is some mystery connected with it all, and in the morning I shall be made acquainted with it." Karl spoke again. "For Bertha's sake, I am glad of this. Her life will be more peaceful. The storm that threatened her days has passed over, and, at all events, there will be sunshine for her." Saying these words, he made a movement, as Bertha thought, towards the staircase. As cautiously as she could, she reached her room again, and, almost fainting with apprehension, waited her husband's return to bed. Some time elapsed before he made his appearance. His back is turned towards Bertha, and she gazes upon his hand—the blood was gone. Leaving the candle still burning in the room, he resumed his place at the side of his lovely and innocent wife.

"He sleeps," said Bertha, hearing him draw his breath heavily, and having herself kept awake upwards of an hour: "he sleeps—no murderer could sleep." She raises herself in the bed, and her motion does not awake him. She *leaves* the bed; still is he undisturbed, and still he breathes as calm as in sleep. "One look, and I will be satisfied." She took the candle and placed it before his face.

Wretched, wretched Bertha!—with affright, with horror, with an astonishment that took from her the ability to speak, the power of moving one muscle of her fair and delicate frame, she looked upon the face of her partner. He slept profoundly—she held the taper before

him, he stirred not, he slept on—but *his eyes*, his large, his quiet, stony eyes, always large, always still, were at this very moment *open and motionless*. More distended, more protruding, and more icy-looking than ever, it seemed as if some leaden hand had raised the lids, that space itself might be scared by their fixedness.

The body of Bertha shook before the spectacle. It was long before her speech returned to her ; but it did return, and she wept, and she fell on her knees, and she called his name. “Karl, my dear Karl,—my love!—my life!” He breathed, his chest rose and fell, but no answer came from him. She seized him violently and screamed. Karl jumped up. The candle fell from her hand, and she sunk upon the floor. The moonbeams mantled her with their cold light. The appearance of Karl’s features, as he rushed to Bertha and spoke to her, was truly awful. It was not anger, it was not fear, it was not remorse. It was phrenzy and weakness—human weakness and distress. He clasped his hands, and bending over the poor wretch, whose face was buried in the earth, in a piercing, heart-rending tone, he cried, “My child, my wife! I CANNOT, I CANNOT—it is my curse—I CANNOT CLOSE THESE MARBLE MOCKERIES!!!”

Dear Mr. Hood,

I am very much obliged to you for the loan of that interesting work, “*The Grim Spectre of Schaffenwalden* ;” but please do not send me any more of the same kind. I read it last night, and I can truly say, I never suffered so much in my life from any undertaking. I retired, it would be a mockery to say, *to rest*—at one o’clock this morning : no, it was to *dream* and perspire ; from one until three, the Grim Spectre of Schaffenwalden danced without ceasing at the bottom of the bed : from three till six, I was oppressed with the vision which I commit to paper, and now send for your edification. Publish it—do what you please with it—but I beseech you entertain a proper esteem for past favours, and send me no more Spectres from Schaffenwalden.

January, 1845.

Your faithful

BENJAMIN JONES.



THOMAS HOOD.

From a Bust by S. Dunn

Engraved by T. A. Heath.

Published by Henry Kershaw, 24, Strand, London

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES OF A STARLIGHT NIGHT.

BY F. O. WARD.

LE CHIEUR, *en dehors.* Il est trois heures. Tout est tranquille. Dieu veille. Dormez!
ALEX. DUMAS.

Elle était de ce monde où les plus belle choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les Roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful —
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

T. HOOD.

— "We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Tempest.

SOME writers acquire by practice a trick of rapid composition, like juggling. They pour in cups of coffee, and pull out ribands of sentences; just as a mountebank eats a handful of wool, and straightway draws from his mouth some forty yards of sarcenet. The hues in both cases are gay enough, but the fabric is apt to be flimsy; the iridescent sentences even sorer in this respect than the shot silk.

"Can you come to Antigone to-night?" said I, thrusting my head into the sub-editor's room at a Weekly Newspaper Office.

"How much does it want to the time?"

"An hour and a quarter."

"Well, I have eighteen new books to look into and notice. If I get done in time I'll go with you."

"Sharp work," said I.

"Not particularly. They are short paragraphs; only a column and a half altogether."

"But the reading?"

"You don't seriously think we *read* books?"

"How the deuce, then, do you form your opinion of them?"

"We cut 'em open—and smell the paper knife."

Other authors, less cunning at the craft, require time to let their thoughts grow;

"June rears the bunch of flowers they carry,
From seeds of April's sowing."

They create for a week, and write for an hour. Theirs is no juggler's riband, but genuine warp and weft from the delicate loom of the brain; choice work of the Weaver that sits within, and throws the light shuttles of thought.

These be they who sit for hours with idle pen, day-dreaming, and fastidiously choosing of phantoms; long travelling in doubt and mistrust; long cautiously ripening their acquaintance with accepted Shadows; till at length, in happy hour, the pent-up fountains of the heart are stirred and loosened, the pulse begins to beat, the noiseless wheels go round, the nerves run music, all that was cold becomes impassioned, all that was vague, intense and definite, and the flying pen can scarcely now keep pace with the swift and cloudless imagination.

Alas! poor Dreamers, how long shall cruel Destiny thrust her hated Hour-glass into your left hand, to rule the wayward feather in your right; vexing, with earthward sand, the sky-accustomed plume? How long must ye hurry and spoil the fine mechanism of the brain, as schoolboys fizz a watch? playing at dominos (so to speak), with disjointed fragments of thought and phrascology; and too happy if here and there a felicitous expression, or casual flash of fancy, disguise the intrinsic meanness of the patchwork. This intellectual bondage is of all slaveries the most intolerable, because it is of all the most intimate. Fetter and thong can only bruise the flesh, and trammel the mere levers and hinges of the limbs; this subtler tyranny penetrates beyond the outworks to the very citadel of life; invading the high-domed "palace of the soul," laying hold on the fibres of the brain itself; and touching, with accursed hand, the sacred ark of Reason.

Such, in lesser degree, had been my evil case the other day for fourteen fretful hours; constrained, by a rash promise, to embroider before midnight as many spangled pages. As the clock struck, I delivered the last blurred sheet to the printer's devil — heartily thanked God — and went to bed in cold feet.

To bed, but not to sleep. For my brain, restless though exhausted, kept working and working on, like a coffee-mill with nothing to grind. I could keep my eyelids shut only by an effort: — the moment my will let go of the muscles, they sprang open again to their full extent; and my hot eyeballs, ranging through the dark, scooped out an immense black dome, in the midst of which I lay — like an emmet under the dome of St. Paul's. As I peered out into the gulf of darkness, I saw a dull red spark, glowing, self-suspended, miles away, as it seemed, in the void; now dwindling — receding — vanishing; anon, mysteriously rekindled, and revealing, as it brightened, the slender smoke-thread sent up by its burning, and the black wick of the candle on which it slowly preyed. And when, at last, contracting to an intense white speck, it suddenly went out, the hollow dome, deprived of a fixed point, began to rock and flicker; repeating, in immense palpitations, the giddy throbbing of my brain. And soon the vast concave began to fill; at first, with confused motions as of drifting vapour — dumb mutterings — entangled colours — and a vague tumultuous sense of numbers, and gathering multitude;

while here and there, in the deep, I perceived strange, earnest tremblings — as if new orders of sensation were striving to become possible, and to exist. Suddenly the darkness opened; and forms, palpable and vivid, leapt out of the brooding chaos. Where the red spark had been, now hung a bloodshot eyeball, glaring malign and threatening — and, as it glared, dilating. Next dimly emerged, and slowly grew distinct, the iron outline of a gigantic printing-press. There it stood, a black skeleton; working its monstrous jaws, and greedily devouring great sheets of moist white paper — like a shark eating thin bread and butter. Looking again, I saw, crushed under the printing-press, and horribly mangled by it at every stroke, a white owl, writhing and flapping its wings feebly in the dust. Out of the owl's head came slowly-dripping blood, and, along with the blood, flame. And close to the owl sat a sleek, black, lag-bellied toad, which caught in its mouth the blood that dripped from the owl's head, and swallowed it. But the Flame went upward.

Raising my eyes to escape this hideous myth, I beheld the dusky air full of lean, beckoning Fingers; and, behind the Fingers, Faces — innumerable Faces; some sneering spitefully; some dull, and of a horrible bloodless complexion, like putty or cold veal; all in continual motion, and changing like the figures of a kaleidoscope. Every Face had a Finger — every Finger kept with a Face — strangely connected, like the head and wings of a tombstone cherub. Faces and Fingers — they streamed up, swarming further and higher, around and above me; till, as I rolled my eyes, the whole dome seemed alive with them, mocking and beckoning at me, and pointing down at the bleeding mutilated owl. In vain I shut my eyes, and plunged my face downward into the pillow, to shun their ghostly company: there they were, Faces and Fingers, leering and pointing upwards, as from an inverted dome scooped in the abyss beneath me.

So haunted and harassed I tossed for a full hour; drawing my stony feet up into a warmer place — getting my hot forehead to the coolest parts of the pillow — and rolling peevishly from side to side; till at last, having lost the sheet overboard, and got into a tangle with the blankets, I sprang up in a fury, — pitched the bed clothes into the middle of the room, — and leaping out, dressed hastily and groped my way down stairs; resolving, as rest was impossible, to cool my nerves with a walk in the night air. I unbarred the house door; and issuing forth into the street, shut it gently behind me.

It was a bitterly cold night. The newly-fallen snow lay thickly on the ground; the air was clear and keen; and in the cloudless vault of heaven the frosty stars glittered like icicles. I felt refreshed; and walked on rapidly through the empty silent streets, listening to the sound of my footsteps crunching the crisp snow.

The first person I saw was a policeman, standing at the corner of a street, his gleaming hat and rough coat lightly powdered with snow. I thought to give him good night in passing; but as I approached he took his bull's eye from his belt, and suddenly dashed in my face a glassful of blinding light. Not satisfied with thus assaulting me in front, I am pretty sure the fellow shot a gleam after me as I went;

for I seemed to feel it wandering unpleasantly over my back. It brought me to understand Adam's sensations, fleeing out of Eden; with Miss B——'s celebrated "sword-glare" playing upon him in the rear. So after all I was the gainer; by a lesson in the . . . sublime.

I could not help admiring, as I passed along, to see how the lightly drifted snow had transformed and embellished every thing it touched. A balcony of fretted iron stood out in the pale light, transmuted to solid silver. Along the fluted shafts of the Corinthian columns it ran in glittering lines; and had sparingly touched the high lights of their elegant capitals, as with a painter's hand. Two vases that stood over a nobleman's gateway, showed like enormous tankards filled high with some white-foaming wassail; and the narrow iron arc that spanned the space between, might have shamed, with its gorgeous encrustation, Apollo's silver bow. Even the dead wall that stretched from gate to gate, generally so black and grim, stood like some Alhambric monument, covered with an intricate tracery of fantastic arabesques.

Occasionally, as I walked westward, a carriage rolled by, as noiselessly as over a carpet; the proud horses sending out great pants of smoke from their fire-red nostrils. Sometimes the passing vehicle was a broken-down hackney coach, dragged by poor feeble brutes, that slowly stumbled along, with great balls of snow, like dumplings, sticking to their feet. As I passed up St. James's Street, lit by the club-house windows, now and then some late stayers, or card-room haunters, issued through swinging glass doors; stepping mostly into cabs that awaited them. The taverns too furnished their contingent of passengers; groups of nocturnal revellers who went riotously by, arm in arm, holding each other up, and practising a strange art of singing choruses with cigars in their mouths. I remember admiring a purple faced boy, who went triumphing down the street in the full glory and exultation of his frost-tightened nerves; now scuffling with exuberant hilarity through the thickest of the snow — now stopping to shy a snowball at a lamp-post — now blowing off the waste steam of his irrepressible spirits in whoopings and wild halloos.

Just after him, a swift noiseless Shadow flitted by — a wasted female form wrapped shiveringly in a mean thin shawl, close-drawn about her angular skeleton. Poor outcast! last and lowest of the night wanderers; once pure as you, young lady, and fearing as little to fall; now hurrying God knows whither — perhaps to her garret-home — perhaps, wanting that, to the River —

" Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Any where — any where
Out of the world ! "

As the thought crossed my mind, I turned shuddering, and called after her. She neither stopped nor looked back; but, still hastening on, passed rapidly round a corner and disappeared.

"And there are seven or eight thousand of these poor creatures in London!" thought I. "What a concentrated mass of suffering! How little done or attempted for its alleviation!"

"And yet, after all," I continued after a pause, "this lowest misery that I have just seen is perhaps the exception. Many of them are doubtless living extravagantly, dressing splendidly, dying recklessly. Do they deserve our commiseration after all? Does not their guilt justify their misery, and deprive them of all claims on our regard?"

Full of these thoughts I stopped; and, musing, began to write in the snow with my stick.

The casual action recalled to my mind a merciful decision, written ages ago, in eternal characters, upon the ground; and which seemed to solve my doubt.

My heart softened; and my eyes, as I raised them, were filled with the sweet and silent splendour of the Stars.

"These at least," said I with emotion, "shine on us all alike."

As I spoke I heard a dry hollow cough behind me; and turning, saw a girl, standing beneath a portico which I had just passed, and leaning, as if in pain, against the column. By the strong light of a gas-lamp shining above her, I saw that she was handsome; and elegantly, but most unseasonably dressed. Her robe, if I recollect rightly, was of a silver-coloured satin; in her hat she wore a plume of feathers; and on her feet, that snowy night, thin satin slippers! She was certainly not more than one or two and twenty; but her painted cheeks looked hollow—her attitude bespoke utter exhaustion—and as I approached, I observed with horror, that the pavement of the portico, at her feet, was spotted with blood.

I went quickly to her, and hastily inquired what was the matter with her.

"Nothing," she said faintly, "I am only weak with a long walk, and, perhaps, too little food."

"And why too little food?" I asked, in some surprise.

"For want of money to buy it," she replied, quietly.

"Good God!" I exclaimed—this costly dress—these plumes—and yet without food? Have you such luxuries, and do you want the common necessities of life?"

"Luxuries!" said she bitterly. "Is this luxurious?" She held out her slippered foot—literally drenched with the snow.

"But why of sati^s," said I with astonishment, "if you want food?"

"Because," she answered, with simplicity, "dress is to me the necessary of life; and it is food that I regard as a luxury."

"How so?" I inquired, "in what sense?"

"In the sense," she retorted, "that this finery is the last barrier between me and utter degradation. In the sense that, without it, I might lay my head on this door-step and die."

"But," I rejoined, still perplexed, "you *must* have money, to be able to buy such things."

"The day I bought these plumes," she replied, "I expected there would be change enough left for my dinner;—there was none, and I went without."

"And to-day?" I cried.

"To-day I had threepence left after buying these gloves. I had

to pay a penny for seed for my bird ; and a penny for a stamp for a letter to a poor girl who is dying — to tell her I should soon . . . no matter ; with the other penny I intended to buy a roll — but . . . ”

“ But what ? ” I asked.

“ I saw a poor Irishwoman with a child : the child had blue eyes. It was before I was hungry. The child's eyes were blue. The poor child was crying. The woman was crying. It was close by a baker's. It was before I was hungry, mind. How could I help it ? I . . . ”

A fit of coughing interrupted her. I glanced at the pavement : my eyes filled with tears.

“ But, good Heavens ! ” I cried, “ at least, why are you out in such a dress, on such a night as this ? ”

“ Do you think I have two dresses ? ” she replied. “ But if I had fifty I would wear the thinnest ; especially shoes. ”

“ And why ? ”

A sort of triumph sat upon her face, and in her glittering eye, as she replied, pointing downward — “ Because it brings on *that*. ”

“ But, good God ! ” I cried, “ this is suicide — sheer suicide. ”

“ No ! ” she exclaimed quickly, “ no, no, it is not suicide. I have considered that. No, no ! Poisoning is suicide — starving is suicide — drowning is suicide — but every one has a right to walk in the snow. No one can be sent to hell for that. ”

“ Horrible ! ” I murmured involuntarily.

“ Horrible ! ” she repeated with a sort of scorn. “ What do you know of the horrible ? — Wet feet horrible ? A cough horrible ? A speck of blood horrible ? Oh, then, what do you call it, sitting alone in the mornings ; — in the long, slow mornings ; — trying not to remember, and remembering ; — trying not to look forward, and looking forward ; — trying to look only at the blank wall, and seeing picture after picture go past ; — Oh ! ” she exclaimed, clasping her hands, “ the black Future, and the beautiful, beautiful Past — these — these are the horrible ! ” . . .

Again that dreadful cough !

I was grieved in my soul for her. Yet — such are the trivialities with which emotion can mix itself — I had time to notice, as we conversed, a large and finely cut Cameo on her breast. It bore in high relief, the figure of a beautiful woman, with a serpent coiled around her body, preying upon her heart. I was about to ask its history at one moment ; but on second thoughts refrained, thinking it might possibly be connected with some painful recollections.

“ How much further is it to Park Lane ? ” she abruptly inquired, in a faint voice.

At that instant the carriage of a lady of my acquaintance drove by. I caught her disdainful glance as she passed. Alas ! in this ambiguous world of our's who can with certainty discriminate between the semblances of good and evil ? — who, watching the phantasmagoria of life, see all the hidden strings that make the puppets move ?

Some such thoughts glanced through my mind as I answered the poor girl's question.

“ About a mile, ” said I.

“ A mile ! ” . . . “ Still so much ? ” she murmured. . . . “ How my head swims ! — I shall never be able to deliver it to-night . . . ”

"To deliver what?" I inquired.

"The letter — the . . ."

She tottered as she spoke; her lips became white; something fell from her hand to the ground; — she had fainted! I hastily called a cab and got her into it; then returned and picked up a letter and a card case. The letter was superscribed "To the Hon. Frederick Herbert, No. — Park Lane." I determined to deliver it for her, before returning from my ramble, and to send her home to the address written on the cards in her card case. A woman who was passing at the time undertook, for a small gratuity, to convey her safely home; and so, with a heavy heart, I went on my way.

When I arrived at the top of St. James's Street, I turned towards Park Lane; and, looking westward, saw the lamps hanging in the dip of Piccadilly like immense festoons of diamonds; with here and there an emerald or glowing ruby (some doctor's lamp) mixed in the flashing chain. A cold breeze swept across the Park, which dimly stretched to where the sweep of Constitution Hill lay, marked in dots of fire. In this part of Piccadilly stands, day and night, a range of mean hackney-cabs, skirting the expanse of the Royal Park, like a squalid fringe on a princely robe. I noted, as I passed along, the diverse aspects of the vehicles and their proprietors, most of whom were dozing on their boxes. One in particular drew my attention, as the meanest of them all; and I stopped to examine it.

It was a ricketty chariot-cab, patched up of heterogeneous parts; the residuary decrepitude of several worn-out vehicles. It had the body of a landaulet, cut down from the elastic curves on which it had once hung, and fixed on gouty-looking springs, bandaged with rope. The coach-box seemed, by its shape, to have been formerly part of a dennet. One wheel was of a glaring red; the others blue. The gas-light falling on the battered panel showed a faded blazonry, half hidden beneath a blotch of mud, and bearing the legend "*Sans tâche.*" The dennet portion of the carcass also bore a scroll, on which I deciphered the words "*Qualis ab incepto*;" but the shield to which the motto belonged had peeled off. Time, the great Satirist, had stained the spotless scutcheon, and effaced the immutable one; leaving the futile boasts to stand — their own rebuke and refutation. Perhaps they were once rival scutcheons that had come to this ignoble conciliation; ensigns of some obsolete feud, merged in the forgetfulness of a common decay.

The horse, at first sight, looked shabby-genteel. The silver was worn off his once plated buckles; the straw of his collar showed through; one blinker drooped like a paralytic eyelid — the other had dropped off. His ragged, ruinous carcass was of the colour of an old plaster wall — white with yellowish stains. His sides looked as if my stick, drawn briskly along, would have made them rattle like railings. He was in very good keeping, poor brute, with the crazy vehicle — except that the straight shafts stuck up on each side of his head, like too much shirt collar. But even this helped a sort of old-fashioned appearance and faded grandeur that there was, after all, about him — a something that put you in mind of a decayed gentleman.

On the box loomed indistinctly a dark Pyramid of tattered capes, that neither by voice nor motion gave any sign of life. Willing to make acquaintance with the Mummy inside, I cried "Halloo!" and "How do you find yourself?"

A cavernous voice issued from the pyramid, and slowly made reply.

"I'm werry cold, and werry stiff, and werry dry," said the Mummy——

Suddenly, as I was about to answer, I heard a piercing cry on the other side of the way, and running hastily across the road, perceived the dark figure of a man stretched on the white snow. I raised him up, and set him with his back against a post. He was a young man of slender form, with pale and thin but otherwise handsome features; disfigured, however, by the epileptic foam gathered at the corners of his mouth. By his dress and general appearance I perceived that he was a gentleman.

In a few minutes he opened his eyes and raised himself erect, leaning on my arm. At first he looked round in evident perplexity; but presently afterwards, recovering himself, he spoke.

"The wayside wanderer, and the good Samaritan," he said, smiling faintly. "I am a victim to the 'Sacred disease,' as the old Romans used to call it, and you have saved me, this time, from dying in the public street."

"You will permit me to see you home?" I replied, bowing.

"I will venture so far to trespass on your kindness," he replied; "the more readily, that I live close by. Shall we call a cab?"

I shouted to my friend the Mummy; and straightway a dark mass came creaking and lumbering towards us, in the bowels of which, amid damp straw and musty odours, we were speedily ensconced.

Sixty years of unintermitted hoarseness seemed to be concentrated in the voice from the pyramid, saying,

"Vere?"

"Take the second turning on the right, and stop at No. —."

Our charioteer "shook his beamy reins," and the "ethereal car moved on."

"I shall not be sorry," said I, "for a feverish restlessness, and certain importunate phantoms, which drove me forth into the streets this starlight night, as it has thrown me in the way of averting a serious danger."

"Thank you," he replied. "My night wanderings have been occasioned by the same causes as your own . . . the same," he added, as if to himself, "but how much more terrible—and more intense."

"I shall be happy to compare dreams with you," rejoined I, laughing.

"Alas!" he replied, "my dreams are too like realities."

"Mine also," I answered, falling immediately into his serious tone, "had, I fancy, all of them, some obscure relation to mournful actualities of life."

"Had they relation," he returned, with a deep and concentrated bitterness of tone that surprised me, "to a youth cankered by disappointment—a manhood stained by crime—powers wasted—illusions vanished—health gone—happiness lost?"

At this moment the gleam of a gas-lamp, as we passed, revealed his face for an instant, quivering and contorted with such a ghastly expression as I shall never forget, though the next moment it was shrouded in darkness. As I was choosing words for a reply, the cab stopped.

We alighted and discharged the man. He opened the door of the house, which was a large one, and invited me to enter.

I was willing enough to pursue the adventure ; but, considering the lateness of the hour, I hesitated.

"Do not deny me the pleasure of showing you some slight hospitality in return for your kindness," said he.

"As you insist on it, I accept your offer with pleasure," I replied. "You have said enough to interest me deeply——"

"I have said too much," he interposed, "not to be desirous of saying more."

"All this in the first half-hour's acquaintance," said I to myself, perplexed.

He conducted me, through a spacious hall, and up a double-carpeted staircase, to a suite of stately drawing-rooms, which, by the dim light of a lamp burning on a distant table, I perceived to be gorgeously furnished. Passing through these, he led me by a side-door into a smaller apartment, which I perceived at a glance to be the sanctum of a man of refinement. The agreeable light of an alabaster lamp showed the library covering one side of the room,—the paper-and-book-strewn writing-table,—the easel, and the open piano. The furniture was classic; and the cedar-panelled walls were embellished with Etruscan figures, exquisitely drawn. The feet sank in the triple carpet; soft folds of gold-fringed Cashmere curtained the windows; and mirrors, reaching from cornice to architrave, reflected the choice works of art sparingly distributed through the room. It was not one of those curiosity-shop apartments into which the vulgar-rich crowd works of art, as the mere means of a more concentrated display—a costlier sort of upholstery. No jostled statues stood in out-of-the way corners to represent ingots ; no pictures hung out of sight to furnish forth the walls—mere excuses for gilding—mere substitutes for framed and glazed bank-notes. It was a growth, developed by a mind ; an organism, subserving an intelligence, and impressed with its unity ;—not a mere heterogeneous accretion of random-purchased incongruities. The sculpture especially pleased me. Pradier's beautiful statue of a girl whispering her first secret into the ear of Venus stood out between the windows. Further off shone the voluptuous beauty of the Roman Isis—her bosom's pouting marble softly nestled on the under-curving petals. But most prominently of all, opposite the writing table, knelt Canova's Magdalen, pouring out her eternal anguish before the sacred ensign of our faith ;—that wondrous symbol which sums up in a single expression the uttermost extremes of human destiny ; all the martyrdoms of the present— all the majesties of the future ; all the crucifixions of this world—all the starry coronations of the next.

I had time for these observations during our brief repast ; after which we drew our chairs to the fire, and the following conversation ensued.

"I shall perhaps diminish my debt of gratitude to you," he began, "if I enable you to judge what sort of a life it is that you have saved."

"It is a life amply furnished with the means, at least, of refined and intellectual enjoyment," I replied, glancing around.

"No doubt," he replied, in a tone of subtle irony. "I might entertain a party of friends here agreeably enough?"

"Indeed you might."

"A woman who loved me might make herself happy in this house?"

"Happy as a queen," I replied.

"One may sit here pleasantly with one's confidant of a night to interchange secrets?"

"Most pleasantly," said I, putting up my other foot on the fender.

"Well—I have not a friend in the world; love and woman are lost to me for ever; and my only confidant—ha! ha!—is a man picked up an hour ago in the street!"

He spoke vehemently, and the last expression, uttered with a sort of contempt, nettled me at the moment.

"Say, rather," said I, rising, "who picked you up; and who certainly has not invited your confidence."

"For God's sake sit down," said he—passing his hand over his brow—"it was of myself and my own position that I spoke bitterly—not of you—for whom I can only feel gratitude."

"I have no reason for refusing your confidence," said I, rescating myself; "but permit me to remind you that you are offering it to an entire stranger."

"The term stranger," he replied, "has no meaning but as distinguishing those who are *not* from those who *are* our friends. For me, 'friend' and 'stranger' are words that have ceased to correspond to any real distinction. There are for me no friends—how can there be any strangers?"

The logic was not, perhaps, impregnable; but the feeling which animated it was evidently sincere; so I let it pass with a bow.

"Besides," he continued, "I have dropped some expressions which I should not like to let pass unexplained; and another thing is," he added quickly, "that speaking may be a relief after many, many months of lonely silence—and I could not speak to one who had known me in other days. Oh!" he cried, rising suddenly and clasping his hands passionately—"if you have any feeling—any compassion—lend it now to the most unfortunate wretch on God's earth."

Greatly moved by his evident distress, I begged him to proceed, assuring him of my earnest attention and sympathy.

"My sister Rose," he began; "my only sister,"

He suddenly stopped short, and fixed his eyes for a full minute on the red embers; then turning to me, he said—

"I fear that what I have to tell will hardly be intelligible, unless I may trouble you with some preliminary details of my parentage and life. May I trespass so far on your indulgence?"

"By all means," said I; "especially if you can furnish me with a meerschaum or hookah to double my enjoyment the while; according to Fourier's doctrine of '*plaisir composé*.'"

He smiled, and took from the corner a long Arabian pipe, which he handed to me, with a choice casket of the eastern weed.

Soon the smouldering bowl rested afar off on the carpet, gleaming and dark by turns; and my half-shut eyes wandering along the amber-tipped cherry-tube, floated dreamily amidst the grey wreaths and fantastic spires of upward-curling incense; as in low hurried tones he thus began:—

“My father was a general in the Indian army, and during twenty years’ service acquired large landed property in India, which at his death he left to me; reserving one estate worth about 20,000*l.* to my only sister; and subjecting the whole property to a handsome provision for my mother during her life. I was twenty-two when he died; and my sister, to whom I was tenderly attached, was about five years younger than myself. We all lived together in this house—the family mansion.

“Fond of activity and excitement in every form, I ran through the usual round of dissipation, from the boyish sports and frolics of college life to the deeper gambling and more dangerous liaisons of the metropolis. My health, never robust, would have suffered more than it did by such irregularities, had not my intellectual counterpoised in some degree my physical attractions; and music and painting, with much desultory reading (chiefly of metaphysics and poetry), withdrawn fully half my hours from more destructive pursuits.

“I had many friends; each of my faculties and tendencies seemed to assimilate a special set of associates; and I used often to balance between visiting a poet, or a scholar, or a painter, or a man of the world; as one might hesitate, before a library, whether one would while away the evening with Tennyson or Burton, with Sir Joshua or Balzac. There were, however, two old college companions to whom I was especially attached, Clevedon and D’Arcy; both handsome, intellectual, and cultivated; both of good family; Clevedon (Lord Clevedon I should have said), heir to an enormous fortune, and an earldom; D’Arcy, a younger son, with his way to push at the bar.

“Clevedon, thoughtful and somewhat reserved, was the companion of my intellectual pursuits, and we realized for each other the saying, “*Qui habet comitem habet magistrum*”; D’Arcy, of robust health and overflowing with animal spirits, was the life and soul of every frolic and adventure that came in our way. They were constantly at our house, especially D’Arcy, who used to bring his sister Miranda to visit my sister Rose. Brothers are said to be bad judges of their sisters’ qualities, whether of person or character; but I never found any difficulty in judging of Rose. She was a high-mettled, impetuous girl, of splendid—really splendid—beauty, and veins flowing with the full tide of life and love. I saw that she chafed under the strict restraint in which she was kept by my mother, whose disposition and principles were puritanically severe, and who seemed to think it her bounden duty to prevent Rose as much as possible from associating with young men, from assisting at balls—theatres—gaeties,—in a word, from enjoying any of the pleasures natural to her age. She ripened and ripened—grew to eighteen—nineteen—twenty—became a *woman* emphatically,—a *woman* in all the strength and weakness implied in the term,—a *woman* longing to enjoy the

privileges and fulfil the duties of womanhood,—to become a wife—a mother,—to have a husband to love—children to nurture—a household to control. Still my mother kept her as strictly secluded as ever; practising accomplishments which she was not permitted to display; surrounded with all the comforts and material luxuries of life, but pining for that luxury of the heart without which all others are insignificant or distasteful. It seemed as if my mother's grand object in life were to *prevent* Rose from marrying. She would even sometimes make Rose's health the pretext for keeping her from the society we had at our own house. D'Arcy, however, had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and Rose, with all the ardour of her disposition, fell impetuously in love with him. She contrived to conceal this from my mother—fearing, with a woman's quick instinct, that D'Arcy's visits would be prohibited if her attachment were known; but I saw it clearly enough, and as soon as I had convinced myself of the fact, I took an opportunity of sounding D'Arcy as to his feelings toward her, and to my great joy (for I loved and esteemed him), he went beyond my hopes, declared himself ardently devoted to my sister, and solicited my intercession in his behalf with Rose and my mother.

I went straight home to Rose and told her; left her sobbing with joy; and then went to my mother, and told her too.

"My mother instantly forbade D'Arcy the house. She declared that Rose ought not to think of marrying for the next five years; and that, at any rate, she should never marry a beggar like D'Arcy. In vain I reminded her that Rose would come into her estate in twelve months; declared myself ready in the meantime to advance her any requisite sum; and urged that the poor girl's heart was irrevocably gone, and that it was now too late to think of dissuading her from her choice. My mother answered briefly that her mind was made up, and that if I persisted in opposing her, she would leave the house, and take Rose with her to reside in the country, that she might be out of the reach of my influence, and the temptations of London society.

"Well, I comforted Rose, and advised her to wait patiently till things came round a little, reminding her that at any rate she would be her own mistress in twelve months. I then rode over to D'Arcy—told him frankly the state of the case—Rose's present dependence, and my mother's prohibition of his visits. He manifested extreme chagrin, but promised, at my earnest entreaty, to await for a while the issue of events.

"My conduct in this affair was not wholly disinterested; for while Rose had fallen in love with D'Arcy, I had by slow degrees become attached to his sister Miranda... 'Oh! how I loved her then!' he cried, lifting his clenched hands into the air, "and how I hate—hate—HATE her now!'. . . .

. He paused for a moment, but quickly recovering his composure, proceeded:

"Miranda had a graceful, though perhaps too slender person, and exquisitely modelled features. She was pale, and her eyes wanted the fire that burned, and flashed, and sparkled in Rose's, like festal lights in palace-windows: but this want of animation in Miranda I attributed to the extreme purity of her nature; and used often to look forward to

the happiness of seeing those eyes full of ardours first kindled by me, and burning with a fire all my own. I regarded her as a faultless statue, waiting for the life-giving touch of my love ; and felt, in many a happy dream, "the marble, softened, into life grow warm." She repaid my assiduities with smiles which I valued the more because they were rare ; and D'Arcy's family of course made no objection to a suitor who had fifteen thousand a year to offer along with his hand. She was of the same age as myself, twenty-five, and I was eager for our wedding ; but she, always coy, insisted on deferring it for six months.

"Clevedon, who was five years my senior, had at this time just succeeded, by his father's death, to his title and estates ; and had returned from an absence on the Continent to take possession of the family mansion in Grosvenor Square. D'Arcy and I went together to see him, and offer our congratulations. He received us with open arms, and begged us to come often, 'being pestered to death,' he said, by old quidnuncs, and fossil "friends of the family," to whom,' said he, 'I am obliged to do the hospitable for the credit of the house.'

"We told Clevedon how matters stood, and of D'Arcy's exclusion by my mother. Clevedon instantly proposed his house as a common ground where D'Arcy might meet my sister, and I his, without inconvenience of any sort. His mother, the Dowager Countess, should invite Rose and Miranda, he said, to pass the day with her frequently ; and we could call in the afternoon, and stay as long as we liked. I shook my head ; feeling sure that my mother would prove an obstacle to this plan, so far as Rose was concerned. However, next day, when the first invitation came, my mother took me aside, and showing me the note, to my great joy and surprise advised me to cultivate the Clevedons' assiduously, as well on Rose's account as on my own. 'For,' said the old lady, 'Rose is getting on now, and the earldom of Clevedon, with 50,000*l.* a year, is a very pretty thing, and Clevedon may perhaps put that contemptible puppy D'Arcy out of her head.'

Well, things went on admirably for several weeks. Miranda and Rose used to take their work in the morning, and pass the whole day with old Lady Clevedon, who grew so fond of them that she used to complain if they were absent a single day. D'Arcy and I used to come in the afternoon, and stay with them for hours, — often alone, when the old lady was out paying visits.

"One day the family lawyer called on me with very serious intelligence. An old Chancery suit, relating to the title to my late father's Indian estates, which we had resisted successfully in the inferior courts, had unexpectedly taken an ugly turn in the Lords, and seemed likely to be decided against us at the next hearing, fixed for that day three months. I immediately set about examining our affairs, and found that an adverse decision would leave us about 7,000*l.* ; — less than half our yearly income, and scarcely equal to our annual expenditure. I was at first stunned by the near prospect of impending ruin ; but soon recovering, I set off at once to tell D'Arcy and Miranda : for concealment was not in my nature.

They were both earnest in the expression of their concern and sympathy, and assured me that come what might, their feelings would remain unchanged. Miranda showed more warmth than I had ever seen her display before. I was now more than ever convinced that

her love, too deep to appear on the surface, needed only circumstances to draw it out. This was a great consolation. In a few days I began to recover my spirits. D'Arcy was expecting an appointment worth 1500*l.* a-year, so that to Rose, at least, a competence would be secured. For myself, I determined to embrace a profession, and had no fear of realising a handsome income long before the 7000*l.* were exhausted.

I was most uneasy about my mother, whose pride I foresaw would ill endure our fall, aggravated (as such falls always are) by the hypocritical commiseration of indifferent or jealous acquaintances.

Well, D'Arcy redoubled, if possible, his attention to Rose; and Rose told me, laughing and crying by turns, that she didn't care a pin for the money, and was happier in these proofs of D'Arcy's constancy "than millions and millions could make me," she cried, throwing herself into my arms. Miranda, never animated, received and returned my attentions as usual, though her occasional absence of mind seemed to indicate that she grieved secretly at the unfortunate change in my prospects. It was not unnatural, and I did all I could to console her.

So passed about six weeks, during which I, busied with the lawyers, and Rose attending on my mother who was ill, were less frequent than before in our visits at the Clevedon's, though D'Arcy went oftener than ever, always hoping to find Rose; and Miranda, I believe, usually accompanied him.

One day I escaped earlier than I had hoped from a legal conference, and hastened to the Clevedons, who had invited us to dine *en famille* that day. D'Arcy and Rose had stolen away, as usual, to the library; and I went upstairs expecting to find Miranda with the dowager in her boudoir; when, passing through the drawing-room, I was surprised to see her talking earnestly to Clevedon in the conservatory. I stood rooted to the ground, gazing at them through the glass-door. Breathless with astonishment and rage, I saw Clevedon gather a white rose, and fasten it with his own hands in her hair. I saw her bend her head towards him, permitting his familiarity—I saw ———"

He stopped short—and then proceeded by an almost convulsive effort.

"No matter—I saw enough to convince me that Clevedon had taken a treacherous advantage of my confidence and my reverses; and that Miranda—whether she had before loved me or not—had now transferred her affection to Clevedon. Putting his arm round her waist, he led her, unresisting, out of my sight; and I was left standing there with all hell raging in my bosom. My first impulse was to rush on him and smite him dead where he stood—my next to cast myself headlong from the window. Rose came in at the moment, and, astonished at my agitation, ran to me and inquired the cause. I told her every thing. At first she seemed unable to comprehend me—so foreign was the very thought of inconstancy to her nature—then she wept and trembled—and at last, drying up her tears, entreated me to think no more of such a heartless wretch. The dinner bell rang as she spoke; and I determined at all events to stay part of the evening, in order to watch Miranda's conduct and ascertain the extent of her treachery.

I had but just made up my mind, and Rose had hardly recovered her composure, when they all came in. Rose took D'Arcy's arm, and Miranda mine, as usual. Clevedon was in high spirits, and particularly civil to me. I could have split the Iscariot's skull with the poker. Miranda sat by me as usual — her features as statuesque — her remarks as brief — her smile as rare, as ever. There was, however, something in her manner which convinced me that she was on the watch to pick a quarrel; and I could now recall in her behaviour during the last few weeks similar indications which at the time had escaped my notice. I was not slow to give her the opportunity she wished.

"Take this white rose out of your hair, Miranda," said I.

"Do you dislike it, then?"

"It disfigures you completely."

"You have become difficult to please of late. May I inquire the reason of this new aversion?"

"The arrangement of the flower is detestable," I replied, "and its colour unsuitable to you."

She turned and looked at me. There was a sneer on my face that she could hardly mistake. I knew it; and took no pains to suppress it.

"I am at a loss to understand you," said she.

"I will endeavour to be more explicit," I retorted, almost gnashing my teeth at her coolness. "That flower may seem an ornament to your head, in the eyes of the attendant who fastened it there; in mine, it is the sign and testimony of your false and mercenary heart."

She was evidently prepared for some such burst; for she replied, with perfect calmness and deliberation, "I understand you now, sir, and I take you at your word." Then raising her voice, she said across the table, "Lord Clevedon, I challenge you to a game at chess after dinner."

"Lord Clevedon," said I, taking him aside, the instant the ladies had withdrawn, "when you determined on playing the part of a traitor, you calculated, of course, on the usual consequences. Will our meeting at six o'clock to-morrow morning suit your Lordship's convenience?"

"Perfectly," he replied.

The storm of passion I had undergone during the day was too much for my brain. That night I was seized with the epileptic malady to which I have been subject at times ever since. A delirious fever followed this attack; and three weeks afterwards, on recovering my senses, I found that Lord Clevedon and Miranda were married, and gone to Florence.

One burning thirst took possession of my soul; one colour floated day and night before my eyes: Revenge—Blood. Rose — the Chancery suit — every thing was forgotten. I left London precipitately for Florence.

My ferocity was like that of a tiger. I occupied every interval of delay on the route by practising with the pistol; and every time I hit the mark I ground my teeth with savage exultation. In that week I committed a thousand bloody murders.

Every night was a wasting fever — every day a triumph of devils in my heart. When I reached Florence I heaped together in one

madman's letter every term of contempt and scorn that language can furnish, and sent it to him at his hotel. A brief reply from his physician informed me that he was dangerously ill—unable to rise from his bed—not expected to recover. This letter filled me with joy—yes, a fiendish joy at the idea of his agony; next came rage and fear that death would rob me of my revenge; lastly, doubt whether, after all, it might not be a cowardly *ruse* of his own—or a 'trick of Miranda's, to save him. Scarcely knowing my own intentions, I drove straight to his hotel, and describing myself as his intimate friend, went unannounced to his apartment.

The door of the antechamber stood ajar. Pushing it open, I entered, and saw Miranda magnificently dressed—her hands blazing with jewels—her pale cheeks painted—mixing some powder in a glass. The bedroom-door was open, and I stepped across the room unheard, unseen, to the foot of the traitor's bed. I peeped at him through the chink of the curtains. His face was thin—his cheek flushed—his eye brilliant and restless. I had just raised my hand to tear aside the curtains, and hound him from his kennel, when he spoke.

"Miranda!" he cried, impatiently, "my medicine: what makes you so long?"

I exulted to hear his loud, firm voice. There was plenty of life for my killing.

She entered with the glass in her hand, stirring it as she came. The curtained-bed was between us. She gave him the potion; and when he had drunk it, she stooped down, and kissed him.

"Another new medicine?" he said, returning her the glass. "It burns my throat; I hate all their devil's drugs."

"I am going out for an hour," she replied; "and, in the mean time, leave you to sleep—soundly, I hope."

He made no reply, but waved his hand fretfully, and she left the room.

"Accursed harridan!" he muttered: "how her damned paint blisters my lips. I believe her Judas kisses are poisoning me."

The rings of the curtains rang, as I suddenly pulled them aside, and stood erect before him.

He sprung up in bed—white horror bleared his eyes—and blanched his cheek—and shook his clattering jaws.

"You!—alive!—my God!—they told me you were dead!"

"Cowardice is credulous," said I, sneeringly.

The blood rushed back into his face. He made no reply, but sprang out of bed, and began to dress.

"Have you pistols?" said he: "what are we to do for seconds?"

"I will return with both in twenty minutes," I replied.

I drove back to my hotel, and to two young officers with whom I had made slight acquaintance at the table d'hôte, I stated as much as was necessary of the case, concealing particularly Clevedon's illness. "British officers," said I, in conclusion, "will probably not refuse two countrymen, in such an emergency, the aid without which they cannot settle their differences."

The young men consulted for a few moments, and then acceded to my request: we interchanged cards, proceeded to Clevedon's hotel,

and found him at his desk, writing. I observed that the glass from which he had taken his medicine stood before him. The choice of seconds was, at their own request, determined by lot; and Clevedon handed to his a letter.

"It is for my antagonist," he said, "if I fall."

In half an hour we were on the ground: in five minutes more all preliminaries were settled, and we took our stand. I had practised for three hours that very morning at a target—Clevedon, I knew, was an indifferent shot; he seemed even to stand with effort. When I looked at him, I seemed to see the target painted vividly on his body, and I felt that I could hit any ring I chose. It was crime for crime—murder for treachery—yes! I was a murderer, and I knew it—a murderer, about to shoot the dying, dead. My blood exulted, but my nerves shuddered, at the thought. I determined to give him the chance of the first fire; and instead of covering my breast, I suffered my pistol to hang beside my knee. The handkerchief fell—his ball struck the lock of my pistol, and fell flattened at my feet. I laughed, and slowly raised my arm. My nerves were preternaturally strung. I felt that I could hit his forehead—either eye—any button on his coat—at my will. I chose his heart; pulled the trigger; and turning on my heel, cast the pistol on the turf. I knew, though I would not look to see it, that he had leapt a galvanized corpse into the air. I knew, though my back was turned, that he lay stretched stone dead upon the grass. I knew that the ball had perforated his heart—I could have pointed, blindfold, with my two forefingers to the spots where it had entered and left his body. It was an assassination—I could not, and cannot, disguise it from myself—it was an assassination.

"Quitting the field instantly, I returned to my hotel, and found there a letter from my lawyer, acquainting me that the Chancery suit had unexpectedly issued in our favour, except with respect to one estate—the very one bequeathed to Rose. I tossed the letter on the ground, scarcely even having read it through.

"With a trembling hand I took out Clevedon's letter—but a vague horror prevented me from breaking the seal. I dreaded to find in it some justification—some palliation of his conduct—and I wanted his full treachery now to balance my murder. Three days had elapsed, and I was far on my way to England before I read. Here it is.

He took a scrawled sheet from a cedar box, and read as follows:—

"Love is a passion—friendship is only a sentiment. The greater flame eclipsed the weaker, in my breast—as it does in all men's—as it would have done in yours; and to this extent I confess that I wronged you. The intense flame which an artful sorceress had contrived to kindle within me made me indifferent to your happiness, and to the claims of our old friendship. But I was guilty of no plotting, no concealment. It was chance—or rather your incessant occupation, and Miranda's crafty management—that kept you for so many weeks in ignorance of my rivalry.

"Time, who is said to avenge all wrongs, seems to have reserved

for my death-bed a double retribution. While I write these words, I feel some deadly drug (whether given me by accident or intention I know not) spreading in my veins; and the pistol will be in time to complete what the poison has begun.

"One word of her concerning whom we fight. She is no woman; but a deceit — a painted sham — an odious epicene — joyless — passionless — sexless. She has only two desires — dress, and conquest; only one idea — cunning. Her nerves are as deaf-and-dumb to the sensation of love, as her heart is dead to its sentiment. Three days after our wedding I would have given ten years of my life for a separation. Pecuniary reasons made this impossible; my property, though nominally large, being in fact deeply mortgaged, and barely adequate to the expenses of even one establishment. In this respect I must own I deceived her, leaving her to imagine, with the rest of the world, that my wealth was real. In fact, we were all three outwitted: you by us — we two by each other. This triple deception has brought forth abundantly after its kind — disappointment, misery, and crime. I have found out too late that 'cunning is circuitous folly.'

"To you I can only say that my ——"

"Here the letter breaks off abruptly," said he, "interrupted doubtless by my return with the seconds. Oh! how often I burn to know the conclusion of that broken sentence — begun in Time — finished in Eternity. Was it forgiveness or defiance that his last thoughts breathed? Did the memory of old college days come back on him in the hour of death? My God! my God! was it after all a friend that I shot down, like a dog, at unfair odds? I hope not — I *do* hope not — I *think* he levelled at me."

His agitation was painful to witness. But his eye happening at this moment to fall on my glass, standing empty, he arose, brought the decanter, and, bowing politely, replenished it. This little attention of the courteous host contrasted strangely with the passionate vehemence of the excited narrator. Such parentheses, however, occur in the darkest pages of real life; checkering with their prosaic triviality the poetry of our profoundest emotions. I have seen a weeping woman suspend the ebullition of her grief to fasten a brooch or a button of her dress; and then, taking up the dropt thread of sorrow, go on with an intercepted sob. Before I had time to thank him, the tide of his grief had rushed back through his brain; and he hurried on.

"Worse remains to tell. A second attack of fever detained me for three months on the road. When I reached London, I found the Scutcheon nailed against the front of our house, and — oh! deeper misery still! — it was a DISHONOURED Scutcheon! Rose — my darling Rose — my cherished only sister; whom I came back planning to make happy — to replace her lost fortune — to see her a happy wife . . . mother . . . (his sobs almost suffocated him) . . . Rose had eloped with D'Arcy, as his paramour; and my mother had died of grief and mortification.

"I hunted the villain out," he continued, through his clenched teeth — "I hunted him out that very night; and next morning, in the grey of the morning, with this hand, I shot him dead."

His eye glared ; and his crooked forefinger, as he spoke, was evidently on some air-drawn trigger.

"And your sister?" I exclaimed, deeply moved.

"Lost — lost — lost!" he groaned.

"Dead?"

"Worse, worse — a thousand times worse," he sobbed, gnashing his teeth.

"Horrible," I murmured. "But you have sought her out — you have —"

"I sought her all over the Continent, whither I supposed she had fled. I spent eighteen months in the pursuit, but in vain. I came back, and have hunted daily and nightly through London — wandering at all hours through the streets — haunting all the resorts of the abandoned — and I *think*, at last, I have seen her."

"Where?" cried I.

"It was at the masked ball seven weeks ago, for an instant only."

"For an instant!" cried I: "you surely detained her."

"She vanished in the crowd as I approached. She was in domino and mask ; and though I sought all night through the saloons, I never saw her again."

"But she is doubtless living in London, and you may find her yet."

"It is in that hope that I roam the streets twenty hours out of the twenty-four ; it is on that errand that you found me abroad to-night ; it is that last tie of duty and fraternal love which binds me still to life."

"But how," said I, abruptly, "did you recognise her in domino and mask?"

"The folds of her domino had parted a little, and through the opening I saw, on her breast, a Cameo, a gift of mine —"

"A Cameo!" I exclaimed, starting with a sudden idea. "What sort of a Cameo?"

"The fellow-one to this."

He took from his desk, and put into my hand, as he spoke, a Cameo representing the figure of a man, with a serpent coiled round his body, and preying upon his head.

"Trembling with agitation, I drew the letter from my pocket, and hastily reading the superscription, I cried, "Is your name Herbert — the Hon. Frederick Herbert?"

"It is."

"Then I have seen your sister, to-night, in St. James's Street — and this letter is from her to you."

He sprang to his feet, and seized it, trembling from head to foot. The envelope fell in tatters at his feet, and the open sheet shook in his quivering hand.

"I cannot read it," he cried ; "I cannot see — my head swims — my brain is on fire — read it to me — quick — quick — for God's sake, read it."

I took the letter, and read as follows : —

"Frederick — I feel that I have not many days longer to endure the loathsomeness of life. I thank God I shall escape from my misery

without suicide. Oh, Frederick, Frederick, you should not have killed my poor Ernest. To avenge your own honour, you made your sister an outcast, her lover a corpse, her brother his murderer; and therefore, Frederick, my enemy. But for your cruelty I should have been fallen, indeed, but still pure, oh! how pure, in comparison with the degradation to which I have sunk. But for that, Frederick, I might have died in your arms. As it is, I dare not even forgive you—for 'would not forgiveness to you, be desertion and treachery to him? My only chance now is in the purity of my soul, which has never ceased to be his—his only—his entirely—his, in its devotion to his memory—his, in its detestation of his murderer. This is my only chance of meeting him again when my soul, which has always been his, is set free from this polluted body, which I loathe and long to escape from. It is for this chance that I have resisted suicide, when terribly, terribly tempted. It is for this chance that I have repeated, every night, the prayers which my mother taught me—repeated them, when all prayer seemed a mockery. It is for this chance that I have omitted your name, and tried not to remember you, in those prayers; and steadily striven to hate you. It is for this chance that I have drunk my dreadful cup to the dregs, rather than come to *you* for aid. It is a poor chance, perhaps;—such as it is, it is my all, and, Frederick, I *cannot* risk it. Perhaps, even in *wishing* to forgive you—in the struggle of my soul against hating you—in writing this letter to you—in shedding these tears for you—I have been for a moment unfaithful. But no! dear Ernest, I feel—I feel I have not. Oh, Frederick, Frederick—why did you kill him?" . . .

At this instant a loud cry—the Epileptic cry—that terrible, strange shriek which, once heard, can never be forgotten, broke from his lips; he stretched his arms wildly into the air, and fell heavily forward.

His head, in his fall, was dashed with fatal violence against the pedestal of the Weeping Magdalen; but his hands, as he lay, rested on the Cross in her lap.

* * * * *

I walked home, pondering, with a full heart, the events of the night. As I passed, again, the palatial residences of Piccadilly, I could not help reflecting how many tragedies might even then be enacting behind the dusky curtain of those princely walls;—how many high-born Roses pining away, hungry-hearted, the best years of their youth, in deference to some parental prejudice or some imaginary necessity of their rank, and often perhaps, in secret, "*terribly, terribly tempted*;"—how many Clevedons linked for life to detested Mirandas, deceiving and deceived;—how many frank-hearted Herberts goaded by treachery and disappointment to crime and early death!

And when, once more, I raised my eyes to the clear and solemn splendour of the stars, so calm and immutable amidst the shock of human passions, I was ready to ask whether the ORDER that prevails in those beautiful regions, may never be hoped for on earth? and whether the terrible Sphinx that propounds to Social Man the enigma of his Destiny, must still, unanswered, be suffered to devour its daily holocaust of human hearts?

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Dante. When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you—did it become you, I repeat it—you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice*, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon! pardon! pardon! My senses have left me: my heart being gone, they follow.

Beatrice. Childish man! pursuing the impossible.

Dante. And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet and weep.

Beatrice. But weep not, gentle Dante! fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve you. Consider a little. Is laughter at all times the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you: if I might, I would.

Dante. Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice, who have loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year. But it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

Beatrice. If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

Dante. Tell me the truth.

Beatrice. The report is general.

Dante. The truth! the truth! Tell me, Bice.

Beatrice. Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven.

Dante. Is heaven, then, under the paternal roof?

Beatrice. It has been for me hitherto.

Dante. And now you seek it elsewhere.

Beatrice. I seek it not. The wiser choose for the weaker. Nay, do not sigh so. What would you have, my grave, pensive Dante? What can I do?

Dante. Love me.

Beatrice. I always did.

Dante. Love me? O bliss of heaven!

Beatrice. No, no, no! Forbear. Man's kisses are always mischievous: everybody says it. If you truly loved me, you would never think of doing so.

Dante. Nor even this?

Beatrice. You forget that you are no longer a little boy; and that it is not thought proper at your time of life to continue the arm at all about the waist. Beside, I think you would better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to be pleasant to you. Why do you wish it? why fancy it can do you any good? It grows no cooler: it seems to grow even hotter. Oh, how it burns! Go, go; it hurts me too: it struggles—it aches—it sobs.—Thank you, my gentle friend, for moving your brow away; your hair is very thick and long; and it began to heat me more than you can imagine. Beside, while it was there, I could not see your face so well, nor talk with you so quietly.

Dante. Oh! when shall we talk quietly in future?

Beatrice. When I am married. I shall often come to visit my father. He has always been solitary since my mother's death, which happened in my infancy, long before you knew me.

Dante. How can he endure the solitude of his house when you have left it?

Beatrice. The very question I asked him.

Dante. You did not, then, wish to—to—go away?

Beatrice. Ah, no! It is sad to be an outcast at fifteen.

Dante. An outcast?

Beatrice. Forced to leave a home.

Dante. For another?

Beatrice. Childhood can never have a second.

Dante. But childhood is now over.

Beatrice. I wonder who was so malicious as to tell my father that? He wanted me to be married a whole year ago.

Dante. And, Bice, you hesitated?

Beatrice. No; I only wept. He is a dear good father. I never disobeyed him but in those wicked tears; and they ran the faster the more he reprehended them.

Dante. Say, who is the happy youth?

Beatrice. I know not who ought to be happy if you are not.

Dante. I?

Beatrice. Surely you deserve all happiness.

Dante. Happiness! any happiness is denied me. Ah, hours of childhood! bright hours! what fragrant blossoms ye unfold! what bitter fruits to ripen!

Beatrice. Now cannot you continue to sit under that old fig-tree at the corner of the garden? It is always delightful to me to think of it.

Dante. Again you smile: I wish I could smile too.

Beatrice. You were usually more grave than I, although very often, two years ago, you told me I was the graver. Perhaps I was then, indeed; and perhaps I ought to be now: but really I must smile at the recollection, and make you smile with me.

Dante. Recollection of what in particular?

Beatrice. Of your ignorance that a fig-tree is the brittlest of trees, especially when it is in leaf; and moreover, of your tumble,

when your head was just above the wall, and your hand (with the paper of verses in it) on the very coping-stone. Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our garden to hear you repeat your poetry on the other side; nobody but yourself: you soon found me out. But on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt, and I clambered up our high peach-tree in the grass-plot nearest the place; and thence I saw Messer Dante, with his white sleeve red, dened by the fig-juice, and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing, and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me.

Dante. Never shall any verse of mine be uttered from my lips, or from the lips of others, without the memorial of Bice.

Beatrice. Sweet Dante! in the purity of your soul shall Bice live; as (we are told by the goat-herds and foresters) poor creatures have been found preserved in the serene and lofty regions of the Alps many years after the breath of life had left them. Already you rival Guido Cavalcante and Cino da Pistoja: you must attempt, nor perhaps vainly, to surpass them in celebrity.

Dante. If ever I am above them—and I shall be—I know already what angel's hand will have helped me up the ladder. Beatrice, I vow to Heaven, shall stand higher than Selvaggia, high and glorious and immortal as that name will be. You have given me joy and sorrow; for the worst of these (I will not say the least) I will confer on you all the generations of our Italy, all the ages of our world. But first (alas, from me you must not have it!) may happiness, long happiness, attend you!

Beatrice. Ah! those words rend your bosom! Why should they?

Dante. I could go away contented, or almost contented, were I sure of it. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world: but at the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another. I am older than you: precedency is given to age, and not to worthiness, in our way to heaven. I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you, lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward.

Beatrice. Hush, sweetest Dante! hush!

Dante. It is there, where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again, that I wish all my portion of Paradise to be assigned me; and there, if far below you, yet within the sight of you, to establish my perdurable abode.

Beatrice. Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may not I be called away first?

Dante. Alas! alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the path black behind them! But to think that you should go before me almost sends me forward on my way to receive and welcome you. If indeed, O Beatrice, such should be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to Him is suspended. Oh! look often on me with prayer and pity; for

there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain. Why are you silent?

Beatrice. It is very sinful not to love all creatures in the world. But is it true, O Dante! that we always love those the most who make us the most unhappy?

Dante. The remark, I fear, is just.

Beatrice. Then, unless the Virgin be pleased to change my inclinations, I shall begin at last to love my betrothed; for already the very idea of him renders me sad, wearisome, and comfortless. Yesterday he sent me a bunch of violets. When I took them up, delighted as I felt at that sweetest of odours which we once inhaled together —

Dante. And only once.

Beatrice. You know why. Be quiet now, and hear me. I dropped the posey; for around it, hidden by various kinds of foliage, was twined the bridal necklace of pearls. O Dante! how worthless are the finest of them (and there are many fine ones) in comparison with those little pebbles, some of which (for perhaps I may not have gathered up all) may be still lying under the peach-tree, and some (do I blush to say it?) under the fig. Tell me not who threw these, nor for what. But you know you were always thoughtful, and sometimes reading, sometimes writing, and sometimes forgetting me, while I waited to see the crimson cap, and the two bay-leaves I fastened in it, rise above the garden-wall. How silently you are listening, if you do listen!

Dante. Oh! could my thoughts incessantly and eternally dwell among these recollections, undisturbed by any other voice — undistracted by any other presence! Soon must they abide with me alone, and be repeated by none but me — repeated in the accents of anguish and despair! Why could you not have held in the sad home of your heart that necklace and those violets?

Beatrice. My Dante! we must all obey — I my father, you your God. He never will abandon you.

Dante. I have ever sang, and will for ever sing, the most glorious of His works: and yet, O Bice! He abandons me, He casts me off; and He uses your hand for this infliction.

Beatrice. Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections; but we have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us; and, doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty; and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse, pushing over or obscuring with impenetrable ink those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride if you are convinced

by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you; or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable. Certainly do I know—indeed, indeed I do—that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not, then, make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

Dante. Ah, yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable, but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and hyssop; but where the rose!

Beatrice. Wicked must be whatever torments you: and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

Dante. God annihilate a power so criminal! Oh, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

Beatrice. You have stored my little mind with many thoughts—dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom, as the *Contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

Dante. Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a moveable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed and solid, and alone—above the violence of war and of the tempest—above all that is accumulated of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow-Colossus soon melts: the good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand.

Beatrice. Now you are calm and reasonable, listen to Bice. You must marry.

Dante. Marry?

Beatrice. Unless you do, how can we meet again unreservedly? Worse—worse than ever! I cannot bear to see those large heavy tears following one another, heavy and slow as nuns at the funeral of a sister. Come, I will kiss off one, if you will promise me faithfully to shed no more. Be tranquil, be tranquil; only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Don't you hear me? Why turn aside? and why go farther off? I will have that hand. It twists about as if it hated its confinement. Perverse and peevish creature! you have no more reason to be sorry than I have; and you have many to the contrary which I have not. You are at liberty to see many, and are free. Is that no comfort to you?

Dante.

Bid this bosom cease to grieve ?
 Bid these eyes fresh objects see ?
 Where's the comfort to believe
 None might once have rival'd me ?
 What ! my freedom to receive ?
 Broken hearts, are they the free ?
 For another can I live,
 If I may not live for thee ?

Beatrice. I will never be fond of you again if you are so violent. We have been together too long, and we may be noticed.

Dante. Is this our last meeting ? If it is—and that it is my heart has told me—you will not, surely you will not refuse——

Beatrice. Dante ! Dante ! they make the heart sad after : do not wish it. But prayers—oh, how much better are they ! how much quieter and lighter they render it ! They carry it up to heaven with them ; and those we love are left behind no longer.

A NOTE FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

ONE of the most beautiful poems in the English language is Collins's Ode to Evening. Its melody is exquisite ; and the construction and rhythm are worthy of study. There is in the composition a peculiarity which greatly helps the charm ; by one of those happy characteristic effects which genius by art or instinct is so apt to produce. *The whole poem is but one sentence.* There is no full stop till the end. The verse flows on unbroken, like one of those gentle continuous breezes that breathe on a fine summer evening.

T. II.

A BOUT WITH THE BURSCHEN;

OR,

HEIDELBERG IN 1844.

"Der Burschen Freiheit lebe,
Der Burschen Vaterland!"

"Long live the student's freedom,
The student's fatherland!"

German Song.

It is curious and often amusing to compare the different opinions promulgated by travellers concerning the same countries and nations, differences that have more frequently their origin in some idiosyncrasy of the tourist than in any change in the habits of the people and aspect of the country he visits. It would be highly desirable that all travellers who become guilty of authorship should prefix to the account of their wanderings a short sketch of their own character, thus enabling their readers to place properly the grain of allowance with which most books of travels are to be read. This might be done by a committee of friends, who should draw up a brief notice of the author, stating what sort of head, heart, and digestion he possessed. The latter point is unquestionably the most important. One can judge pretty well by a man's book what he has in his head; the quality, good or bad, of his heart, will very probably peep out here or there; but the effect an indigestion may have upon his temper, and, consequently, upon his pen, is incalculable and untraceable. A tough beef-steak, a slice of underdone pig, a rough-trotting horse, or jolting *char-à-banc* undergone too soon after dinner, will be sufficient to tip with gall the pen of the amiable but unfortunate traveller to whom nature has been illiberal with regard to gastric juice. Such a man will be likely to view things on the dark side; his spectacles will have a greenish tinge, and he will probably do less than justice to what he describes. On the other hand, your thorough-going traveller, who jumps from the dinner-table to the diligence, disbelieves in indigestion, considers heartburn a chimera, and would swallow a porcupine with the quills on for a trifling wager, to him are accorded those rose-coloured glasses through which all men appear good fellows, all women pretty, all countries agreeable and fair to look upon. If he talks of the nations he has visited, it is with enthusiasm; if he writes about them, his book is a panegyric. With him the grain of allowance must be put in the other scale.

"I should like to see and judge for myself," said I, half aloud, as I

followed in the stream of passengers over the plank leading from the Crown Prince steam-boat to the quay at Mannheim. A round-headed, round-eyed, round-bodied German, who was walking before me, thought I addressed him, and screwed his head over his shoulder with a "*Was beliebt?*" but seeing his mistake, he took off his hat and tried to bow, in doing which he nearly got pushed into the river.

"Take care, sir. More than four feet water."

The exclamation that so nearly procured the worthy little German a bath in the Rhine was the result of a chain of thoughts which I had been following up for the last ten minutes. I had read various books referring to German life, German students and universities, and had been struck by the very conflicting accounts given of these subjects by different writers, and sometimes even by the very same. Amongst others, I had read two works of a well-known writer on Germany; from one of which I inferred that the Germans, both burschen and burghers, were the most amiable, enlightened, and intellectual of created beings; while from the other it became evident, that, with very rare exceptions, they were thieves and pickpockets, with an occasional dash of the highwayman by way of variety.

"Strange that such difference should be
'Twi'x Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

Although I had been more than once at Heidelberg and other university towns, I had contented myself with smiling at the queer costumes and exaggerated pipes of the *studiosi*, without making acquaintance with any of them, or endeavouring to obtain an insight into their habits and general character.

"I should like to see and judge for myself," I repeated, relapsing into my bad habit of thinking aloud, as I stood upon the quay, waiting for my portmanteau to be brought on shore.

"To see what?" inquired my old ally Lewis, who just then emerged from the European hotel, where he had been awaiting my arrival over a bottle of Rudesheimer. I communicated to him the subject of my cogitations.

"Nothing easier than to gratify your wish," said he. "Instead of remaining three days at Heidelberg, as you intended, stop a month, and I will engage to initiate you into all the mysteries of student-life."

This I knew he was able to do, as he had been some years resident in Germany, and I accordingly closed with his offer, and we proceeded together to the railroad.

The vacation was just over, and the students were flocking back to college. The *entréits commers*, or opening ceremony of the semester, was fixed for the day following that of my arrival, and to this my friend, who had his *entrées libres* to all such ceremonies, proposed to conduct me. At about eight in the evening we crossed the bridge over the Neckar, and proceeded half a mile along the Ziegelhausen road till we arrived at a small lane, leading apparently to some farmhouse. Into this we turned, and, after a few windings, ascended three or four steps, and found ourselves on a path covered in with a trellice-work, over which a profusion of vines, roses, and honey-

suckles was trained. To the left of this path was a skittle-alley, and at its extremity stood a large old-fashioned looking house, which we entered, and ascended to the first floor. Passing through an ante-room we reached the grand saloon, in which the students were already assembled.

This was a hall capable of containing five or six hundred persons, all comfortably seated at tables. The ceiling was lofty and vaulted; full twenty feet high in the centre. There were abundance of lights, although the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke rendered it difficult to distinguish objects. The seven *corps* or bodies into which the students of Heidelberg divide themselves were there assembled, each corps at a different table, and all wearing their distinctive colours and badges. These consist of a ribbon worn round the neck and displayed across the breast, and of a small cap, without a brim, stuck just on the top of the head, where it seems to be placed for the sole purpose of making people wonder how the deuce it keeps there. Some of the colours are very brilliant, the Vandals for instance wearing red and gold, the Swiss red, green, and gold, the Palatinates light-blue and silver, and so on. The heat was suffocating, and most of the students had taken off their coats and were sitting in their shirt sleeves. The tables were covered with stone bottles of beer, of which an immense provision had been made for the occasion; every man had a huge porcelain pipe in his mouth, some of them capable of holding nearly an ounce of tobacco, and in front of the two seniors of each corps, who sat at the heads of their respective tables, naked schlaegers or duelling swords were placed. At one end of the room was an orchestra, containing a band of a dozen very tolerable musicians.

The first ceremony we witnessed upon our arrival was that of the *landesvater*, which is accomplished after the following queer fashion. The two chiefs of each corps clasp hands, cross swords, and then, to the accompaniment of the orchestra, sing a verse of a song expressive of their fervent attachment to each other, to their corps, to burschen freedom and vaterland in general, and, if I am not mistaken, to beer in particular. Having done this, they take off their caps, run the schlaegers through them, and leave them spitted close up to the hilt. They then pass on to the two students sitting next to them, and put them through the same ceremony. This continues till they get to the bottom of the table, by which time each of the long rapiers have thirty or forty caps stuck upon them. They then retrace their steps up the table, there is some more singing and hand-shaking, and each student resumes his cap.

This curious proceeding had scarcely been brought to a close, when the clock struck ten, and somebody called out "*Los!*" which, from what ensued, might be inferred to mean, "Go it!" The whole of these four or five hundred flourishing young Teutons, all more or less drunk, jumped upon the benches and chairs, and began insulting one another as fast as they could.

"Von Teufelwinkel!" shouted one hopeful youth, with fishy eyes, and a face pale and soddened from the abuse of beer and tobacco, to some invisible person of another corps at the further extremity of the

room — "Von Teufelwinkel, I drink nothing with you!" (That is the established formula.)

"What's your name?" cried the insulted Von Teufelwinkel.

The aggressor declined his patronymic.

"*Dummer Junge!*" Blockhead! retorted the other. And that was a challenge. They were to fight some time or other in the course of the semester, the time being fixed by their respective corps. If the aggrieved party had retorted by the term *hundsfoth*, scoundrel, instead of the milder appellation of blockhead, the affair would have been more serious, because then, instead of being padded and bandaged up to the nose with cuirasses of leather and cotton, the combatants would only have been protected as far as the chin, and the strong cap which guards the head would have been exchanged for a lighter one with smaller peak. Heaven knows how many challenges were given and accepted that evening, but I should say a few thousands, without reckoning that some of the corps, in order to economise time and trouble, had amicably agreed to fight each other from right to left, every man of the one corps fighting every man of the other in his turn.

A few days later the duels began, and I went down to see them. They take place in the large room of an inn, at a little village near Heidelberg. Being nominally prohibited, some precautions are taken to obtain early information of the arrival of the *capelmann*, or college beadle, of whom all these young heroes, in spite of their imposing talk and long rapiers, stand in infinite awe. A regular system of sentries, or look-outs, is established, women and lads being stationed on various commanding points to warn the belligerents of the approach of the enemy. Sometimes, however, he takes them by surprise, and there is no time to peel off the leathern armour before alluded to, or the padded stocks and sleeves that constitute part of the defences. In such cases, men, schlaegers, bandages, doctor's apparatus, and all the *et ceteras*, are bundled into a cupboard or cellar, and locked in, there to remain till the capelmann has paid his visit and gone away again. It occasionally happens that one of the champions has just been wounded when an alarm of this kind is given; and if the capelmann takes it into his head to remain three or four hours at the house, which he often does, the unlucky duellist is obliged to do the same, the cold of the cellar of course considerably increasing the inflammation of his wounds. The latter, however, are usually mere scratches. The swords are very thin and light, square at the extremity, and ground as sharp as razors for the six inches next the point. The wounds they inflict can never be dangerous, and rarely leave scars of any duration or importance. How the eyes escape appears unaccountable, for frequent cuts and scratches are received on the eyebrow and cheek-bone; and I have seen students who were fighting in spectacles (no uncommon practice) get the glasses broken by a schlaeger stroke; but I never met a German who had lost an eye in a college duel; and although such cases do occur, they are exceedingly unfrequent. Now and then one of the gladiators gets the tip of his nose cut off; the fragment is immediately picked up, stuck on again, and plastered over, and in a few days the mutilated

feature is as well as ever. I was rather incredulous as to this system of re-nosing, until several students were pointed out to me with small scars completely encircling their probosces, where the section had been made. The thing is of common occurrence, and excites no surprise.

The favourite lounge with the Heidelberg students is the castle hill and gardens, whither they repair in the morning, to shake off the headache resulting from the orgies of the preceding night, and in the afternoon to listen to the band which frequently plays there, and drink a few bottles of beer—per man, of course—as a prelude to the more copious libations of the evening. Very few of those who belong to the corps study any thing; they all profess to be students of law, philosophy, medicine, or something or other, but it may easily be supposed that youths who habitually drink from four to twelve quarts of beer overnight, are not particularly disposed to rise early and attend lectures, or indeed to study in any one way. The real students are the minority, a few pale bookworms, who avoid the society of the fighting and drinking class, live frugally, and read hard. The others spend their time in *kneipes* and coffee-houses, in the *salle d'armes*, or in excursions to Baden, Mannheim, and other adjacent towns. The only book they ever open is the song book, the only thing they study is how to drink off a pint glass of beer in a shorter time than their fellows, rapid ingurgitation being an accomplishment highly prized by the gallant burschen.

I soon became acquainted with some of the students, and found them good-natured, and, in many instances, when they could be got away from their beer, gentlemanly and intelligent young men. Although sometimes rough amongst themselves, they are courteous and hospitable to strangers, whom they seem to take pleasure in initiating into their queer customs and habits. Amongst these there is one which struck me as being particularly original, and which I should recommend to the consideration of turf-men in England, who might, perhaps, find it nearly as good a way of getting rid of their spare cash as backing horses that have been made safe to lose, and prize-fighters who have never intended to fight. It is a species of betting, and is accomplished thus. Each of two persons eats one of the kernels of a nut or almond which is double. The first of the two who, after so doing, takes any thing from the hand of the other, without saying *Ich denke*, "I think," has to make the other a present, of a value which is sometimes previously determined, and sometimes left to the generosity of the loser. The presents are called *Vielliebchens*, and are usually trifles of a few florins' value; a pipe, a riding whip, or such like.

My own experience in this very German accomplishment was rather disastrous. A student, who for some reason or other had taken me in particular affection, caught me one day, and insisted on my eating a *vielliebchen* with him. I remonstrated on the hardship of compelling an unprotected foreigner to conform to such a barbarous custom; but he insisted, and, to get rid of him, I complied, although feeling certain of losing; for who could always be thinking of such an absurd matter? It so happened, however, that I was mis-

taken. The very same evening, while playing whist at the casino, the individual in question came up to the table and asked for a penknife. I presented him with mine, which he unsuspectingly took, without saying *Ich denke*; and I of course immediately saluted him with "Good morning, Vielliebchen," that being the consecrated phrase in such cases. I now thought my troubles were over; but no such thing. Two days afterwards I was walking down the street, when up came my friend, with a sort of bludgeon in his hand, some four and a half feet long, nearly as thick as my wrist, and with a great porcelain head, having a view of Heidelberg Castle painted upon it. I of course had no objection to his fatiguing himself by carrying such an instrument, as most of the students do; but my horror and consternation were beyond expression, when he presented it to me as a present, or vielliebchen. I at first thought of sending it to some museum as a curiosity, but was told that it would be considered a very great slight if I did not carry it. I therefore had about two feet of it cut off, which reduced it to a proper length, and then attempted to drag it along with me. For two days (dog-days) I walked about in a perspiration, inwardly comparing myself to Hercules, on account of the club, of course. I made two or three desperate but unsuccessful attempts to lose it; left it in the public rooms of hotels, at the casino, every where, but no one would relieve me of it. The thing always came back to me; and I began to think it was possessed of a devil. I was growing thin, and getting a hollow cough, from anxiety and exhaustion; when somebody who compassionated my sufferings suggested to me to hire a slave to carry it for me. I caught at the suggestion like a drowning man at a hencoop, and engaged a boy, at a florin a day, to follow me every where, and carry the stick. Although a present, it proved to be the dearest walking-cane I ever possessed.

To speak more seriously of the burschen and their doings. The character of German students as a body is not without its good points: there is a deal of frankness and of honourable feeling amongst them, and a marked love of fair play, whether in duels or any thing else; and if they would divest themselves of certain strange prejudices, and abolish a few ridiculous customs, which are kept up because they think them manly and *echt-Deutsch*, or emphatically and thoroughly German, they would be entitled to rank high amongst the youth of civilised Europe. That they are on the road to the improvements for which there is such abundant scope may be inferred from a paragraph which appeared the other day in a German newspaper, wherein it was stated that duelling, as an affair of *corps*, had been abolished at two of the universities — Heidelberg being one of them — and that all personal disputes amongst students were in future to be settled by arbitration. If this account be true, and the *schlaeger* is really to fall into disuse, let us hope that the beer barrel will be resorted to with more moderation, that the burschen will read a little more and smoke a little less, — changes which will unquestionably be greatly to the advantage of their health, both moral and physical.

PHILISTER.

THE TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S.

(ROME, 15—.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

VANITY, saith the Preacher, vanity !
 Draw round my bed : is Anselm keeping back ?
 Nephews — sons mine . . . ah God, I know not ! Well —
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was !
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 And long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
 Life, how and what is it ? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 " Do I live, am I dead ? " Peace, peace seems all :
 St. Praxed's ever was the church for peace ;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know :
 — Old Gandolf came me in, despite my care,
 For a shrewd snatch out of the corner south
 To grace his carrion with, God curse the same !
 Yet still my niche is not so cramp'd but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the aery dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk :
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest
 With those nine columns round me, two and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands :
 Peachblossom-marble all, the rare, the ripe
 As fresh-pour'd red wine of a mighty pulse .
 — Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him ! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless : how I earn'd the prize !
 Draw close : that conflagration of my church
 — What then ? So much was sav'd if aught were miss'd !
 My sons, ye would not be my death ? Go dig

The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
And if ye find . . . Ah, God I know not, I! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten figleaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
Sons, all have I bequeath'd you, villas, all,
That brave Frescati villa with its bath,
So let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black —
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promis'd me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Brick'd o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledg'd to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world —
And I shall have St. Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs
— That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line
— Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!

And then how I shall lie through centuries
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupifying incense-smoke !
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasp'd a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bed-clothes for a mortcloth drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptors'-work :
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before this life I liv'd,
And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and Priests,
St. Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
— Aha, ELUCESCEBAT, quoth our friend ?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best !
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons ! Else I give the Pope
My villas : will ye ever eat my heart ?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
“ Do I live, am I dead ? ” There, leave me, there !
For ye have stabb'd me with ingratitude
To death — ye wish it — God, ye wish it ! Stone —
Gritstone, a-crumble ! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through —
And no more *lapis* to delight the world !
Well, go ! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row : and, going, turn your backs
— Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was !

THE PASTOR AND HIS SON.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY THE MOUNTAINEER.

PART II.

FRIEDLAND had experienced many bitter melancholy days. Her frequent change of masters, although generally the work of the emperor himself, had never been effected without fearful violence, battle, and slaughter; the minds of the burghers had been accustomed to scenes of horror; and never had the sun set upon a more dejected city than *Friedland* after the occurrences of the day which we have already recorded. The unbending haughtiness of the Duke had but exasperated the citizens, and the sneering cruelty with which he had alienated the boy from his father filled them with indignation. Many believed that his treatment of the child was intended as a species of refined vengeance, conformably to the nature of Wallenstein—a mode of punishing the city, in the person of its pastor, for its unwillingness to become Catholic. Similar instances of cold-blooded and, if it may be so called, grotesque revenge were remembered and related, and many an act of pretended benevolence, terminating in unmitigated oppression, was brought against him and discussed until the burghers grew furious in their anger.

Günther entered with a broken heart the house in which he had dwelt for so many years in undisturbed tranquillity. He was, however, too faithful to the mission which he bore to break forth in wild and idle lamentation. The grief of the father, abandoned by his child, lost by the seduction of others, for a moment struck him to the heart; but he quickly checked himself, and turned from earth to heaven, who now alone could render his calamity supportable. He had not courage to communicate in speech to his wife the blow that had befallen her. He imparted the dreary news in writing, and the agony of the unhappy woman met with no assuagement from him, whose heart was without one ray of hope or comfort. Günther suffered his bereaved wife to shed the tears which were forbidden to rise in himself, and trusted to providence and time that have healed the deadliest wounds of body and of soul.

As there was now nothing more to put in order at home, Günther devoted all his time and activity to the congregation from whom he was so shortly to part. The Duke had commanded, that on the following Saturday the church of the city should be consecrated by the Holy Catholic authorities: there was, therefore, little time to lose if

the shepherd and the flock desired to participate in one last mournful and public expression of their faith. Upon the morning of Friday, the well-known and now more than ever beloved sounds of the church bell summoned the Protestant burghers of Friedland to the table of the Lord. The whole population partook of the sacrament for the last time, and the throng was so great that it was late in the afternoon before the holy office was concluded. Catholic priests with censers entered the abandoned church immediately afterwards, and took possession of altar and pulpit.

Towards evening, Günther went once more into the open air. It was twilight. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and the high tower of the castle and the steep summits of the mountain crag still glowed with the purple dye of his declining beams. A solemn sadness, a deep anxiety led the pastor towards the castle. The drawbridge was down, and the guard did not oppose his passage. There would have been a perfect stillness but for the screaming of the daws in the tower, whose monotonous croaking boded no good to the possessor of the house, and for the blows which proceeded from the chisel of a mason, who, suspended over the portal of the tower, was cutting a forgotten emblem into the ducal arms.

Günther, lost in meditation, crossed the court, and reached the Gothic steps that lead to the castle. The name of his child trembled on his lips, but he would not utter it. Yet, though disregarded, and, in spite of the minister, tears fell to the ground in pity for the apostate. "Mighty Duke," he involuntarily murmured, "greatness and fame shall fail to make you happy. The tears that drop in agony from these eyes shall one day weigh most heavily upon you. But Heaven be merciful, as I forgive you."

The organ resounded from the chapel of the castle, and its windows were illuminated. Some solemn ceremony had commenced.

"Consecrating the chapel, according to the Catholic ritual!" said Günther, musingly. "For ninety years has service been conducted there in the Lutheran form: well—well—the purposes of God are wise; it may again be so——"

He had ascended the castle steps, and now he stood in the second court. There was no sentinel and guard to be seen. No doubt all had flocked to the chapel, to witness the solemn consecration. Günther advanced. The hall and corridors were well known to him: he went rapidly but softly from passage to passage, from chamber to chamber, and at length he found himself at the open door of the chapel. Nervous anxiety possessed him, an invisible and mysterious power urged him onward, and almost unconsciously, and half unwillingly, he was carried through the body of halberdiers into the midst of the chapel.

Balthazar von Waldhausen officiated at the high altar, which was surrounded by a semicircle of burning wax lights: on either side was a table furnished with crucifixes. The chapel, as far as time had permitted, had been converted into a Catholic church. Before the altar, between the Duke and the Dean Kottwa, there knelt a boy—who, as Günther entered, in a loud but tremulous voice vowed to the priest who stood before him henceforth to renounce his parents, and

his family, and the religious errors in which he had been brought up, so truly as he hoped God would be merciful and gracious to him.

Dumb with horror, the father heard the renunciation of his son ; but no sooner had he finished, and did the priest lay his hands upon the child for benediction, the Duke uttered the new name of the adopted, and the Dean finally sign the cross upon him, than the heart of the minister gave way, and he exclaimed in a shrieking, agonising tone —

“George, thou art forsworn !”

The words were scarcely spoken before Günther fell lifeless at the side of the Duke.

The brow of Wallenstein grew dark, but his rage did not waste itself upon the lifeless superintendent. He had to deal with the guard who had suffered his admission. “Let them remove the poor fool,” he said to Gersdoff. “Let him be taken to his home, and no harm come to him. Arrest the guard!—they shall be punished on the spot.”

Günther was carried forth. George, stunned by the unexpected appearance of his father, allowed the scene to be enacted in silence. The pallor of death overspread his countenance, and whilst his father lay before him, he stared with lack-lustre eyes upon the spot. All consciousness seemed suddenly lost. As soon as the minister was removed, the Duke tenderly placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder, and mildly said to him—

“Courage, my son. You have behaved well, and fought your first battle bravely.”

The words brought life again into the cheeks of the young apostate. He sighed profoundly, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and then stammered some inaudible words in thanks.

“Where are the delinquents?” asked the Duke, suddenly turning from the boy, and breaking forth into the ungovernable violence which characterised this ill-regulated mind. “Where are they? he continued ; “bring them out. The refractoriness of these Friedland brutes is catching ; but, s'dearth, we will cure the pestilence !”

Three soldiers acknowledged themselves guilty. They appeared before the enraged commander, trembling in every joint.

“Are you the wretches,” said the Duke, “who run from your posts when an owl screeches or a mass is bleated?”

The men dropped upon their knees, and asked for mercy.

“Fie, fie ; shame upon you, slaves ; are you women, that you kneel and pray ? Answer me, what do you deserve ?”

“Death, sire—a ball !”

“No !” answered Wallenstein, “that you do *not* merit. We do not shoot women, for,” continued he, a sarcastic and bitter smile curling on his lip, “the report would frighten them. Men should be treated like men, curs like dogs, savages like beasts, poltroons like children. Quick, Hans ! Put me the fellows into women's clothes, and throw them into prison. Give them bread and water, flax and spindles, and let them spin themselves a shift, and wait there till they have done it.”

Hans von Gersdorf had great difficulty to keep his countenance

during the delivery of this order. Glad, however, that the Duke had contented himself with this comparatively mild punishment, he lost no time in conducting the amazed delinquents to their dungeon, and in making them over to their occupation. A minute's delay might have brought upon them a much severer punishment.

"Koltwa!" said Wallenstein to the Dean, after a pause, "these Friedlanders are a stiff-necked race. I am sick of them! But they shall know that I am master here, and that I do not bear the name of their castle for a mere ornament. Friedland shall help me to make peace in Germany."

As he spoke he advanced to the casement, which he opened. It had an eastern aspect. The moon was high in heaven, and shedding its tranquil light upon the plain beneath. The fruitful fields extended from the base of the castle until they reached the mountains. The stream sparkled like silver as it rushed, and flashed, and broke against the mighty basalt rocks. "Look at this magnificent lowland," continued Wallenstein, still addressing the Dean, "with grain in abundance, woods inexhaustible. Here they may burn charcoal; and there, further up, where the stream presses from the mountain pass, we will have powder-mills and iron-works. See to it, Koltwa. They shall work, and grow rich; but still work so that they shall not enjoy their gains—small punishment for these Friedland beasts! To-morrow I go forth. I will myself take the boy to Gitschin. Strange that he should be the only thing to love in Friedland. The stars have given him, Koltwa, to be my stay in weakness, my good angel in time of sorrow. I have no son. Would that George were, flesh and blood, my own!"

A tender melancholy, which at times would master the haughty man of iron, overspread the cheek of Wallenstein. He dismissed Koltwa, and gave strict orders to be left alone; none should be admitted to him except the boy, who might approach him, unannounced, at any hour.

It grew dark; the stars were visible, some looking inquisitively between the heavy silk curtains upon the man who worshipped and believed in them. Wallenstein paced the apartment in nervous agitation. Suddenly his eye was rivetted to a portrait that hung upon the wall before him. It was that of Melchior von Räder. Beneath it, upon a pedestal, stood the beautifully chiselled marble bust of Philip the Second of Spain. The half-opened mouth partly disclosed the teeth, whilst a tiger-like smile brooded maliciously upon the lip. There was a furrow on the forehead, brought there, as it would seem, by the habitual contemplation of blood and crime. The white marble bust looked altogether like the representation of a human hyena. Wallenstein started back as his eye caught sight of such death-like life. The image almost spoke the history of the man—cold-blooded, all-powerful, tyrant, and fanatic. Fear crept through the body even of the fearless Duke, and he passed his hands across his face to drive away the vision. He could afford to gaze for a longer period upon the handsome countenance of the Baron—he who had been so brave in war, so faithful to his emperor. "Oh, strange, strange fate of

man!" exclaimed the Duke. "This is the man, overloaded with dignity and honour by the master who now proscribes and drives forth his child and widow! What destiny is ours? Time will show."

He paced the saloon until it became too narrow and confined for all the thoughts with which his brain was charged. He seized a taper, and passed into the adjoining chamber, which opened into a still larger one, and terminated in a range of apartments which extended around the circuit of the castle. Here there was a multitude of pictures—portraits, for the most part, of the earlier lords of Friedland—some in full length, others half-lengths—all of them members of famous families in Bohemia—of the *Berkowecz*, *Berka*, *Dub*, and *Biberstein*. Wallenstein examined the paintings closely, and passed from room to room until he had imperceptibly made the entire round of the castle. He found himself at length in the small saloon again. The hour of midnight sounded in the Duke's ear—the last tones of the bell were accompanied by a deep-drawn sigh. Wallenstein started.

George sat crouching in a corner of the room.

"Whom do you seek, child?" enquired the Duke, approaching the pale boy. "Speak to your father, who will be always good and tender to you."

He raised the newly baptized child, and drew him to his side. He put his arm protectingly about his waist, and urged the fair and curly head of his adopted boy fondly to his bosom.

"Say, child, what grieves you?" continued Wallenstein, kissing his forehead. "Impart your sorrow to me. This bosom, my child, is not devoid of feeling, let the world say what it will. It feels differently from those of other men, but not the less intensely. There are griefs buried there, such as thousands make a show of, but have never felt. Why should I expose them to the mockery of a heartless multitude, who can never appreciate what is great and holy, noble and beautiful. Let me be to them the cold, severe, inexorable man, as fate, by the speaking of the stars, has designed me."

"Oh, I know you are noble," replied George, with enthusiasm. "Men have done you wrong. They will say that you have seduced me with false and ill hopes; they will utter falsehood, and do you injustice. But I—I have killed my father, and rendered my poor mother miserable—I shall never more be happy!"

"That interruption in the chapel, then, has unmanned you," responded the Duke; "and no wonder! How little is it that you know of this great theatre. Your heart is easily touched. Compose yourself. Your father lives; and both he and your mother will live to acknowledge that I mean well by them. Most people, child, must be constrained to accept good fortune, else will they never have it. It is men of might and character who lead fools, endowing them with minds, and informing them what is good to do, what is needful to avoid."

"Do you leave Friedland to-morrow?" asked the boy, in a tone of sadness. "Did I not hear you say so?"

"You did."

"May I make one request?"

"Speak on, child."

"My poor father!"

"Well!"

"Suffer me once more to see him and her!" cried George; "I shall never close my eyes in peace if I depart without one look. Let me visit them now; the night is dark; the burghers are asleep; no one will see me; and my parents, too, will have gone to their bed. I will creep to their bedside, and steal from their unconscious lips one kiss of pardon. They will dream of me, and I shall be happy. I shall leave them consoled, and ready to do your bidding. Do not, dear second father, deny my prayer."

Wallenstein listened to the boy's request in silence, and for a second or two fixed upon him a keen and steady glance.

"It is a reasonable wish," he said, at length, "and it shall be gratified. You shall see them once more; and, for security's sake, I—I will accompany you."

So speaking, the Duke rang his bell. A valet appeared upon the instant, with a dressing-gown upon his arm.

"Not so," said Wallenstein, addressing him. "The work of the day is not yet finished. My hat and cloak."

Man and boy were soon without the castle walls. The Duke wrapped himself closely in the grey cloak which he had exchanged for the customary red one. No one met them. The city was as if depopulated; the echo of their own footsteps alone disturbed the profound stillness. Waggons were standing before the doors of the houses laden with utensils. All the habitations were open—there was little to purloin from the unhappy people who had already lost every thing. The Duke heeded not this crying testimony to the devastation which he himself had brought about. They arrived at the city church, and having reached it, the Duke, for the first time, spoke—

"Where do your parents live?"

"There—there!" said the boy, in a tremulous voice; "there, where the light is playing on the window."

"Quick, child, our time is short. Advance! I will keep watch."

The house-door was left on the latch, as usual. George glided in. The Duke followed cautiously, on his heel. The sitting-room was deserted; a few closed trunks were in a corner of the room, with a bandbox containing playthings that belonged to his little sisters. The faint light of a lamp glimmered from the bed-chamber; and into this apartment, with a throbbing heart, George stepped. He held his breath. As he opened the door a strange sight met his tearful eyes. The bedding lay upon the boards, tied up in bundles. Upon one of these, with his back resting against the wall, Günther slumbered. Had he fallen to sleep in prayer? His hands were folded near his breast. Next to him sat Barbara: her head had dropt upon the lap of her husband; and her long loosened tresses almost entirely covered her countenance and bosom. Opposite to them, in affectionate embrace, slept the two sisters. Gay dreams might be

sporting in their innocent minds, for happy smiles were playing on their cheeks. Above them a spider had weaved its mournful-looking web. What meant that omen?

George advanced to the sleepers. His heart beat heavily, and the tears chased one another rapidly down his cheeks. He fell upon his knees, and entreated pardon from the wronged ones. The father sighed; and—oh, did his ears deceive him?—his mother whispered his name, and gently smiled. It was forgiveness. He had resolved to steal a lock of hair from each of his parents, and he achieved his object. This accomplished, he crossed on tiptoe to his sisters. He kissed them both: one moved her arm in sleep; he suffered it to touch his neck, and linger there.

Wallenstein was accustomed to war and battle, but he did not witness the leave-taking as he had beheld men mowed down by the sword before him. A chord was suddenly struck—an unusual one with him. "God!" he exclaimed, "what wretchedness is caused by this battling for a form! Can it be pleasing there?" He raised his eyes to Heaven, whilst sad and melancholy thoughts were wrestling with his soul. It was not until he felt the pressure of the boy's hand that he was again free from the labyrinth into which one moment of honest conviction had unexpectedly cast him.

"Are you ready?" he inquired of the youth.

"I have prayed forgiveness," answered George, "and father has told me that God is merciful."

"He is, boy. And know, my son, that the destiny of every one of us must be fulfilled. Yours is a great and glorious one, for it has been cast in the orbit of my life."

They quitted the house as carefully as they had entered it—Wallenstein attuned to seriousness—the youthful George with a spirit at peace.

With daybreak, the city of Friedland was in unusual commotion. Before the majority of the houses waggons and carts were loading, silently, but with a speed and anxiety that would have suggested to a stranger the idea of advancing enemies, already at the gate. The sky was overcast; the air sultry and oppressive; and at rare intervals only did the sun glance obliquely from behind its compact veil of vapour, throwing a transient brightness over the activity of the unfortunate city, and quickly retreating, as if ashamed of the spectacle which he must needs behold. Upon the market-place, and in the vicinity of the church, the greatest activity prevailed. Here hundreds of women and children were assembled, giving themselves up to grief, and by their loud sobs and lamentations tearing the souls of men who would afford them no help. These were creatures who, for the most part, from their circumstances, were unable to quit the city, and unprotected were, as it were, delivered over to any fate. They had met to see their instructor and friend once again, ere they took leave of him for ever.

Towards nine o'clock Günther appeared, with his wife and the two

children that were still spared to him. The affliction of the last few days had added many years to his appearance; yet there was a firmness, and even alacrity, in his gait as he stepped forth amidst the throng. He pressed the hands of those who were nearest to him, as silently thanking them for their love and faithful adherence. An open waggon had been prepared to convey him from the ducal territory. He ascended it calmly, took the children upon his lap, who, frightened at the unusual proceedings, burst into tears, and then he gave the signal for departure.

As the train passed the church, the bell sounded, calling the people to mass. Ninety years had elapsed since such a summons had been heard in Friedland.

A multitude of waggons followed in the track of the superintendent, and more than two thousand inhabitants of Friedland followed their outcast pastor on foot. Many of these were forced to return; but they desired to accompany their friend as far as was permitted them.

About half a league from the city, upon a height which to the south looks upon Friedland and its lofty castle, and towards the north and west upon Kunnersdorf and the forests behind it, there stood an old, far-sprcading, shadowing linden tree. A misty darkness lay upon the country as far as the eye could reach, but upon the spot where that linden stood the sun shone brightly, with all his glittering rays. To the spirits of the castaway it was as if Heaven hallowed the speck of ground, pointing out to him the way the wanderer should go. Long before the Friedlanders arrived at the little oasis, they were conscious of the illumination, which, as they advanced, did not perceptibly increase in size. Beyond the linden tree the traveller, by degrees, lost sight of Friedland. Günther, therefore, that he might once more survey the place of his ministry, requested the train to halt under the shadow of the ancient tree. They obeyed. His companions in misfortune, and all who accompanied him, crowded round the minister as he rose in the waggon, and looked down upon the fruitful lowlands; and, strange to say, the plain lighted up by the sun was just so large that all the members of that sad company could participate in the general beams. Günther gazed upon his children, and inspiration brightened up his cheek. He raised his hands to Heaven, and implored a blessing upon the faithful children who had preferred penury and want to disgrace and base apostasy. He then delivered a parting discourse to his congregation, which was listened to with a breathless attention. It might have lasted a quarter of an hour, and just so long did the air remain tranquil—did the sun shine undisturbed. Scarcely, however, had Günther concluded, before the winds murmured in the hollow of the mountains, preparatory to their breaking forth and driving before them a devastating thunder-storm, that bent its way towards the city of Friedland. As the lightning flashed, the castle of Friedland seemed to be in flames, and the astonished multitude could almost aver they saw the bright blaze starting from the gables. The storm passed quickly off, and the expatriated continued their way under a bright and happier sky. At the linden

tree those who were to remain behind separated from the others, in order to return to the city, more depressed than they had quitted it.

Wallenstein, fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, and by the conflicting emotions of his mind, had slept longer than was his custom. His first question upon awaking was concerning the Friedlanders. Had they thought better of it? Did they repent their obstinacy? Were they submissive?"

"They are quitting the city," answered the man to whom the questions were addressed.

"It is false," replied the Duke with vehemence. "It is a lie — a delusion of the devil — a crafty trick to extort a recall of my commands."

"Your highness may satisfy yourself," continued the attendant; "you may behold them from the window."

"Where is my son?" said the Duke fiercely. "Let him be called."

He hurried to the window, and tore the casement open, and he beheld the long train of waggons, and the people following in their rear. He followed the far extending line in gloomy silence, watched it at the linden tree, and then saw it slowly disappear behind the heights."

"It is only the rabble that return," he muttered between his teeth, dashing the window from him, and shattering the panes of glass in the act. George stood next to him.

"Where have you been?" he asked the youth abruptly, and with severity.

"To take a last look of them unperceived," replied the boy. As he spoke, the lightning flashed in the room, and glared before them, and the thunder roared again. The Duke, heedless of the weather, strided through the apartment with folded arms and knitted brow. When the storm subsided, he called to the governor of the castle.

"Hans!" said he, "the knaves have played me a defying game. Those that are left behind shall atone for it. Make them Catholics every one. If they oppose you, scourge them, and make them Catholics still. Not a word: obey me."

Hans von Gersdorf hastened to execute the will of the Duke; and the latter before noon had the satisfaction to hear that at least a hundred poor burghers had been brought back to the Catholic church by force. His spirits, revived. He spoke much with George, and, accompanied by the lad, he quitted the castle in the afternoon, and rode slowly and haughtily through the city, accompanied by some hundred mousquetaires. He did not deign to acknowledge the anxious greetings of the people as he passed by them, but he dismounted at the church to perform his devotions at the high altar. This ceremony over, he galloped at full speed from the city, the sparks darting from the horse's hoofs, and the blood red mantle of the rider streaming after him like a fiery train.

Wallenstein had seen the city for the last time. He never visited it again. He cursed the stiff-necked citizens as he abandoned the

spot, who had preferred a life of liberty with poverty and want, to safety and prosperity and a compliance with his arbitrary will.

Ten years had elapsed since the enacting of the scenes described; horrible warfare had laid waste cities, villages, and fields; and the blood-thirsting monster still infested the whole of Germany, like a hungry jackall, ready to devour anything that yet had life. In the midst of this hideous misery there were names pre-eminent for valour and glory, fearful meteors, rapidly flying through the world, and as quickly vanishing. Wallenstein, more feared than beloved by the multitude, was worshipped like a God by the army. Others, more or less remarkable, ranged themselves at his side, found their adherents, and formed the subject of fire-side conversation in the abode of burghers and country people.

A short league from the city of Zittau and to the west of it, there lies in a pleasant valley an extensive village, built in the form of a horse-shoe. In the centre of it stands the church, bordering upon open fields. It is an ancient massive building, which for centuries has withstood the ravages of wind and weather. Immediately attached to the church, and opening into the churchyard, is the pastor's house—a large, rambling, and uncomfortable building, which, at the time of which we speak, was still less fit for habitation than at the present day. In the large dwelling-room of this building, at the beginning of March 1634, sat the pastor and his family. They were drawn around an unsightly deal-table, and Günther was in the act of asking a blessing upon the frugal fare which a young and blooming maiden had just served up. In the enormous stove composed of Dutch tiles, the small sticks of a faggot were crackling; but the sharp wind that blew without, lashing the flakes of snow against the window, did not suffer the room to attain any degree of comfortable warmth. A second maiden, of equally pleasing appearance, still held in her hand the burnt-out sprig of juniper with which, after the custom of country people in this neighbourhood, she had a little time before fumigated the damp and vaporous apartment. The hair of the pastor was very grey; but there were no marks of age in his countenance, and his gentle, quiet wife too appeared to have lost her original sprightliness of temperament, more from melancholy experience than from the advance of time. No wonder! the days were sad and disturbed, and who could perceive the end of them! Before the meal was finished, loud knocks at the outer door of the house startled the peaceful family, and brought the two maidens to their feet. They removed the knives and forks, and went in company to admit the visitors.

"Who can it be?" said the elder one, Anna—she who had burned the sprig of juniper. "Since the Croats pillaged us, every noise terrifies me."

"A poor hungry traveller, no doubt," replied the younger one. "Some poor wretch who has lost his road, perhaps. Take courage, Anna."

The door was opened, and the girls returned with a tall robust

man who carried a pack upon his back, and at his side a large leathern pouch covered with seal-skin.

"Good even," said the stranger; "a good appetite to you all, and may God bless it to you. He fixed his iron-tipped staff against the wall, and threw the pack upon the ground. Pretty weather this! are the Croats abroad in it?"

"Warm yourself," said the pastor; "and if you are hungry, you are heartily welcome to bread and a mouthful of soup."

"Thank you, pastor, thank you," replied the other. "A godly gift, cheerfully offered, brings double increase. God grant us better times, pastor."

The stranger, without standing upon ceremony, seated himself upon a footstool. He was a pedlar; one of those who, in spite of the troubles of the times, wandered far and wide over the country, and whilst they carried on their trade, acted, at the same time, the part of moving chronicles. It was on this account that pedlars were welcome visitors every where, and found ready customers amongst those who were eager to hear of the latest battles and the newest events. Their reports were vague and uncertain, and seldom exact, but their value on that account was not the less in the eye of the curious.

"How do things look in the empire?" asked Barbara.

"Can't say!" replied the pedlar. "Haven't been there for a long time, and haven't spoken to a soul who has come from there. I can *guess*, though, how things look — strife, murder, and flames, as they are every where else. Nothing in fashion now but murder; it has become right royal and imperial."

"How so?" inquired the pastor, listening attentively.

"Why, only see now, what creatures we are!" continued the pedlar. "The moment the belly is full, business is forgotten. Your good eating and drinking had well nigh driven the whole matter from my head. Wait a minute — I shall find it directly; it is the choicest thing in my bundle." And so saying, he opened a leathern pouch, and took out a few loose sheets, such as were published at the time for want of better newspapers, to be retailed by pedlars and ballad-singers.

"Here," said he, "is the newest and most important murder done in beautiful verse; the people run after it like mad; they can't print them fast enough. There — miss will be able to read it; she may say it aloud; for my part I could hear it for ever; it lays hold of one quite wonderfully."

Anna took the leaves and gave them to her mother. The latter scarcely glanced at them before she uttered a piercing scream, and suffered the papers to fall from her hands.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the pastor, seizing the papers; and hurrying his gaze across them with deep emotion, he read a few doggerel verses that announced to him the death of WALLENSTEIN! "Dead?" said the pastor, folding the paper.

"Yes, as a door-nail," added the pedlar.

"The great, the mighty, the invincible — the terrible, but still great man!"

MOLOCH ;
OR,
THE SONG OF THE FURNACE.
BY EDWARD JOHN SELWYN.

‘ The Fire that saith not, ‘ It is enough.’ ”
 PROV. xxx. 16.

HEAP on the coal ! my masters !
 Stint not the food I love ;
 I need no banquet-tasters,
 Its wholesomeness to prove.
 Heap on ! with hand unsparing,
 And scuttle and shovel light :
 I’ll sing ye songs worth hearing !
 Deem ye me dumb to-night ?
 Mine is a mirthful story,
 Though haply sad to you —
 Say, would ye wot of glory ?
 Then list — my tale is true !

Whilome, this spot was meadow,
 Where now I roar at night ;
 O’er the greensward, sun and shadow
 Danc’d in succession bright.
 Here came the gay fawn, bounding
 Its dappled dam to greet ;
 Heard they my rude roar sounding,
 Methinks their hoof were fleet.
 Here rose the lark at morning,
 The blythe thrush warbled here ;
 Saw they my black throat yawning,
 They’d tumble in with fear !
 Hither came Youth and Beauty,
 Light steps and laughter gay ;
 Methinks her face were sooty,
 Who gaz’d too near to-day.

But lo! with axe on shoulder,
The skilful artisan —
Surely, there is none bolder
Than that strange creature, man —
He came, and hew'd the forest —
He dug beneath the soil —
His toil was of the sorest,
Yet he reck'd not of his toil.
Daily and nightly — deeper
Beneath the earth he div'd —
Woe! to the ling'ring sleeper!
Woe! to the newly-wiv'd.
Why bor'st thou, thou that borest?
Delver, why delv'st thou so?
Above ye grew the forest —
Seek ye fresh groves below?
They had hewn wood in the meadow,
They found more wood below;
For beneath that pit's dark shadow,
Thick trunk on trunk did grow.
'Twas coal, they said — rich treasure!
And, faith, right glad were they.
They found great store — "No measure
Can mete it out," they say.
Coal! 'tis the diamond's brother!
Strange speech, I ween, yet true;
Of one substance and one mother,
Diverse enough their hue!
This coal I feed on nightly —
Coal, I devour by day: —
Heap, heap on! the more brightly
I burn the more I'll say.
And lo! in other places
They delv'd beneath the sod,
And cheered grew their faces,
And with lighter step they trod.
"Ho! ho! black iron," they shouted,
"Great luck is ours to-day!"
They laughed. "What dullard doubted
There was treasure in this clay?
Erewhile, men said, earth riches
Wave with the golden corn;

Our darksome pits and ditches
 The cravens laugh'd to scorn.
 Say, will they laugh, when, clashing
 Farmer with artisan,
 In banded conflict dashing
 Black iron against red grain
 Shall fill the world with anguish,
 Tumult, and wild dismay,
 Till the grim ore shall vanquish
 Grain's bonded knavery? "
 Then took they brick, and daily
 Made me more tall and strong —
 (Ye must ply my fire more gaily,
 An ye would hear my song).
 Then took they fire, and taught me
 On all that burns to feed :
 I ate up all they brought me,
 Nor knew I aught of need.
 Days, nights, weeks, months, yea longer
 Than one of you can tell,
 Stronger I've wax'd and stronger,
 As I remember well.
 From out the earth's dark treasure,
 They've brought me coal for food :
 How my black jaws glow with pleasure,
 When I roar my thanks, " 'Tis good ! "
 From out the earth's cold bosom,
 They've brought the hard black ore :
 It has wither'd like some blossom
 My scorching blast before.
 I've laugh'd and gleam'd, how brightly !
 To see the white stream glow,
 When the tanks are open'd nightly,
 That the molten flood may flow.
 But louder far my laughter,
 When they hurl in coal and ore :
 Should he who hurls fall after,
 He never stints me more.
 But draw ye somewhat nearer ;
 I've a little tale to tell :
 'Twill somewhat thrill the hearer,
 But ye may bear it well.

So heap the fuel — ay, faster —
I hunger. Telling tales
Is hung'ring work, good master ;
The hungry memory fails.
If ye would hear my story,
Then feed me — an ye may —
Ye know not what's before ye,
If your feeding hand ye stay.

'Tis long ago — I heed not
How long the time may be —
There liv'd a maid — ye read not
Of a lovelier maid than she.
Though humbly faring, healthy ;
With earth's lore ill endow'd :
In every good gift wealthy,
In conscious virtue proud.
Years brought at length a lover,
Her maiden heart to prove :
(I'd be last one to reprove her,
But I know not what is *love*).
He lov'd her well — and pleaded
As a lover only can :
Provision small they needed,
Blest woman with blest man !
He wed her, and she bore him
One lovely child — men tell :
But woe was hanging o'er him —
'Twas winter — wages fell —
And work grew scarcer daily —
And his heart sank cold within —
His eye's bright fire wan'd palely,
And his frame grew weak and thin.
Yet he toil'd on, though labour
Grew cheaper, day by day ;
Till each whisper'd to his neighbour,
“ Where get we bread, I pray ? ”
Yet did that lovely maiden,
Because her love was strong,
Pale, hung'ring, sorrow-laden,
Endure in silence long.

At length, one day, he left her,
Yet not in wrath but love ;
Ne'er had he thus bereft her,
Save for her weal to rove.
"For," said he, "while I linger,
Wages more scarce become ;
By search, 'chance, I may bring her
To some more prosp'rous home."
He went, and long he wander'd—
And sought—but all in vain ;
"Woe! woe!" whene'er he ponder'd,
On his return again.
Meanwhile he sicken'd—sorrow
Had wrought on him full sore.
Sad each day—sad each morrow—
Hopeless his evermore.
He died—heart broken. Sadness
Had laid the husband low—
Grief wrought the wife to madness
(At least men deemed it so,)
For one night, when the curtain
Of darkness veil'd the sky,
She heard a voice uncertain,
A long, low, dismal cry—
" 'Twas the furnace wrought this sorrow—
Let the furnace have his fill—
Thy dearest—e'er to-morrow—
Else"—then the voice was still!
She listen'd—'twas repeated—
And thrice she heard the same—
Till each madden'd sense was cheated,
And her brain seem'd all on flame.
From her humble couch she started,
And along the path she sprung—
Unclad—her hair, loose-parted,
To the chill night-breeze she flung—
And in her arms, half-waken'd,
Her shiv'ring child she bore,
To where my tall form blacken'd,
To my glare, and smoke, and roar.
"My child," she cried, "what ail'st thou?
Is the night dark and chill?"

Haply from terror quail'st thou,
 That I shall work thee ill?
 Hush thee, my child — grim voices
 Have call'd us, and we go;
 Yea, my sad heart rejoices
 To have been summon'd so.
 Soon will thy father greet thee,
 Thy father, lost so long!
 With his own kind smile he'll meet thee —
 Fear'st thou *he'll* do thee wrong?
 No, my child — warm is the pillow
 Where thou shalt lay thy head;
 Whelm'd 'neath yon fiery billow
 Thou'lt pine no more for bread.
 And I, too, soon shall follow —
 Without thee, what were I?
 Hear'st thou again that hollow —
 Ah me! — that dismal cry?
 Then clasp thee closer, dearest!
 Hush thee! 'twill soon be o'er!
 Fear not — I know thou fearest
 Thou wilt never see me more.
 Nay — my love — where thou goest
 I straight shall follow too:
 How small a part thou knowest
 Of what I go to do!
 Farewell! farewell! one instant —
 And we shall meet again.
 Thou'lt fare better there, sweet infant:
 One pang — then no more pain!"
 Once and again she kiss'd him —
 Sure, since the babe saw light,
 Sweeter kiss ne'er had bless'd him,
 Than she gave that dismal night.
 Then once again — then leapt she
 Where ye hurl in the ore —
 There she hurl'd *him* — nor wept she
 That she ne'er should meet him more.
 Nay — had she wept, I reckon
 Her tears had soon been dry,
 For surely, ne'er war-beacon,
 Flam'd half so fierce as I.

It had done ye good, to have listen'd
How the child's flesh crack'd and fizz'd,
And seen how my fierce eyes glisten'd,
And the wild sparks round it whizz'd.
She mark'd it all — and screaming
Asked, "Hast thou now thy fill?
Sure 'twas thou call'dst, — no dreaming
Had wrought me half this ill;
But since thou hast the baby,
Take now the wife as well:
Thou lov'st rich food — and may be,
Much of it: who can tell?"
Then down the op'ning hollow,
With a rending shriek, and wild,
She sprang, right glad to follow,
Where she had hurl'd her child.
Thus, I had slain the father —
For I caus'd his want of bread.
But I knew he would die rather,
In his wife's and infant's stead;
So I call'd the mother to me,
And bade her burn the child;
Now which of ye can show me
Mirth half so gay and wild?
And, but that ye've been filling
My throat with what I lov'd,
While I my tale was telling,
Ye too my mirth had prov'd.
Now each good sprite that hovers,
Would ye do me a good turn,
Send me plenty of young lovers,
To wed, and starve, and burn.

CONTINENTAL RAILROADS.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P.

It may be worth while to remind the public that, while the tables of Parliament are groaning under the weight of railroad bills, and while the unhappy members are preparing to spend the greater part of the London season in temporary committee-rooms, of the same fabric and containing as much comfort as those which New Zealand colonists erect on their first arrival, a large part of the rest of the world is vigorously directing its energies the same way. The French railways, indeed, with their English capital and English labour, are most of them extensions of English lines, and in a short time we shall be sped by steam from London to Rome, almost without being aware that we are traversing the dominions of our ancient enemy and now distrustful friend. When however we are all well jolted together in the same train, the "entente cordiale" will perhaps be closer than it now is. No longer will the English carriage roll through the plains of Touraine and Auvergne in all its solitary pomposity, with the lady's maid indignant at not stopping regularly for tea at four o'clock in a housekeeper's room, and the courier as pretentious as an Eastern dragoman: no longer will the steamer descend the Rhone with the light freight of one English family, taking the boat to themselves to avoid the annoyance of continental contact. When indeed France is thus thoroughly permeable, we shall have less probability of any desire for political "isolation," which would not only throw it back in the course of national improvement, but render its railroads very bad speculations. It will perhaps be no loss in the end that the French railways have been subject to so much delay: when one sees the confused net of iron which is likely to be spread over England, it is impossible to say that there is not much reason in the view taken of the subject the other day by Lord Howick, and nine years ago by Lord Fitzwilliam, that private speculation should have only been allowed to range within the limits of an extensive and general scheme of railway communication, organised by government after large inquiry and deep consideration. Draw on the map of England the lines of all the projected railroads, and you will not only have hundreds of miles of parallel lines, but many where they fall exactly over one another. This will be avoided in France: the lines, generally speaking, will be the best possible, and constructed and worked at an immense reduction of cost, the whole loss of previous experiments having fallen upon England as the price of unrestrained competition. We can hardly regret this, remembering how probable it is that neither our government nor any other would have ventured to

break up the old system of communication into which so many interests had twisted their roots, and on which they were thriving; how many arguments might have been brought against its disturbance; and how unwilling many of us would have been to turn the Great North Road into a meadow and its splendid inns into barns for a problematical public advantage. But now that the adventurous spirit of speculation has opened this rich field to the employment of capital, it is surely necessary that as strong an element of order should be introduced into the system as is consistent with its free development, and that we should guard against the probability of unfinished or unworked lines of railroad stretching over the country at some future period, as useless, but by no means as ornamental, as the aqueducts over the Campagna of Rome. Nothing can be more agreeable than the French railroads that are already opened; the one from Rouen to Paris keeps crossing the Seine like a huge snake lying over its course, and exhibits a series of continuous pleasant rural pictures such as we hardly know of on any English line. It is a common assertion that travelling by railroad will injure or even destroy the sense of natural beauty, and, true enough, the details of scenery cannot be enjoyed from a railroad, but there is some compensation in the distinct perception you acquire of the characteristics of the country you traverse; the clear feeling you attain of its natural relations is like that of the reality of a large geological section.

The railroads in Italy are only just begun; and the beginning is the chain that binds together the great cities of Lombardy, and links the islands of Venice to the mainland. This last circumstance has been regarded with dismay by others than the mere sentimental traveller: it has been said that the peculiar beauty of that great city, "which was neither infant nor stripling, which God took by the hand and taught to walk by itself the first hour," is past for ever; and that, in fact, Venice will lose all its charm for the stranger. This will probably turn out a very unfounded fear: for the great bridge which stretches from Mestre to Venice, besides being in itself a most beautiful object, and a very characteristic approach to the Queen of the Waters, meets the back of the city at a point little known to any except residents in Venice, and does not in the least interfere with the noted public buildings, or any of the glories of the great canal. As a mere matter of taste, it may indeed be more agreeable to many minds to see Venice in a process of solemn decay, than under the influence of a gradual recovery from desolation and poverty; but there is little reason to believe that the material advantages Venice will derive from her railroads will in any great degree alter the appearance of that part of the town where most of its architectural beauties are concentrated; nor will Venice be less like its ancient self because its harbour is bristling with masts, and its piazzas crowded with merchants: the commercial restoration of Venice is all in its old spirit—it is essentially a place of traffic, and every thing that, like the railroad, tends to fill it with business and enrich it with merchandise, is but a continuation of the work of the Dandolo and Mocenigos. Had the railroad not been continued into Venice, a

large warehousing and mercantile town would have arisen at the terminus, and Venice would have derived no advantage from what now promises to be the cause of a renewal of its pristine wealth, and thus of the preservation of its monumental splendour.

Delightful, indeed, will it be to traverse the plain at the foot of the Alps without dust or annoyance; to fly, as it were, from the Duomo of Milan to the Campanile of St. Mark; to enjoy the richness of the country without the interminable length of poplar avenues; and to have for resting-stations the noble towns of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. We fear it will be long before any complete system of railroads is organised in Italy, but those from Naples to Castel-a-Mare, and from Milan to Monza, are well managed and profitable; lines are in process of construction from Florence to Leghorn, and from Lucca to Pisa; while a comprehensive scheme of lines in Sardinia is under consideration.

If France, centralised as she is, be justified in her tardiness in establishing this means of communication, there would be much excuse for Germany, with all its separation of great and little states, even if hardly any thing had there been done to meet the wants of the time. Take up the map of Germany, and see how it is dissected into all sorts of strange shapes and fragments by its political relations, and you will wonder that so many necessary difficulties of separate interests have been already conquered, and that she is further advanced in the way of intermutual communication than any part of the world except England. From Berlin alone already issue railroads to Potsdam, to Stettin, to Frankfurt-on-the-Oder; besides the great line, which, diverging at Cöthen, leads on the right to Magdeburg and Hanover, on the left to Leipzig, Dresden, and Altenburg; the former of which branches is to be continued to the Rhine,—the latter to Frankfurt-on-the-Main in one direction, and in the other to Prague.

In October, 1842, the King of Prussia addressed a rescript to his assembled states respecting the railroads of Prussia, and declared it most desirable that the continuations which we have already mentioned should be effected; and that lines should be made to connect Berlin with Königsberg, Danzig, and the Russian frontier on one side, with Breslau, Opfeln, and the Austrian frontier on the other; as also a cross line which should connect the two last, and should pass through Posen. The government refused to undertake the lines itself, but expressed a willingness to guarantee the companies that should undertake these projects in the receipt of three and a half per cent. interest on the shares, the government taking a seventh of the shares, and by a gradual process of *amortissement* buying up ultimately the whole scheme. The means for this advance of interest were, if necessary, to be supplied by a re-imposition of the duty on salt, from which the country was just relieved. The states, after in vain urging the government to undertake the work at its own expense, consented to the terms; and at this moment, in addition to the twelve railroads that are open in Prussia, nine are in progress, five certain to be undertaken, and twenty-three seriously projected; the whole length

of those already open, in progress, and ready to be undertaken, is about sixteen hundred miles. It will not fail to be remarked that the small interest with which the projectors are here content, affords as strong a contrast to our speculations, as the desire to throw the whole onus on the government does to the energetic competition of our schemes; but it is not improbable that that very competition, when the schemes are once realised, will reduce our profits to something like the continental level.

We have been so much accustomed to look merely at the immediate advantages and minuter comforts of railways, that we have rarely considered how great a change will be effected in the commercial and political world, when the great continental plans shall be realised, and Europe traversed by lines extending from sea to sea. The important preparation for the commercial union of Germany, which has been made by the Zollverein, is now to be followed up by these rapid means of free communication, which from their nature must render impossible the long continuance of any system of commercial restrictions or vexatious police. The exchange of articles both of foreign import and home production through the whole of Germany, will be facilitated to a degree hitherto unimagined; and great efforts are making to keep the attention of the governments of that country fixed upon these great national ends, without allowing themselves to be diverted more than is absolutely necessary, by local claims, leading to deviations and circuitous routes. Time is little regarded on the Continent in comparison with its value in England, but cheapness is prized and sought after, and it now appears to be certain that the shortest possible line between two points will in the end be the cheapest. It is also understood to be most important to have as few changes of carriages as possible, not only for the convenience of passengers, but on account of the damage suffered by the removal of goods from one vehicle to another. The Austrian government appear to entertain on these subjects the largest and wisest views; in connecting Dresden with Prague they preferred a line parallel with the Moldau and the Elbe to one passing through a thickly peopled and manufacturing district of Bohemia, and which possesses no water communication, on the ground that, although the difference was not more than sixty miles (English), such a circuit should not be made on a great line intended to knit together the interests of distant countries, on account of any local or temporary considerations. But the Austrian undertaking of the chief importance to Europe is the line from Trieste to the frontiers of Silesia, to be continued from thence to the shores of the Baltic. Notwithstanding the immense natural difficulties to be surmounted, full half of the Austrian portion of this line is completed: it passes from Trieste to Vienna, by Gratz and Liebach; and how gigantic the labour must here have been may be imagined from the single fact that the lowest point of the mountain range of Lömmering, which it necessarily traverses, is 2000 feet above the valley of the Mürz, along which it runs. From Vienna to the borders of Silesia the line is tolerably easy, going for a great part of the distance through the valley of the March: from the frontier to Breslau it will

follow the left bank of the Oder, then leaving that river to meet it again above Frankfurt, and thence by Küstrin, Driesen, Schneidemühl (the cradle of the new German-Catholic church), and by Bramberg to Königsberg and Danzig: it is intended that this enormous journey should be undertaken by passengers and goods without change of carriage.

There can be little doubt that the admirable invention of Professor Wheatstone will be applied to all important lines of railway: he has already been applied to to superintend the construction of an electrical telegraph between Petersburg and Moscow; and let only his inventive genius be brought to bear on the Austrian and Prussian undertaking, and a thought conceived on the shores of the Mediterranean will be instantaneously, without perception of time, expressed on the coast of the Baltic; a feat of human contrivance such as our wonderful age alone can regard without astonishment or incredulity. The strategical value of this line and its branches for the defence of Germany against the Eastern and Slavonian ambition must also be regarded; and in this point of view there will probably be a concentration of the great German lines at Posen, as a central position, and one of great importance, both for defensive and offensive operations, in case of war in that quarter of Europe.

In reviewing Continental railways, we must not overlook the lines leading from the Lake of Constance to the Eastern and Northern ocean. The governments of Bavaria and Wirtemberg are here in competition: the former wishing the line to run from Lindau, by Augsburg and Nürnberg, to Bamberg, the latter desiring it to start from Friederichshafen, and reach Carlsruhe by Ulm and Stuttgart: in the first case the line would lead to Hamburg and Danzig by way of Leipzig, and to Bremen by way of Hanover, and in the second with Bremen, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, by way of Cassel. Both lines will, in all probability, be constructed, and there seems no reason why they should not, both, be advantageous and profitable: it will be necessary, also, to connect, by branch, the fortresses of Ulm and Rastath and the valleys of the Danube and the Rhine.

The rails of the line already made from Basle to Heidelberg are further apart than those of any German railroad, which will render a change of carriages always necessary at Heidelberg, and cause no small inconvenience when the whole line is completed to the frontier of Holland. The question is now generally agitated, whether the continuation from Mayence to Cologne should be along the right or left bank of the Rhine: it has, indeed, been already begun from Cologne as far as Bonn on the left bank, which boasts all the chief towns on the line; and it is asserted by the advocates of this direction that no military advantage would be gained by having it on the right bank, for the railroad on the right bank could never be defended against the attack of an enemy who was master of the left; this opinion, however, is strongly disputed, and it is not improbable that a middle course will be taken, viz. to use the left bank from Cologne to Coblenz, but the right from Coblenz to Mayence, where there are no towns of much more importance on the one side than on

the other, and where the chief danger from French invasion might be looked for.

There then will be the great German communications by railroad from North to South: the following from East to West are partly opened, partly in the act of construction, partly projected.

1st. The great line to which we have already alluded, when speaking of Prussia, which will intersect almost all the provinces of that federation, and tend to unite the distant and distinct subjects of that important power. The political value of this work cannot be over-rated: physically shaped as Prussia is, and composed of such fragmentary elements, this great highroad, on each side of which the different provinces will be ranged, will not only bring together in various interesting relations the separate peoples who are gathered under the Prussian name, but will develop to an incalculable extent the internal resources of the nation. Extending in nearly a direct line from Aix-la-Chapelle to Königsberg and Posen, it will traverse or communicate with every principal city of the monarchy.

2d. The line from Silesia to the middle Rhine — probably from Breslau to Mayence, by Görlitz, Dresden, Leipzig, and Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The Thuringian portion of this line will not be so short as it might be, it having been decided that a circuit of fifty or sixty miles should be made to include Cassel, a decision which has caused much discontent. The military value of this line will be very great, from the facilities it will afford for the concentration of troops on the most important points of the Rhine.

3d. The great line of the Danube—On the Austrian side, the portion from Raab to Linz is about to be commenced, but the continuation of the line westward depends on the Bavarian government, which seems to hesitate between the line by Salzburg and Munich and that along the course of the Danube; the latter line would have the general advantage of connecting Linz, Passau, Regensburg, and Ingolstadt with Ulm. A cross-line to Nürnberg by Amberg would also be most favourable to commerce of Germany, by carrying manufactures to the countries of the Lower Danube and the Black Sea; and Bavaria would be a great gainer by the transit-trade.

In conclusion, Germany has already about fifteen hundred miles (English) of railroad finished or undertaken: we see how magnificent are the schemes projected, and under these circumstances the iron mines must be worked a great deal faster and better than they have hitherto been in that country, to keep English iron out of the market, even with the double duty upon it which the Zollverein have lately, so unwisely, imposed.

THE BEGGAR JACOB.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERVEGH.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P.

THE vagrant Jacob died last night :
And almost ere the morning rose
They brought six planks and nail'd them tight —
The best of beds for long repose.

A tenement not over-gay —
But, as upon the soldier's bier
Is laid the sword of many a fray,
So let the beggar's staff be here.

That weapon faithful to his grasp,
That good support for every mile,
Till Death had orders to unclasp
His hand, and let both rest awhile.

He and the World of mutual care
Were weary : lay him low at noon :
And the luxurious spring may spare
Some leaves or grass to hide him soon.

His life had neither blame nor praise ;
He only was a Man—a German ;
No Poet names him in his lays,
No priest prepares his funeral sermon.

The penny thrown him in the sand
From the proud carriage whirling by
Was all that from his fatherland
He got, except the leave to die.

Men spoke to him of Heaven, but they
 Themselves seem'd doubly fond of earth ;
 He thought they used the stones to pay
 The People's debt for money's worth.

For he had felt his whole life long,
 How something was from some one due :
 And Poverty must needs be strong
 To bear the yoke of slavery too.;

Sleep well, poor naked human clay !
 Mind not the shroud they have forgotten-
 There's not a Prince, on God's last day,
 Whose satin cerements won't be rotten.

FROM THE NORSE.

O TREE of Igdrasil, deep-rooted down in Hela's death-realms ; whose boughs fill all immensity, and reach to heaven. Tree of Existence, ever-growing, ever-dying ; mounting out of deep death-kingdoms, and deciduous returning thither ; old, oldest, yet ever new ; another, yet the same. From the Fates at Mimer's Well, deep watering thy lowest roots, up to me thy outmost leaf, one of thy million million leaves !

Who shall express in human numbers, in words of man, thy many-voiced unfathomable music, storm-toned, which is the speech of gods ! From of old thou wert ; in the beginnings of the morning ; when being first was. Lo I, I am of yesterday, and pass swiftly : how shall I speak or sing ?

Can I read this picture-writing of a world ; written letter to us from the gods ? O earth, thou earth, my godlike mother, what art thou, who in such sort seemest, — green-mantled, rock-crowned, necklaced with diamond-glancing streams ? To me, O divine mother, to me thou speakest : how shall I dare to comprehend thee ?

Comprehend the incomprehensible ? Mark down in music-notes the great song of thunder and the tempests ? What Human History, and the storm of nations in their paroxysm means ? O Tree of Existence, wide-waving are thy boughs ; wild-sounding, ever onward, out of old eternity : and all man's speech is little, is dumb, and nothing !

We will sit by the tombs of our fathers ; we will sit silent, looking up at the firmament of heaven. Silent, for what word is there ? Silent they sleep there ; their overwearied dust reposing ; fruit which

the Life-tree of Immensity has dropped. They have done their speaking, their working, and enduring, and the sound they made is done; part of human history in eternity, unchangeable as the highest God.

O fathers, O our fathers, that were alive in love, and sorrow, and sore labour, even as we! Deep now is such rest; most deep! The stars also rest. Loud are many things, and pass swiftly; but silent, changeless, are these two: the divine stars above us, the divine sepulchres below. Eternal stars, eternal spirits of our loved ones, All hail in silence; fit word of salutation there is none.

And yet arise, O soul; to speak also is thy task. Unnumbered harmonies quiver through that tempest-tone of Igdrasil, like lightning-streaks in the black of thunder,—as beautiful as they, as terrible as they. Canst thou not snatch a unison with some of them? Come, venture, dare: thy voice too becomes eternal, part of Igdrasil, and of the stars and graves, and all treasures of the gods.

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LUKE HANSELLIN'S HAMMER.

BY ALFRED WHITEHEAD.

NEARLY everything seemed old in the old city of C——. The walls, the churches, the gates, the towers, the inhabitants, were all very old. The latter might have begun to flourish about the time the first stone of the venerable cathedral was deposited in the presence of King Etheldred. The old people of C—— were the oldest ever seen, and some of the very children appeared stricken in years on the day of their christening. Grandfathers and grandmothers were as plentiful as blackberries. Old images of saints, quite blind, and disabled in every limb by stress of time, were squeezed into little recesses at the corners of the several thoroughfares; headless and noseless knights, with their legs crossed, and their feet trampling on the stony fleeces of certain mysterious lambkins, reposed in the vestibule of St. Mary's; grotesque features grinned over doorways; carved enigmas greeted you at every turning; the quaint pump, called "Miller's Conduit," immortalised a licensed vintner who munificently caused it to be erected at his own cost in the year of our Lord 1120; human bones and Roman coins were being constantly dug out of the Abbey gardens; and, to sum up all, the famous Alfred was alleged to have concluded his plan for the recovery of his kingdom while confined, for committing an act of vagrancy, in the city roundhouse.

C—— was not so large that individual peculiarity and character were lost in it, nor so small that the personal demerits of the respective residents afforded the principal topic of popular discussion. There was a gravity, a mute sobriety about all the people, which

might be traced, perhaps, to the solid and sombre style of architecture to which from infancy (if the good people of C—— could be said to have been ever infants) their minds and eyes were habituated, and bore, as it were, a sort of sympathy. The tradesmen cherished a certain monastic severity of visage: barbers *there* were not the barbers of all the rest of the world, pragmatically brisk and chatty; no, upon their blocks "deliberation sat," and serious composure directed the lathering brush and razor. Two windmills, situated on an eminence overlooking the town, were the only apparently active agents in the vicinity; for the barges that occasionally descended the river were mere burdens on the deliberate bosom of the tide, borne on sluggishly by the retarded current. But all over the city, at morn, at noon, at eve, at night, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, was heard the sound of Luke Hansellin's hammer, and it went—rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap; rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap.

Luke Hansellin had a long nose, supporting a pair of heavy metal spectacles, through which darted a brace of eyes, grey and flashing. The lower part of his forehead overhung like the eaves of his own house, and was adorned with thick coarse bristles, projecting like the loose straws of an old thatched corn-rick. His shop abutted on the main street, which was a narrow long strip of nubbled pavement, interposing between two irregular lines of tumble-down edifices, with windows of all shapes and widths, and with the upper stories pushed out some feet beyond the basement. Everybody knew Luke Hansellin, and everybody heard his hammer. From early dawn he was seen, a gaunt shape, by the side of a long chest, assiduously beating in small nails, which he arranged in black rows with the utmost rapidity and precision. A little sable cap perched pertly on one side of his head appeared mocking his lugubrious employment, and a lambent smile, which occasionally burst out into a paroxysm of the risible muscles, played fitfully about his visage, whilst he prosecuted, with grim sedulity, his interesting occupation. At times he would convey the lid of one of his coffins, emblazoned with a glaring plate bearing the name, the years, and date of the demise of the future tenant, into one corner of his shop, and retreating to some distance, like a painter surveying his handiwork, regard it with an air of self-satisfied and complacent gratulation. In fine, Luke Hansellin was an undertaker, and he took delight in his^o craft. His lank jaws and cadaverous countenance rendered him, above all others, personally qualified to superintend the final offices of earthly solicitude towards the bygone, his tall lean anatomy being, from shoulder to heel, in no respect better furnished with fleshy proportions than the macerated victims whose obsequies it was his business, and we may add his diversion, to regulate. The whistle of the husbandman at the tail of his plough, the merry stave of the home-returning woodman, the lusty ahoy-ho of the seaman weighing anchor, the cheerful hiss of the sturdy groom, the rollicking canzonet of a fusileer on furlough, were never more hearty than Luke Hansellin's rub of the hands when one of his freeholds were ready for the reception of its^o occupant. But

there was one occasion when he laboured with even greater alacrity than he was wont, his hammer fell with even greater rapidity than usual, and with a surer smile; he allowed not the slightest intermission to his work; he began and finished his job in one day; he would not be interrupted;—and on the following afternoon he interred his wife! His establishment was closed up at an earlier hour that evening; and he was observed, at an unseasonable period, stealing privily into his abode with a long-necked vessel, containing, it was supposed and reported, 'an alcoholic compound.

The city claiming Luke for a native was the scene of about as much cunning and forestalling, pride and persecution, as other places of equal importance in the census. Every body was striving for himself; and the race was not always who should outstrip the other in generous competition, but who, by tripping up or jolting against his opponents, should get hold of and run off with the golden apple. Luke Hansellin mingled little with the world around him; he was too busily engaged in providing long homes for the departed to heed the pranks of the surviving. He was, moreover, a creature wrapped up in himself; the world and he had nothing in common. A poor student was the only companion of his leisure; and this youth he had taken to his bosom to keep his heart alive. Frankland was young, energetic, ambitious, and full of hope; Luke the contrary. The undertaker regarded alike the machinations of the vicious, the pomp of the opulent, and the vanities of the gay; but his pupil yearned for riches, that he might stand forth in the world in a light which all people respected, but which, as Luke informed him, was rarely found blending with the purer ray of genius or merit.

Dull and monotonous as was the course of life rather followed than pursued by the good people of the city of C——, yet occasions offered when feasts and capers entertained the saturnine burgesses, and made them sport. The great lord occasionally vouchsafed to announce his will that rejoicings should be made, a son having been born or come of age, or another year having descended upon his patrician shoulders. At these merry-makings heifers were roasted whole, Damons, with their hands tied behind them, plunged their visages in treacle to fetch up silver from the bottom of a basin, and Chloes raced for linen and flannel petticoats. The houses were decorated with banners, and carriages containing the Duke and his family, succeeded by his domestics, paraded the highways. Damsels came from afar, all gaily clad, and the old mother gave out Tim's best coat that he might with credit mingle in the country dance or revel in the jig. Lass and swain went whispering face to face—old men skipped from their stools and frisked about without crutches—my Lord led off with Miss Susan of the Bull—my Lady pousetted with the farrier—the parson pledged to Farmer Ralph—and following out the text that the "lion shall lie down with the lamb," the goose and the fox united, for the tenant hob-nobbed with his landlord's attorney. All was merry; but above all the shouts of jollity and the honest roar of thoughtless mirth was distinctly heard the sound of Luke Hansellin's hammer, going—rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap; rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap.

Betrothed to a fair girl whose name was Sophia Maberley, the student we have mentioned as Luke's companion was felicitated by the conviction that he entirely possessed her heart's most constant thoughts and affection. Both were exceedingly poor, although rumours went abroad that Sophia's father, at the time of his death, had money in the bank, and farmed some fifteen hundred acres. She was very young then, and remembered nothing of her early life but the vision of a kind and comely man who was accustomed to take her from her sleep, and weep over her, and kiss her; but he went away, and his place was supplied by an ill-favoured hag, in the shape of an aunt, who scowled on her and beat her whenever she inquired about the missing apparition which was once so good to her. The nature of kindness she was soon enabled to comprehend, by contrasting it with the cruelty she was doomed to endure at the hands of the people, her relations, who, as they said, "kept the slut from the workhouse," subjecting her to the most harsh control, and degrading her to the condition of a mere menial. But better days were in store for her: at eight years of age, a lady, the widow of an officer in the army, who had lost her husband and three only sons in action, engaged her as her "little maid;" and with her, the good, the meek, the mournful Mrs. Apsland, Sophia lived, first as attendant, and then as companion, up to the date of our narrative. To Mrs. Apsland Sophia was indebted, not only for the protection of a friend and the refuge of a home, but for sound instruction in the most useful branches of education, and a pleasant proficiency in what are called accomplishments. She was sweet-tempered, quiet-footed, gentle-handed, calm, and rather pretty than handsome. Her hair was light auburn; her eye-brows were rather deeper shaded than her hair; her eyes were mild hazel; she was slender though full; fond of birds and domestic animals; did every thing silently; and the smile on her lips as she sat at needlework with her mistress, whom she loved, approached so near the very perfection of angelic loveliness, that Mrs. Apsland oftentimes suspended her hemming for awhile, and, unseen, gazed on her fondly through her glasses, until the girl raised up her eyes, and then the old lady would smile in return, and say, "The Lord's will be done, my maid!" and sigh, and resume her pastime. Sophia was not quite happy; for though at first she had discouraged Edward Frankland, and declared she would inform her lady if he ventured to trespass beyond the garden wall on any future occasion, yet the youth had so frequently repented and repeated the offence, that all ordinary modes of expiation were totally superseded, and in pure mercy she concealed his temerity from her who on all other occasions was the mistress of her every thought and action.

About half a mile from the little cottage occupied by Mrs. Apsland was the park lodge of a considerable estate, to which belonged a noble mansion just visible amongst the trees from the old high road. There resided Squire Maberley, Sophia's uncle, who was a magistrate sitting at quarter-sessions, and having three fine daughters, who always held the plate at charitable collections, and were the first to introduce and circulate the London fashions every season amongst the

"respectability" of the city of C—. These ladies, with their papa and mamma, looked down with profound contempt upon poor Sophy whenever they chanced to approach the church-porch together, for the little plain secluded pew allotted to Mrs. Apsland and her favourite was altogether despicable contrasted with the sky-blue cushions and yielding velvet hassocks adorning the close-curtained "box" of the "Maberleys of the Thorns." Their "turn-out," too, with liveries of green and gold, invariably collected a crowd of staring townspeople whenever they went shopping; and a big footman stalking behind them, with a silver-headed pole, when they went out walking, infallibly drew after them a concourse of urchins, who delighted to survey his flesh-coloured silks, and loved to throw themselves in his way with a view of rubbing their dirty physiognomies against the smooth plush of his radiant inexpressibles. But the climax of all the glories of the young gentlewomen of "The Thorns" partook of the parade and sparkle of a military spectacle. The 200th, changing quarters, were marching through the streets of the city, drums beating, fifes screeching, trumpets blowing, bassoons grumbling, triangles clinking, cymbals clashing, bayonets glittering, swords jingling, feet tramping, and colours flying, when the Colonel cried "Halt!" and up he went to the Miss Maberleys, who, gracefully grouped in an open carriage, were surveying the troops through opera-glasses. The gallant officer made a gesture, and several of the officers immediately joined him. Then to have seen the proud eyes of the ladies as they glanced hither and thither, one dallying with the tassel of her parasol, another playing with her raven tresses, while a third, in transport, presented a moss-rose to the Major. Sappho crowned with laurel was a mere ovation; this was a triumph. All the world and his wife were there to witness their exaltation. They were indisputably the *belles* of the place. Away went the military to the air of "*The girls we leave behind us*," and a troop of mounted civilians pressed their chargers eagerly forward to escort the young ladies on their return to the Hall. Their father talked and shook hands with all the *élite*; and a small brass band, composed of three emaciated minstrels, commencing an obstreperous sort of ballad upon the retirement of the red-coated orchestra (with the remote design of causing the transfer of a few halfpence from other people's pockets to their own), were forthwith stigmatised by the worthy justice of the peace as a trio of vile ragamuffins, seized upon, captured, and conveyed, with their dingy and dented bugles, into the presence of the constable. The scene was indeed most gay and animating; a great many invited a great many others to dinner; Sir Benjamin rode over an old widow woman, cursing her for being in the way; and everything went on as admirably as could be. But all this while, unheeded though heard, continued the ceaseless monotony of Luke Hansellin's hammer—rap-tap-a-tap, rap-tap, tap-tap; rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap.

A twelvemonth had scarce elapsed after the above memorable event when news arrived of a great battle having been fought at some place with a prodigious name, in which the 200th sorely suffered; and dismay became despair when it was discovered that the chances of war

had actually jilted the three Miss Maberleys, of "The Thorns," of every one of their lovers—Miss Jane of the Colonel, Miss Matilda of the Major, and Miss Euphemia of the senior Lieutenant, who was just about to purchase a captaincy, and had therefore saved a thousand pounds by having his brains blown out before the cheque could be drawn upon his London bankers. Abundance of tears was, of course, shed; the young ladies never ceasing their sobs and lamentations until company retired, renewing them again with profuse showers whenever the footman announced a condoling visitor.

Squire Maberley, their father, had not always occupied the proud position to which he was then exalted. Many middle-aged people remembered him when a young man; and they, one and all, asserted that he invariably played second fiddle to his brother Robert, deceased, whose daughter they alleged was grievously misused; some, indeed, who had survived their discretion, absolutely averring, when stimulated by cordials, that "The Thorns" was no other than the rightful property of the pretty maiden, and confounding their buttons if some day she would not dash through the lodge gates in a carriage and six. Of course, there were different and divers opinions upon this subject, but all agreed that Torney Williams knew more of the matter than any other man in the country, the censorious not hesitating to put their own construction upon the fact, that Mr. Williams, from a mere pettifogger and wretched wrangler in the city police court, had enjoyed, for eighteen years, the cream of the legal business of the place, being town clerk, clerk to the guardians (which duties he discharged by substitute), clerk to the paving and lighting committee, clerk to this, and clerk to that, and clerk to nearly all the turnpike trusts out of the city. Mr. Williams's office was in Abbey Lane—a large red brick house to the right from the High Street, with green curtains at the lower windows, and a plate on the door with the name almost obliterated. The front entrance descended one step, and down that step, some twenty years before, had descended Mr. Vincent Maberley (not then besquired), to consult Mr. Williams upon some matters appertaining to the law. Mr. Maberley was in deep mourning for the loss of his brother, who had just died suddenly. Mr. Williams was lolling opposite, and looking steadfastly into the fire, when his patron knocked with his knuckles at the door of his private room, and, starting up with a surprised air of alacrity, he mollified his voice into a languishing and gentlemanly "Come in," and, brushing up his hair, prepared to receive his visitor.

"Well," said Mr. Maberley, looking eagerly towards the attorney, "have you done it?"

"You see those ashes—the tinder. It is done; I've burnt them. It's all right," replied Williams, pointing to the grate, where the blackened remains of certain papers were gradually letting out the sparks that still twinkled amongst them.

"Then all is sure, Williams—every thing, eh?" followed Mr. Maberley, gaily, after eying the embers. "Your fortune is made, then? Are the others ready?"

"Not quite; I'll send them up this evening," returned Williams,

looking thoughtful. "But I've been thinking two thousand pounds is too little for this business, sir. Give me three. I must demand it."

"Demand it? Well, you shall have it; but you must remember, Mr. Williams, that now, not only am I in your power as far as this estate is concerned, but you are in mine, even to the extent of the gibbet," said Mr. Maberley, folding his arms, and smiling significantly.

Williams shrank, and turned away.

"Well, well," continued Mr. Maberley, "let us not talk this way. You shall have the sum; but be cautious. I can make you rich. But don't attempt to dictate to me, Williams, or ——"

"I, sir, I,"—interrupted the attorney, in an apologetic tone, and passing his hands rapidly one over the other.

"No matter," rejoined the former. "Be cautious, I say again. Get the other papers ready; let me have them to-night. When you want your money you've only to speak. But no dictation; I have treated you confidentially; and if you act wisely you may be confident of my countenance: if not, easily and indisputably as those documents were consumed will I consume you." And laying his hand softly on the attorney's shoulder, Mr. Maberley looked deliberately in his face until the lawyer's eyes fell, and repeating "Be cautious," disappeared.

Williams stood for a moment entranced, and then slunk into the chair in which he had been sitting before Mr. Maberley's entrance, with the demeanour and look of a flagellated cur. On a sudden, leaping up, and trying the door that it was fast, and nobody listening, he drew forth some papers from the huge pocket of his dressing-gown, and beating them three or four times against the palm of his left hand, exclaimed, "*You* be cautious, *or*—I'll not be humbled too low—for you. Do you threaten me? Take care, my lord, *or*, as you say;" and binding the papers round and round with red tape, muttering the while, he unlocked a tin box at the side of the apartment, and another within it, and yet a third within that, in the latter of which he deposited the documents, relocking and restoring the two to their former place within the larger one, which he also carefully fastened.

But all this came to pass nearly twenty years ago; since which Mr. Williams had become a great man, with the character withal of a very griping and penurious one. Edward Frankland, the student, doomed by ill-fortune to see all his industry and acquirements unavailing, occupied the post of principal clerk (although an admitted attorney himself) in Mr. Williams' office, at a salary something less than the wages usually paid to a glazier's foreman. Experience had convinced him of the truth of what he had frequently read, namely, that neither shining parts, intelligence, nor perseverance, is worth much in the absence of interest and pecuniary pretension. Of a good family he had been left an orphan, and mankind had consistently shut their doors against him. He was proud and high-spirited, and when cast upon the world was in due time made acquainted

with the fact that his nativity was accompanied by no favourable circumstances, his horoscope distinguished by no pleasurable phenomena in the shape of silver spoons; at the time of his birth every one of the astrological Twelve Houses appear to have been let to respectable tenants; and not a star in the ascendant was condescending or civil enough to accommodate him with a lodging. Arguing from his fate, however, he conjectured he was born under Saturn, who is said to preside over the destinies of all the sons and daughters of Miserrimus. Of a surety, calamity had brought him up by hand; and it was a marvel to all who knew his rearing that he had waxed into manhood without a curved spine, bowed legs, and two or three of his limbs distorted. Sophia "loved him for the dangers he had passed," not less than for the perils he was prepared to encounter. Under Luke Hansellin's roof Frankland had found a shelter and a refuge; and he regarded the old man with an intensity of affection as fervent as that of a child for its father. Luke Hansellin had gathered philosophy from his trade. Youth, hope, love, he considered scarce worth five minutes' purchase. Wedded, before he became of age, to the playmate of his boyhood, he had been blessed with six sons and one daughter, and a wife (his *first* wife), a creature of excellent sense, and incomparably dutiful. His boys sprang up to youth, and two of them to manhood, all he could desire; the girl, like a blooming flower among the sturdier shrubs, flourished in virgin pride and beauty. Luke was proud of his family; and though his Letty's tresses became sprinkled with grey, her eyes less dazzling, and her complexion less clear and roseate, he liked to hear his neighbours say she was a smart woman, though the compliment was generally accompanied with a sly nod and a good-humoured expression of astonishment at what she could have seen in him to allure her into wedlock. The chances of life at that time were decidedly in favour of his reaching a good old age, surrounded by his children. On the twentieth anniversary of his wedding-day the whole family sat down to dinner, nine of them; and that very morning Luke concluded arrangements for his two eldest sons to enter into business. The mortality of the city maintained a respectable and remunerative average; and what with sudden deaths now and then, occasional accidents, and the judicious cultivation by the physicians of a few contagious maladies, things went on thrivingly. Luke, in point of fact, was well to do in the world; but in seven months from that period he was a lone man. One by one his lads dropped into the grave; his girl had better have so done earlier: his wife, worn out and broken-hearted, sank under their mutual afflictions, and one after the other they all disappeared. Luke looked around him, and they were gone; their names were all struck out on the fly-leaf of his old bible: and on counting up his years of life he found himself a widower and the survivor of his whole family at thirty-eight. Alone in the world, he took unto himself, in evil hour, his housekeeper to wife, who produced to him a multitudinous progeny of troubles and annoyances, but fortunately no heirs male or female successors to carry down to posterity the virtues of their unruly and obstreperous

dam, whose constitution held out so long, in spite of the potency of her constant draughts, that Luke began to despair of ever seeing the last of her, but was happily deprived of the society and comfort of his affectionate consort after thirty-two years of connubial bondage, during which time peace was never known to enter into his habitation. Luke, as we previously hinted, underwent this bereavement with consummate fortitude, solacing himself with liberal supplies of that cordial mixture which had lent its aid, though tardily, to relieve him of his objectionable helpmate. The tears Luke shed upon this occasion might have been decanted into a very minute vessel, and his sobs were far less sonorous than the laughter in which he immoderately indulged. He never once thought of embalming her and preserving her remains in a glass case, nor, wrung with anguish, did he by any means invoke her shade; on the contrary, he committed her to the earth with the utmost alacrity, and never more cheerfully disbursed a pecuniary demand than when he liquidated the charges of the mutes and the sexton. His paroxysms of grief were neither ungovernable nor incessant; and as for the hair he tore out by the roots, it was hardly worth mentioning.

To pride, parade, and pomp, there were no more disagreeable and inopportune associations than those inseparable from the rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap, of Luke Hansellin's hammer. Oppression occasionally held its hand when those sounds smote its ear. The mother upon the day of her child's christening, when all her friends were about her, removed her baby's hood, and looked in its face, and sighed, and drew nearer to her husband, hearing Luke at his work; and the bride and her groom, when the merry peal of bells was ringing, and, all in light raiment, the company thronged about the festive board in joy and hilarity, glanced, perhaps unconsciously, at each other, when, in an interval of mirth, rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap, reminded them of a more solemn ceremony. In sunshine, when horses and carriages were busiest in the streets, and the city of C—— was as full of life as it ever vouchsafed to admit, on market-days, or when the judges came on the circuit, Luke Hansellin's hammer knew no intermission of labour; and even early in the morning, when the grand jury and the gentry folks, their lordships, the sheriffs, and the two members, and the pleasure-exhausted sons and daughters of prosperity, broke up the entertainments of the assize ball (and the friendless felon turned on his prison straw), still rapidly went on the old man's clatter, and the jaded damsels drew their shawls about them, and felt cold in their trinkets and finery. But it was otherwise with others. To some that hammer told of hope and peace; and wan shapes looked in at Hansellin's doorway, coveting the resting-place preparing for another.

One evening Edward Frankland had just returned from the office, bringing tidings of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Williams, his principal, when a maid-servant appeared at Luke Hansellin's shop, beseeching Luke's presence, in the name of her master, at Mr. Williams' house immediately. Conjecture was quite at fault as to the meaning of this summons; but taking Frankland's advice, Luke threw off his apron, hurried on his coat, and hastened away. He found Mr. Williams in

his private room, a doctor at his side, and a basin containing a large quantity of blood on the table. He had just been bled till he fainted, and he was looking about him with that uncertain expression in his eyes common to persons on such occasions. Observing Luke, he motioned the doctor to retire, and, pointing to a chair intimated a wish that Luke would be seated.

"Surely he is going to give me an order for his coffin," thought Luke; but he was mistaken.

"Mr. Hansellin," said the attorney, pressing an orange to his parched lips, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I am anxious to acknowledge before it is too late; and through you I desire to make reparation to an innocent being whom, at the instigation of a villain, I have foully wronged. I may not live till morning!"

Luke listened attentively, and perceiving the attorney pointed to a bunch of keys, reached them to him without saying a word.

"This key," proceeded Mr. Williams, "will open that box, and two others within it, one in the other. You will find some papers in the inner box of all. Unlock them, and take out the papers."

Luke did as he was told, in silence, and produced the papers as he was directed.

"That night I never shall forget," said Mr. Williams. "These papers I should have burnt. They belonged to the late Mr. Maberley, the squire's brother, Sophia Maberley's father."

Luke drew his chair nearer. "Yes, sir, yes."

"You must divulge no particle of what I tell you till I am no more. Why I tell you, you shall briefly know. 'The Thorns,' and all the property about it, demised to the elder Mr. Maberley by no relative, but a friend, and here bequeathed to his only daughter, Sophia, under trust of Squire Maberley and another, since dead, belongs to no one but that girl."

Luke clasped his hands, and exclaiming, "Merciful God! how are things brought to light," started up, and strode about the apartment for some minutes, uttering plaintive noises resembling something between sobbing and laughter.

"I was to have burnt the deed, I say—was promised and received three thousand pounds for consuming it—but did not consume it; for at the moment that I held it dangling above the embers, and was about to extinguish the poor girl's claim for ever, I heard the sound of your hammer, and it touched me; for I thought of that final state, to which I am now approaching, when Hansellin's hammer would beat its changes on my coffin, and I relented. I only did part of justice then by not destroying this document. Take it, and do the rest. I heard your hammer but this moment, and I then resolved to clear my breast to you." Exhausted by his efforts to speak, the attorney sank back in his chair, and upon the doctor being called in, was found insensible. Hansellin rolled together the parchments, and thrusting them in his bosom, between his shirt and waistcoat, buttoning his coat tightly over them, disappeared.

The following was a sunless day, succeeded by a dull cold autumnal evening. No rain had fallen, though the clouds had been lowering

since the morning. From the city of C——, over the moor, the road could be seen for a great distance, covered with light dust and wheel-marks, suggestive of sundry musings to the meditative wanderer. Here and there lights were beginning to appear in the distant cottage windows, and the clumps of trees that skirted the moor began to fill up the vast interstices of their leaves with solid darkness, until they assumed the appearance of a mass of gloom. The mists scudded rapidly, now and then a drop fell, but the wind, rising, dissipated the collecting vapours. A house-dog barking, or the shrill and grating discord of a rusted well-handle, employed in winding up the tardy bucket, were all the noises that interrupted silence. The solitariness of the scene was too much even for solitude, and the soul yearned for the companionship of towns. But presently the sound of wheels was heard, increasing and increasing, nearer and nearer, until a handsome travelling carriage with four horses came dashing by, on the last stage from London to "The Thorns." The ladies within were laughing merrily, but a middle-aged, well-looking, gentlemanly man, habited in a white great coat, and a white hat with a crape band, was leaning back moodily, his arms folded, and was apparently in deep thought. The last milestone was the third from the city, and intimated that they were within a mile and a half of the lodge. They were now in sight of Mrs. Apsland's cottage, and the conversation of the ladies immediately turned upon the surprise and astonishment their cousin Sophia, in her plain printed calico gown, would infallibly evince if suddenly introduced to the gay salons of London, which they, on the contrary, were just leaving, to recruit themselves, after indulging in the paradisaical enjoyments of "the season." There was something singularly untidy, however, about Mrs. Apsland's cottage. The green fence was torn down, the garden trampled and heaped together. This they could see, even in the dusk, as the carriage drew up at the park gates.

The footman, alighting, rang long and lustily at the great bell, which was suspended on one side of the lodge, and was accustomed to summon the porter, but no porter on this occasion presented himself. Again and again the same clamorous application was repeated, with no better success; until Squire Maberley, worked up into a state of intense anger, leaped from the carriage, and, trying the entrance for foot-passengers, found it open. Chafed with rage, he knocked violently at the lodge door, but echo was his only answer. Proceeding up the path, he then directed his steps to the mansion, and was astonished to find it beautifully illuminated within, and the lawn fantastically ornamented with a commodious tent, beneath which was collected a crowd of persons, who were listening to Luke Hansellin in the act of executing a bravura, which was no sooner concluded than a fellow jumped upon the table, and brandishing a goblet, gave in a loud voice "Success to our lady of The Thorns, Sophia Maberley;" upon which the most vociferous shouting rent the air, continuing for some minutes, and probably intended to continue longer, but that a buzz went suddenly circulating through the assembly, and several voices cried "the Squire!" "the Squire!" In a moment all was silent;

and Luke Hansellin, in reply to the demand of Mr. Maberley, "What is all this, fellow? What do you here in my house and grounds?" advanced to the justice of the peace, and leading him aside, whispered "Williams is dead, and has confessed. The papers you supposed were burnt are in possession of your niece. Retire, while you may, without insult;" and waving the people away, who were beginning to practise a popular mode of notifying their disapproval of men or things, he accompanied the conscience-stricken and bewildered squire to the gates, with a recommendation that he should drive to an hotel for the night, until every thing could be explained to his satisfaction. The great people of "The Thorns" reposed that night at the "Original Red Lion."

The truth of the matter was, Luke Hansellin had made no secret of the information and authority he had received from Mr. Williams immediately intelligence had arrived of the demise of that gentleman, which took place about two hours after his interview with the undertaker. Getting wind, wildfire furnishes but an inefficient image to represent the expedition with which the news was disseminated. Luke's shop was besieged, and the throng increasing, it was found expedient to accede to their tumultuous demand, which was, that they should be instantly conducted by Frankland or Luke himself to the residence of the pretty heiress, and there be permitted to express their congratulations after their own fashion. Arrived, a bonfire was projected, and the palings were pulled down, as we have described. Enthusiasm was the order of the day. Sophia and her good protectress, alarmed at first, were escorted in triumph to the hall. The squire's servants capitulated at once, delivering up the keys and possession with the utmost alacrity, accompanied with voluble expressions of wonder not unmingled with satisfaction. The whole of that night and the following day, even to the hour when the Squire announced his arrival, were given up to merry-making and festivity. But the tender heart of Sophia was sorrowful for her relatives, and as soon as she heard of the unceremonious manner in which they had been dismissed, she commissioned Frankland to wait upon them, and invite them to take up their residence at the mansion, her comfort requiring no larger establishment than Mrs. Apsland's cottage. It was found impossible, however, under the circumstances to deliver this message until the following morning, when, upon making enquiry at the hotel, Frankland was given to understand that the Squire and the ladies had departed in a post-chaise, before sunrise, direct for the metropolis. Further traces of them were for some time lost, until credible information reached England that Mr. Maberley was still in good plumage on the other side of the Atlantic, having "gained golden opinions of all sorts of men" by being the first to suggest the principle of "repudiation" to the honourable state of Pennsylvania. Miss Euphemia espoused a very considerable proprietor of black stock in the shape of negroes, and brown stock in the shape of tobacco; Miss Jane was "bought in" by her father against two bidders; and Miss Matilda eloped with a colonel at New York, who, with every other qualification of a gentleman, had the additional good sense to unite himself to

one who possessed every requisite of a wife but industry, cheerfulness, economy, generosity, and good temper.

Sophia, in due course of time, became Mrs. Frankland, and "The Thorns" a temple of goodness and benevolence. Mrs. Apsland still survives; but the coffin-maker has gone to his account, leaving this admonitory exhortation to his youthful friends, and all within range of his influence, that they should live as though they constantly heard Luke Hansellin's hammer going — rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap; rap-tap-a-rap, rap-tap, tap-tap.

GOOD DEEDS SELF-REWARDING.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

"OUR neighbour's gate," an old man said,
All anxiously upon his bed,
"Stood open wide, yet when I pass'd
At eve, I did not make it fast.

"Some evil, or some careless folk
So left it," he continuing spoke :
"And all his cattle ere the morn
Will revel in his standing corn.

"How could I pass it thus, and see ?
And yet, the thing concerns not me :
The Man is absent, but his men
Should stop all mischief there and then.

"And so they might, and all be well :
I trust 'tis so, but cannot tell :
I trust — and yet that corn is bread
Wherewith the hungry must be fed.

"This autumn night the air is chill :
With hoar-frost white are dale and hill :
And night-air is a thing to dread :
And, I am old and warm in bed.

“ And yet it were a grievous loss,
All that fine corn to Farmer Moss.”
As thus the old man thought and said,
He sigh’d, and tumbled in his bed.

“ Well, surely sleep has left these eyes,” —
The old man groan’d, “ I e’en must rise.”
For, in despite of age and frost,
He felt the corn should not be lost.

“ I e’en must rise, let what will come :
That crop is worth a serious sum :
Yet, pause a moment, let me see,
Would surly Moss do so by me ?

“ Did he not pound my sheep — and fell
The tree so priz’d above our well —
And stopp’d the village-road ? The Man
Still does what worthless mortal can.”

Uprising to the gate he went,
Safe made it, and return’d content :
Return’d content, and somewhat more —
And slept, where slept he not before.

Thenceforth when came that deed to mind,
It left a pleasant sense behind :
As violets which have long been dead,
Surviving sweetness round them shed.

ELINOR'S PILGRIMAGE.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

A PLEASANT and a stirring scene did the pretty village of North Mims display, as the bright spring-tide morning broke forth. Peasants in best array, streaming in from the neighbouring hamlets; merry groups in holiday garb, and wearing holiday faces, gathered in knots by the road-side; the morrice-dancers gay with silken streamers, silver bells, and parti-coloured kerchiefs, taking their stand on the green; while up and down, fully impressed with the dignity of their office, though joining right willingly in the merry converse, stalked the javelin men, the tallest yeomen of the neighbouring county, all dressed in blue coats and crimson scarves, awaiting the orders of the sheriff, who, surrounded by the neighbouring "gentlemen of worship," sat on his gallant white steed at the foot of the old stone cross, overshadowed by the broad banner that flung out its rich blazonry from the summit.

A stirring morning was this, and no wonder, for the Queen's Highness was on her progress toward the mansion of her trusty Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Bacon, at Gorhambury; and she would come along this very road, and through that very village, where the sheriff and his men were to meet her, and conduct her into Hertfordshire. Moreover, it was said, that to do honour to a worshipful old knight, Sir Joscelin Derham, owner of Derham Hall, the Queen's Highness would stop, and take refreshment there, previously to passing onward; so, in accordance with the custom of the times, a splendid pageant had been prepared.

Right afore the gate, well guarded by blue-coated serving men, stood a stout forester in green plush, with a marvellously outlandish cap of green satin, adorned with oak-leaves, and grasping an herculean club, twined about with ivy, as the representative of the god Sylvanus, while beside him, in coat of Lincoln green, and bearing his trusty bow, stood old England's cherished hero—the transcript of her bold peasantry, even as king Arthur was of her courteous and valiant knights—bold Robin Hood. Just withinside the gate, and just visible to the admiring crowd, stood the goddess Diana, resplendent in white damask and cloth of gold, surrounded by a bevy of wood-nymphs, in green kirtles and scarlet bodices; while Maid Marian, in gown of Coventry blue, and coif and apron white as snow, stood, posy, in hand, casting many a wondering look at her classic companion. Just behind, seated on the greensward, carefully conning over the speech which he was to deliver in the presence of royalty, was Mercury, attired in blue satin doublet lined with cloth of gold,

and wearing a cap adorned with indubitable goose-quills, arranged in the form of wings, while in strange confusion around stood "salvage men," with huge clubs, and little children with marvellously shining wings, as angels or cupids, just as the taste for the legendary or the classical might predominate. A strange and almost ludicrous, though a gay scene, was this, if viewed by the cold eye of reason, full of extravagancies and anachronisms, and sins against costume and keeping; and how would its apparent childishness have aroused the scorn of many a modern critic? But the age of Elizabeth—that glorious era—was no age of minute and carping criticism. The spirit of poetry was abroad, and men strong in poet-faith followed wherever she led, and believed whatever she told. What was incongruity to them? Each quaint and formal personification told its own bright tale of poetry, each far-fetched allegory became to them a living lesson; for imagination was there, harmonising the incongruous, beautifying the mean, and glorifying with its own bright hues even plush and whalebone.

Just withoutside the village, so near to Derham Hall that the loud exclamations of wonder and delight of the waiting crowd could be distinctly heard, stood a low hostel, almost hidden from view by shrouding beech-trees; and while in the front room a number of peasants were sitting taking refreshment in the inner room, on a low bed a young maiden lay sleeping,—yes, there she lay soundly sleeping, although there was laughter and loud converse so near, although the slant beams of the early sun were peeping in through the lattice, gilding her long tresses, and almost falling on the heavy eyelids.

It was evident that the mistress of the hostel was interested in the sleeper, for she stole again and again to the room, and gazed earnestly upon her. At length she beckoned an old crone who had just entered, distaff in hand, although all around were keeping holiday, and again cautiously opening the door, entered, followed by the old woman.

"She came here last night, weary and footsore," whispered the mistress of the hostel, "and asked for a night's lodging, as she was bound for London. I asked her for what; but she shook her head as though loath to speak. At length she said she was bound on pilgrimage, and that she had come a long and weary way; but whatever befel her she must fulfil her vow." •

"She is none of the common folk," said the old woman, leaning over the sleeper, and attentively looking at the small white hand which was pressed tightly on the bosom; "these fingers never did drudgery. No, no, silk-work and broidery, and such like."

"But look there," whispered the mistress of the hostel, "what doth she hold so tightly even in sleep? It is tied round her neck by a black ribbon: St. Mary! an' it should be a reliquary!"

"Poor maiden, poor maiden, perchance so," replied the old woman; "but did she say aught whereby it might be told she was one of us?"

"Nay, she was so very close, and moreover would scarcely have

said a word about pilgrimage had I not asked her what time she would be wakened; when she said 'Alas! early; and Heaven grant me strength to fulfil my pilgrimage.' Poor maiden, she was so sorely wearied, that even now I have not the heart to call her."

"Said she aught from whence she came? These are well-worn and travel-soiled," continued the old woman, taking up the shoes that stood beside the bed; "and they belong to no common folk. Perchance she's a well-born lady, and hath taken on herself the vow of pilgrimage. She is in mourning, you see."

"But, good Ursula, the good old times are past; and what lady dare now go on pilgrimage?"

"Ah! more than ye wot: have we not need to pray the saints for her who is in duress and sorrow; while she, who holds her place is coming with knights and nobles, and with crown on her brow? Sathanas, confound her!"

"Hush, hush, good Ursula—holy saints guard us!—but, then you think it likely that this poor maiden may be really one of us? Sweet lady! would that I had known it; but she was strangely close."

"No wonder, Audrey; doth a lady go on pilgrimage for pleasure or show? No, no; so therefore she dresses meanly, and lodges in poor men's houses; and, as to caution—saints! look but at the laws against us. Dare you, Audrey, tell the parson that Father Andrew shrived you last Shrovetide? or the justices that you are a papist, as the name goes?"

"Our sweet lady knows well I dare not," answered the mistress of the hostel; "but whither now, think you, can this poor lady be going?"

"Oh! to the shrine—the place where it was, I should rather say,—of blessed St. Thomas of Canterbury, mayhap. 'Twas a great place of pilgrimage in my young days, ere our churches were spoiled, and our holy men cast out to beg their bread by that woman's accursed father."

"Peace, good Ursula, peace, I pray you; I know not who is yonder. Well, the holy saints must have kept especial watch over her, to have brought her so far in safety. And look now, how her lips are moving."

"Ay, praying even in her sleep—and there her hand moves; 'tis a little bag that she hath round her neck—some holy relic is there, doubtless."

The old woman had scarcely whispered these words when the heavy eyelids unclosed, and the awakened maiden started, and looked anxiously round. "Where am I?" said she.

"Quite safe, ladybird, in Audrey Marston's poor hostel," said the mistress; "but rest awhile longer, the sun is but just up."

The maiden shook her head. "Oh, no, I have many miles to go."

"To London?" enquired old Ursula.

"Yes," was the answer, but it was made as though in a dream.

"Poor maiden, what can she be going there for?" whispered Audrey Marston as the couple left the room.

"I'll tell you," replied old Ursula, drawing her away toward the

door. "Saw you not how she started when she awoke, and with what fear she looked at us, and clutched the bag round her neck? Depend on't, in *that* is somewhat which the high and mighty Elizabeth would well like to see, — ay, and give unclipt sovereigns by the hundred to possess. I'll warrant me," continued the old woman, lowering her voice as though she feared the very walls might listen, "'tis a paquet from Tutbury."

"Saints speed her with it then!" exclaimed Audrey, who, in common with nearly all her brethren in faith, viewed Mary of Scotland as their rightful queen, and Elizabeth as an illegitimate usurper; "but, poor young maiden, what a dangerous errand!"

"Ay, dangerous enow, for Father Parsons, even if now in London, is forced to play at hide-and-seek; and Father Campion was not to come until summer. But there are plenty to aid her; — moreover, who would suspect a young maiden? and even should she be suspected, and even should she be discovered, is it nought to win the crown of martyrdom?" cried the enthusiastic old woman, snatching a concealed cross from her bosom, and kissing it with transport.

Meanwhile the young maiden arose, and dressed, and carefully packing up the little bundle she carried, wrapt herself in her cloak, and proceeded to the kitchen, where the bowl of porridge, the usual breakfast of the peasantry, was placed before her. She was evidently unwilling to converse, although she answered the questions cautiously addressed to her by old Ursula with courtesy; then drawing the hood closely over her face, and slipping into the hostess's unwilling hand the groat in payment for her poor lodging, set forth again.

"Stop one moment," cried old Ursula, hastily snatching up her crutch-stick, and hobbling after her. The maiden looked back, and stopped.

"My fair maiden," said Ursula, "you have doubtless friends to meet in London, but should you not reach so far ere night, I will tell you of a safe lodging — the Rose and Pomegranate, just this side Highgate. A widow woman keeps it; tell her you were sent thither by old Ursula Weston, and in whatever she can aid you, she will."

"Many thanks, good mother, for your kindness to a stranger," said the young maiden.

"Nay, thank me not, lady-bird — heaven grant success to your errand," cried the old woman hastily catching her hand and kissing it. "Farewell!"

Onward went the young maiden, looking neither at pageant nor merry company, onward with downcast eyes, and brow on which a strange weight of sorrow seemed to lie, for one so young; and old Ursula watched her until distance hid her from her sight, and then, with prayers to her name-sake saint for the success of that cause to which in her youth she had been devoted, she returned to the hostel, and resumed her distaff.

Ere long, loud and prolonged shouts, and the distant tramp of many horses, told the approach of the Queen's Highness, and out poured the eager company from the hostel to gaze, and to join in the acclama-

tions ; all save old Ursula, who sat spinning, and following in imagination the journey of the unknown maiden. At the gate of Derham Hall, the rich velvet and cloth of gold carroch stopt, and leaning on the arm of "the grave lord keeper," Elizabeth, the great Elizabeth, descended the steps, and bowed courteously to "her loving and right loyal subjects," and greeted with a pleasant smile the aged master and mistress of the hall, who knelt reverently before her, while Mercury advanced, and waving his caduceus, recited his verses, and the motley assembly of gods and goddesses, and angels, and foresters, bowed, and curtsied, and knelt around, in most admired confusion.

While the long speech, so full of quaint antitheses, was being spoken, and whilst the still gathering crowd were pressing yet closer to catch a glimpse of that queen who was dear to them, not because "her whole bright story was written in the language of beauty," as god Mercury declared, but because under her wise and vigorous rule, the name and the fame of England had gone forth to the ends of the earth, old Ursula, now the sole occupant of the lately crowded hostel, sat plying her distaff, but with eye and ear open to the slightest sight or sound. There were three low taps at the back door, and in answer to the apparently expected summons, the old woman coughed thrice ; four taps were then heard, and after a pause the door cautiously opened, and a man with a large burthen strapped on his back, and bearing a long iron-shod walking staff, entered with the words of benediction, "Pax vobiscum."

The old woman flung aside her distaff, and threw herself on her knees before the disguised priest, and then rising, aided him in taking off the pedlar's pack, which had enabled him to wander in safety through so many counties, and gain access to so many houses which otherwise would have been closed in fear against him.

"Any news from yonder," asked old Ursula, pointing with her finger towards the north.

"Little save of grief and sorrow—but still, some hope from beyond seas."

"Saints aid us ! but Father Andrew, somewhat methinks is in hand. A maiden, soothly fair, came here last night, and asked for lodging ; she was shrewdly cautious, but perchance knowing that Audrey was of the true religion (else wherefore should she have come to this house ?) she said somewhat that she was on pilgrimage. She hath a little bag tied round her neck, and even when sleeping her thoughts seemed fixed on it, for she clutched it tightly. What think you ? May she not be some messenger from yonder ?"

"Perchance so : 'tis said three young maidens of good family in Staffordshire have taken a vow to aid our poor prisoner, even though they die for it."

"The blessing of the saints be upon them !" cried the old woman clapping her hands ; "ay, doubtless she is one."

"Our Lady grant she may be cautious," said Father Andrew, after an anxious pause ; "for as I came through St. Alban's this morning, there was talk (would I had been more attentive to it !) that the mayor had just made some discovery, and that he was going forth-

with to send off to the council, not choosing even to wait till the Queen should come. Would I had listened to the prosing old fool who would gladly have told me, for now I remember there was somewhat said about a young woman in a grey cloak and hood who passed through the night before. Would that I had but enquired about it !”

“Oh, would that you had, Father Andrew, or that some one could warn her. I prayed her to rest at the Rose and Pomegranate, if she could not reach London to-night. Might we not find some trusty messenger to warn her, for she wears a grey cloak and hood.”

“I would go thither myself, but Master Topcliffe is in the neighbourhood, and even with pack and walking-staff, I could not disguise myself from that most cunning of foxes—Sathanas confound him ! But hush.”

The guests who had quitted the little hostel were now returning, and among them Audrey, loud in her admiration of the splendour of the pageant and condescension of the Queen. She nodded familiarly to Father Andrew, as though he had been a mere pedlar ; prayed him to take a horn of ale in honour of this joyful occasion, and when he, begging her and old Ursula to join him, tossed off the full measure to the health and prosperity of the Queen, little did any one suspect that it was not her who was now proceeding onward with royal pomp, but the captive at Tutbury Castle, whom they meant.

Meanwhile slowly toiled the poor maiden onward, stopping awhile to rest, and then resuming her long and weary way. Slowly, slowly she went, until noontide bade her stop in one of the wayside hostels, and partake the simple fare of its inmates. Long she rested there, and the sun was beginning to decline ere she again set forth ; and even now she had not reached Whetstone : how should she arrive at Highgate that night. Still onward, onward she toiled, and pressed her hand on her bosom as though the touch of that mysterious packet seemed to endue her with fresh strength. “O that I might but fulfil my vow !” said she, and onward and onward she went, but with fast failing strength.

The speech of the sheriff as she passed the boundary line of the two counties, the long address of the mayor of St. Alban's, when the keys of that most ancient city were presented, the choice hexameters that welcomed her at the outer gate of Gorbamby, and the neat and elegant compliments pronounced by the second son of her highly honoured host, Sir Nicholas Bacon, in the character of Apollo, were all at length over ; and Elizabeth, well pleased that they were so, seated herself beneath the rich cloth of estate in the great hall, and received from her kneeling Chancellor the golden cup, of which he himself had just taken the assay, while his lady, likewise reverently kneeling, presented comfit cakes on a richly chased gold salver.

“Many thanks, my kind host and hostess,” said Elizabeth with her most pleasant smile ; “after being so long entertained with sugared speeches, I am fain to solace myself with somewhat more substantial than ‘winged words,’ as the brave old Greek poet saith ;

though you, my young Apollo, sounded your lyre so sweetly, that I could fain have listened longer."

The boy to whom this compliment was addressed, and who now knelt beside his well-pleased mother, smiled proudly. "The genial influence of the sun causeth Memnon's statue, though cold stone, to break forth into melody; how much rather will not the rays of *our* sun cause the skilless harp to sound," was the eager reply.

"A courtier already, Master Francis," said Elizabeth smiling on the boy, who, with glowing cheek and brightening eye looked earnestly in her face, "and a poet too: well done my little Lord Chancellor."

"What ought he not to become, to whom Elizabeth saith 'well done?'" replied the boy with proud exultation. "That word, great Queen, shall cheer me onward until all lands shall learn my name."

Again the Queen smiled, as she passed her hand across his thick ringlets, while the mother cast an anxious but proud look on her favourite son—happy in after years to behold his wide-spreading fame, happier to have died ere the name of Francis Bacon was linked with the story of his disgraceful downfall.

"But my young cup-bearer, where is he?" continued Elizabeth looking round, as she replaced the rich golden cup in the hand of her Chancellor, "and Sir Thomas Gresham too?"

"They were ever wont to keep time, the worthy knight specially," said Burghley, who occupied his usual station beside the Queen's chair; "pray Heaven no evil hath chanced to them!"

"Ay, truly," cried Elizabeth, "for I know not which I could best spare, my young poet Astrophel, or my princely merchant."

"The merchant is safe enow, I'll warrant," said a haughty-looking young man, Lord Talbot; "but as for the poet, unless he be under better guidance than his own, he may be wandering over some common in search of adventures, or bewildered in some wood, and believing it to be fairy-land."

"It is not given to every one to see fairy-land," said a plainly dressed, modest young man.

"I believe you, Master Spenser," replied the young nobleman scornfully, "ay, fully, poet though you be; but fairy-land is an unsubstantial realm,—a land of mists and clouds."

"O! of no mists, no clouds, or if clouds, brighter than the brightest sunlight earth can show," cried the young poet.

"Alas! Master Spenser," said Burghley, smiling kindly, "I would ye wandered not so much in cloudland, for what is verse-making but idle pastime? Remember, Castaly floweth not like Pactolus, over sands of gold."

The young man smiled mournfully, for Castaly flowed a living stream, far more precious than molten gold to him, and he shook his head. Well was it for after ages that he still wandered on in fairy-land, and at length bequeathed to us that precious record of its wonders, the glorious "Faery Queen."

There was music and stately dancing; and Elizabeth, in her chair of state, sat looking on, apparently well pleased. But the brow of the Lord

Treasurer, who stood by her side, was clouded; for the short sentences which from time to time passed between them had reference to a subject of all others calculated to awaken the anxieties of the wise and far-seeing Elizabeth. Another plot had been formed by the partisans of Mary, a widely ramified plot it was feared, and intelligence direct from London had been forwarded that very afternoon; while even on the road, a message had been despatched to the Lord Treasurer by the mayor of St. Alban's, notifying that some suspicious persons had been seen passing through towards London, bearers, perchance, of despatches to the conspirators beyond seas.

Still no cloud overshadowed the brow of Elizabeth, for to look anxious might awaken fears, and perhaps betray a knowledge of that which it was all important to keep concealed; so she smiled upon the stately dancers, who, when the "brawl" was ended, bowed and knelt two by two at her footstool; again addressed words of praise and encouragement to Master Francis, who still lingered by her side, and welcomed with a familiar nod young Philip Sydney, who was led forward, apparently very unwillingly, by Lord Talbot.

"And where, Sir Cup-bearer, have you been wandering?" said she.

"Even as I said, your Highness, seeking adventures, and, what is more, finding them, though not upon a common it seems, but the queen's highway," said Lord Talbot; "come, speak out, tuneful Astrophel, and tell us how you met a fair maiden, doubtless some princess in disguise, wandering all alone, and forthwith proffered your service to guard her, as all courteous knights are wont to do."

"I proffered no service," replied Sydney, angrily.

"What! did you not fetch water to bathe her fair forehead, and offer your own milk-white steed to convey her safely onward,—only the cautious merchant, whose days of romance are past, thought it ill became the queen's cup-bearer, the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, to enact the squire to a very travelling Mopsa."

"It was but an act of charity, a mere act of charity," replied Sydney, indignantly; "poor maiden! was she to lie by the road-side and perish."

"Who was this maiden, Philip?" said Burghley; "and how came she to detain you, and Sir Thomas Gresham too? He is no romancer."

"But an Englishman and Christian," replied Sydney, emphatically, "and therefore would he not pass by, like the Levite, but stop, like the good Samaritan."

"To aid, forsooth, some she-pedlar," cried Lord Talbot.

"Not so, young man," said the princely merchant; "though the poorest and the meanest have a right to our service. But this young maiden was lying fainting on the road-side, and what heart could pass by, and leave her?—so we sent on for aid, and when she recovered, she told us she had travelled far, and was bound to London to fulfil a solemn vow, and as she was too faint to walk, I bade one of my serving men take her on his horse to the place where she wished to go, near Highgate."

The Lord Treasurer's brow became clouded. "What dress had she?"

"A large grey cloak and hood, poor maiden; but, though meanly clad, she had doubtless seen better days."

"And she had travelled far," continued Burghley anxiously; "pray heaven ye may not have afforded aid to one who seeks even the death of our dear mistress and sovereign!"

"Impossible," cried Sydney; "I would stake this very brooch," unfastening a rich emerald from his cap.

"Nay, be not so rash," said Burghley; "but remember in these times such is the deep cunning of our enemies, that the wisest may be deceived, and the most cautious be fooled."

"Alas! that it should be so," cried Sir Thomas Græsham; "but surely we are free from such fears *now*."

Burghley laid his hand with emphatic pressure on the princely merchant's arm. "I will have talk with you to-morrow," said he; for he marked the keen eye of Elizabeth was fixed upon them; "but, remember, cunning France and crafty Spain will never give us rest while the daughter of the Guises is stirring them both up for our destruction."

Morning came, bright and joyful; and refreshed with her slumbers, the maiden arose up early, and thanking the mistress of the Rose and Pomegranate for her kindness, she proceeded onward; and, when from the brow of Highgate Hill she looked down upon the fair city, its hundred spires and high-pointed gables gleaming in the early sun, she stopped, and clasped her hands, while a prayer of thanksgiving arose to her lip.

"Is she one of us?" said the mistress of the Rose and Pomegranate to a man who stood beside her in the dress of a pedlar.

"The holy saints know," said he; "and yet why should a maiden, well bred as she is, travel alone, and on foot, unless performing a vow?—but our Lady have us in her especial keeping!" and he drew back from the open door; "see who comes yonder, Topcliffe himself!"

At that dreaded name—for, foremost among the detectors of popish recusants and seminary priests was Richard Topcliffe—Father Andrew precipitately fled, while the hostess, half closing her door, kept anxious watch behind it. But Topcliffe's errand was not with her; he kept stedfastly on, on his pacing nag, followed by his servant. "Beshrew thine heart," muttered the hostess; "alas for our people when the fox is abroad by daylight!"

Meanwhile a hundred "dainty devices" beguiled the morning at Gorhambury; but Elizabeth, although she took her stately walk in the terraced garden, and listened to a "consort" of sweet music in the banqueting-house, was ill at ease. New intelligence—although none save her trusty Burghley and herself as yet knew what—had arrived that very morning; and each courtier watched anxiously, as

the mariner watches the heavens, the cloud that gathered on their sovereign's brow.

"Where is Philip Sydney?" said she, looking round on the circle.

"Out yonder, in the tennis court, with—with—" hesitated the younger Cecil.

"With whom?" said Elizabeth, fiercely.

"With the Lord Talbot, your Highness," was the timid reply.

"With the Lord Talbot; what new toy is this? Philip and he were not so great friends of yore."

"Nor are they now, your Highness; so Sir Thomas Gresham was trying to reconcile them."

"Bid the foolish boys hither—we will have no swash-buckler doings here; no young gallants, forsooth, picking quarrels and whipping out their rapiers at every word, as though Spain and the Low Countries did not keep us fully employed, and require all the fighting we can spare them. But pray what is this quarrel about?"

"About the young maiden Sir Thomas and Master Philip met on their road last night."

"A goodly subject, forsooth!—and truly, methinks, Sir Thomas," continued the Queen, with angry countenance, turning to the knight, who had just entered, "my own merchant might have been better employed than in sending a papist baggage onward toward London: methinks ye were both bewitched."

"Alas! I greatly fear witchcraft was not wanting, your Highness," said an old man, Sir Thomas Smith, the under-secretary, who stood by; "for the Jesuits have been full busy of late, and it is said have compounded so wondrous a powder, that by using it, one man can pass himself off for another; the which story I credit, seeing it is well known that by talismans they can draw favour toward them."

"A good charm, truly," said Elizabeth, sarcastically, "and methinks much needed here. Pray, good sir secretary, seeing that we have such scant love for them, wherefore have they not tried the effect of their marvellous powder on *us*?"

The old man shook his head solemnly. He was "taken aback" by the home thrust of the Queen's argument, for Elizabeth was singularly free from the superstitions of the age.

"Your Highness," he replied, after a pause, "as to the ways whereby the Devil worketh, they are manifold; nor are they easily accounted for. Wherefore, as an instance, should a wizard even hundreds of miles off, will you to think of him; and forthwith ye shall think of nought else?—wherefore shall he will you to fall sick, and forthwith no remedies (save, as I believe, pounded coral, mixed with powder of unicorn's horn), avail to restore you?"

"And wherefore, my good master secretary, if these things were so, should *I* be alive to-day?" said Elizabeth, with a smile of contempt. "We want not, methinks, for wizards, or witches, to work us ill, if mere wish and will would do it; although in that they have power to make us continually think about them, I fully agree with you, seeing that by their machinations they give us scarce a moment's rest. But where are these boys? Well, Master Philip,"

continued the Queen, as young Sydney, with flushed brow, came forward; "Mr. Secretary here feareth you are bewitched, and truly it seemeth like it, when a mere pedlar's girl, or a popish baggage, met with on the highway, could have power to make the nephew of my cousin Leicester ready to run a tilt for her beauty."

"Not so, not so, good Queen," cried Sydney, sinking on his knees, and looking up with those clear and earnest blue eyes in which truth alone was mirrored; "but that poor maiden—bound on pilgrimage to fulfil the last prayer of her dying father—that *she* should be the object of coarse scoffs and vile ribaldry;" and his eye glanced toward Lord Talbot.

"And how know you her story was true?" said Elizabeth, coldly; "beware, young poet, a coaxing tongue and crocodile tears go far."

"They were no crocodile tears, dear mistress. Sir Thomas, good Sir Thomas, *you* believed her?"

"Your Highness, I truly did, for it was with great reluctance she spoke, and she seemed so desolate and woe-begone, that no Christian but must have done as we did."

"Ay, indeed; it *was* art to deceive *you*, Sir Thomas; well, with our good under-secretary, we must lay it all perhaps to witchcraft;" and Elizabeth smiled sarcastically.

"Truly your Highness," cried Lord Talbot, "especially seeing what Master Philip hath staked,"—and with a triumphant smile he held forth a broach, an emerald broach,—"*this*, he hath staked on the innocence of this peerless Mopsa."

"What!" cried Elizabeth, turning with flashing eyes toward Lord Talbot, and snatching it fiercely from his hand,—"*this*, this broach!—*my* gift, my birthday gift to him! impossible!"

"Good Queen—my dear mistress"—faltered Sydney; "he taunted me, and I——"

"Threw away a queen's gift. Foolish, wayward, boy, it were charity to believe thou wert indeed bewitched; but away, and see not my face again."

"Dear mistress," cried Sydney,—"one word."

"Away!" said Elizabeth, and angrily contemplating the broach she still held in her hand, she retired to the banqueting room.

"Good Philip, good Philip, how could this dreadful case have happened," said Lord Burghley, kindly laying his hand on Sydney's shoulder, who sat with his face buried in his hands at the table; "and at this time, alas! of all others, when our dear mistress hath anxiety enow."

"He taunted me, grossly and cruelly taunted me, and said the poet always walked in cloud land, and was fit for nought save to pluck weeds, and fancy them sweet flowers."

"Alas! hath not this been your case? Have not you thrown away Her Highness's gifts, and that very gift which of all others secureth favour,—that which Sir Thomas Smith, who is right learned in these

matters, said was most precious, for the emerald always secureth favour of princes."

"What could I do? He challenged me to wager some jewel that the poor maiden was innocent of crime against the Queen's Highness. I believed she was, and snatched the brooch from my cap, not remembering, so Heaven help me! that it was *that* brooch until I saw it in his hand."

"And right glad was he, doubtless," replied Burghley, "and willing enow to display it. But, O Philip, would that ~~ye~~ had begun to study men instead of poetry, so high as ye stood in our dear mistress's favour, and only nineteen years old—now, Heaven only knows what the end will be."

Slowly passed the heavy day. "There is somewhat about this maiden that passeth all my thoughts," said Burghley as late in the evening he summoned Sir Thomas Gresham to another anxious conference: "Topcliffe hath sent me two despatches, the first telling me she arrived in London by eight of the clock this morning, sorely weary, and took a lodging at the Four Pigeons in St. Martin's-le-Grand, a decent house; and that from thence, after resting, she went to the Burse, and to the Mercery, making earnest enquiries after Sir Walter Gascoigne."

"He is now in Flanders, but as soon might I be suspected of Papistry as he," replied Sir Thomas Gresham.

"Truly so," continued Burghley, "but still the mistress of the Rose and Pomegranate is shrewdly suspected of being a popish recusant; and I have it in evidence that before this maiden set out from North Mims, one Ursula Weston, who some thirty years ago was a lay sister at Sopewell Priory, was seen earnestly talking with her at the hostel."

"It is a strange affair; but still, would conspirators allow one of their number to journey on so wretchedly poor as to be scarcely able to reach London?"

"True, but that a plot is in hand is certain: what say you to *this*."

Sir Thomas took the small paper, thickly covered with cyphers, and eagerly looked over it. There was a knock at the door, one of the under-secretaries entered, and laid a packet tied about with green ribbon and superscribed, "for y^e hands of y^e worshipful lord treasurer, these, poste, poste, for your life, for^r your life."

It was a third despatch from the indefatigable Topcliffe enclosing some papers of which he had taken possession "at y^e Blacke Lyon in y^e Blackfriars, and as y^r lord^{sh} may judge, blacke enough seeing thatte three seminarye prestes, and more than one jesuite do lodge there," and a lengthened detail of his enquiries, which had ended in the committal of two of them to Newgate. "Concerning y^e maiden," he continued, "she went this afternoon unto y^e house of y^e worshipful Sir Thomas Gresham in Bishopgate Street, and prayed to see hym, when learning that he was wyth y^e Queen's Highness, she sayd she woulde go backe. Soe methoughte I woulde give her a ride at y^e queene's coste and charges, and have sente her unto y^r lordsh^{ip} for

to do as is fytting." In a *postscriptum* was added, "She hath a bagge wyth a blacke ribbon rounde her necke, the whiche perchaunce con-teyneth some popish idol ; but y^r lordsh^p will see."

Ere this precious epistle was finished, again the under-secretary appeared, notifying that the prisoner had arrived.

"We shall know now, my good friend," said Burghley, almost smiling, for almost anything is less painful than suspense ; "and I would that, for poor Philip's sake, that this maiden were no conspi-ratrix."

The poor maiden, still wrapt in her grey cloke and hood, was led in, and placed at the table, while the under-secretary, with much im-portance, took his place and his pen.

Oh, I will confess all, right willingly," cried she ; "only take me to Sir Thomas Gresham."

"Is he not here ?" said the secretary.

The maiden looked up, and sprang forward. "O good Sir Thomas, was it you I met yester-even ? Would I had known it ! I will confess, willingly confess all you ask ; but——," and she glanced an anxious look at the secretary.

"We will take her examination," said Burghley, dismissing him. "Now what caused you to journey to London ?"

"To fulfil a solemn duty — a promise made to a dying father, to place in the hands of Sir William Gascoigne this," and she took the bag from her neck, and drew out a rich and massive gold enamelled chain.

"Surely I know somewhat of this chain," said Sir Thomas Gresham, taking it up. "Surely this is the very one that the elder Sir William Gascoigne wore and bequeathed to his son, and which afterwards was stolen or lost at Antwerp. Was it not so ?"

"It was, Sir Thomas, but never knew I aught of it until my poor father fell ill of his last sickness ; and then he said one thing pressed heavily upon his mind. It was this chain. Alas ! I then learned that it had been pledged some years ago for twenty pounds. Still he kept on saying what good the very sight of that chain would do him ; so I sold whatever I could, for we were greatly reduced, and I set off to York, redeemed it, and brought it back with me."

"What is your name ?"

The poor girl hesitated. "Nay, good Sir Thomas, my Christian name is Elinor. But ask me not more—for it was in this thing only that my father sinned, and he is now dead."

Sir Thomas smiled kindly. "I will not ask you, my poor maiden," said he, "for methinks I know it. But oh ! how little did I ever think, when with your father at Antwerp, that I should meet his daughter on the road-side, and in such deep poverty !"

"Alas ! he never prospered — never, so he said, after that," replied the maiden, pointing to the chain, and then burying her face in her hands.

"Well, my poor maiden," said Burghley, "go on."

"Alas ! when I returned, he was fast sinking, but I laid the chain before him, and then he said he should die in peace if it were but

restored to him from whom it had been taken. I promised that it should be. I knelt beside his bed, and vowed that I would journey to London with it, and deliver it into no one's hand but that of Sir William Gascoigne, or, if he were abroad, of Sir Thomas Gresham."

"But ye were poor, my good maiden, and came from afar," said Lord Burghley. "How found ye means for travelling?"

"I put my trust in God's good providence, seeing I was fulfilling a solemn duty, both to my dear father and to Sir William Gascoigne, and I have been fed. Ten groats were all my store, when I set out a hundred and fifty miles from hence, and I have still two left."

"May the blessing of Him in whom you have trusted ever rest on thee, my good maiden!" said Burghley, laying his hand on the poor girl's head, as she knelt to receive his blessing. "Thou hast been tried, sorely tried, by want and weariness, and, more than all, by harsh suspicions. But the pure gold sustaineth the fire, and so hast thou."

"Bid your young maiden Elinor hither," said Elizabeth, addressing Burghley, as she seated herself beneath the cloth of estate, every cloud vanished from her brow the following morning, for good news had been received that the plot was defeated. "Truly we owe her some recompence for the severe opinion we formed of her, and bid my young cup-bearer hither also. Well, young poet," continued Elizabeth, as Philip Sydney, with face radiant with smiles, knelt before her, "you have gained your wager."

"Dearest mistress," cried he, kissing with no mere courtier feeling the hand that held out to him the emerald broach. "Scorn not your young poet. His large faith in truth and goodness, though covered by a russet cloke, was correct."

"Ay, my good lord," continued he, laughing as he turned toward Burghley, "the poet's inspiration could pierce through every disguise, while the mere statesman was surrounded by clouds."

"I pardon your gibes, Master Philip," said Burghley, smiling, as he led forward the young maiden, to whom Elizabeth graciously held forth her hand; "and may God grant you do as worthy service to the Queen's Highness as this poor maiden hath done to her dead father."

Many, many years passed away, and all who have taken part in the foregoing tale, save one, were no more; when one fine spring-tide morning a velvet coach slowly proceeded along the road near Barnet, and stopping at a sunny bank, the door was opened, and a venerable aged lady, leaning on her grandchild's arm, descended.

"This road has strange charms for you, dear grandmother," said the blooming girl; "and this bank, too, seems to awaken many pleasant feelings."

"They do, my dear child," said the aged woman; "and so they ought, for never, never can I forget one eventful journey. No," continued she to herself; "how can I ever forget ELINOR'S PILGRIMAGE?"

H. L.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. IX.

— “What may this meane?
That thou, dead coarse, againe in compleat steele,
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moone,
Making night hideous?”

HANLET.

GHOSTS have been so generally banished from towns that it is somewhat refreshing to go back to the good old times when every one moved and breathed in an atmosphere charged with the belief in spirits, and was denounced as an atheist if he ventured to doubt the existence of ghostly or devilish agency.

Meric Casaubon, in his “Treatise proving spirits, witches, and supernatural operations, by pregnant instances and evidences,” — “printed for Robert Pawlet at the Bible in Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street,” — tells the following story, being one of these same pregnant instances and evidences.

“There was, it seems, at Tholouse in France, where this man (Augerius or Ogerius) lived and died, a fair house in a convenient place, which was haunted, and for that reason to be hired for a very small rent. This house Augerius (as once Athenodorus the philosopher did at Athens), not giving perchance any great credit to the report, did adventure upon. But finding it more troublesome than he did expect, and hearing of a Portugal scholar in the town, who in the nail of a young boy (it is a kind of divination we shall speak of in due place) could show hidden things, agreed with him. A young girl was to look. She told, she saw a woman curiously clad, with precious chains and gold, which stood at a certain pillar in the cellar (the place, it seems, chiefly haunted) having a torch in her hand. Hereupon the Portugal’s advice to the physician was, he should have the ground digged, just in that place; for that certainly there was some treasure there. The physician had so much faith, it seems, as to believe him, and presently takes care for the execution. But when they were even come to the treasure, as they thought, or whatever it was, a sudden whirle-wind puts out the candles, and going out of the chimney (*spiraculum cellæ*, the Latine translation calls it, which may be understood of a store-house, in any part of the house, or a cellar or vault: I live in a house built upon a vault which once had a chimney) battered some 14 foot of battlement in the next house, whereof part fell upon the porch of the house, part upon the said chimney, and part upon a stone pitcher or water-pot that was carried by a woman, and brake it. From that time all annoyance

of spirits ceased in that house. When the Portugal was told what had happened, he said, the devil had carried away the treasure, and that he wondered the physician had no hurt. Bodinus, my author, saith, the physician himself told him the story, two dayes after; who presently after (Bodinus I mean) went to see the ruines, and found it as he was told. And this, saith he, happened in a very clear calm day, as at the best time of the year, though it was the 15 December, 1558."

We hope here be truths! At all events the cool assurance of "the Portugal" is worthy of the most impudent empiric that has power over his deluded public in these enlightened matter-of-fact days. Now, alas! the times are changed, and notwithstanding the occasional revelations of ladies and their mesmeric maids, incredulity triumphs. In vain does the moonlit apparition, seen at a distance in some crowded city-cemetery, as if hovering over the putrescent soil in a vain endeavour to discover its own peculiar clay among the thousands of corpses in every stage of decay with which the churchyard is stratified, draw together a heap of ghastly women. No sane man believes in the ghost which is "put down" by some Alderman Cute and the police; who never think, however, of putting down the murderous nuisance which is decimating the poor of the densely-inhabited neighbourhood—(where, so fetid is the air, that the average duration of life of the caged singing bird fresh from its native fields is a few weeks)—sending them daily before their time to add to the festering heap, and infuse more virulence into the pestilential emanations in which fever is always floating in its worst form.

The victims know their doom; but cannot afford to migrate to less dangerous quarters from their narrow court, built close against this charnel house. No! Poverty, faithful retainer of the destroying angel, keeps watch at the only outlet to their wretched dwellings, to prevent them from straying: for is it not one of King Death's preserves, and will not the grim tyrant soon have a right royal *battue*?

But, before the schoolmaster had entirely driven disembodied spirits out of town, in the last quarter of the last century, and in a provincial city where a belief in the supernatural still lingered among some of the good gossips, lived Mrs. D—, the widow of one of the prebendaries. She occupied a house in the "close," and still frequented the select clerical evening parties, which were the envy of all who were excluded from the bliss of sipping nectar in the shape of hyson, and ambrosia in the form of seed-cake, in that terrestrial paradise, the close aforesaid, where the dignitaries of the church had collected round the noble cathedral like flies round a honey-pot.

It was on a Friday evening, in the month of a good old English January, well justifying the ancient line,

Janiver! freeze the pot by the fire,

when Mrs. D— set forth in her clogs and calash upon a fine frosty night, lighted by her pretty tucked-up maid Susan—for though the stars twinkled bravely, the moon had not yet risen—on the tour of the cathedral green, to spend the evening with Canon G— and "his lady." There were the Dean and "his lady," and a prebendary and

"his lady," and three or four canons and their "ladies," a sprinkling of staid rural incumbents, and, lastly, the principal attorney and apothecary, with their womankind. These lay visitors were objects of hatred and malice to their fellow-townsfolk on account of their admission to this treble-refined circle.

Mrs. D— was a kind-hearted woman. Her clogs and calash were deposited in the dining-parlour, which did duty on these occasions as "cloak-room;" and having her latch-key, and thinking that she should be sure of an escort to her own door,— after Susan had given the last rectifying bewitching twitch to her mistress's turban, which the calash had slightly discomposed,— she told that type of maid servants,— who had caught cold in walking out with Mrs. D.'s asthmatic spaniel Frisk, now become so fat with indulgence that he could hardly wag, and to whose waddle Susan, having the fear of dog-stealers before her eyes, was forced to accommodate her fettered steps, till she was well nigh a moving icicle,— that she need not come for her that night. Susan dropped her short springy courtesy, which said as plainly as courtesy could speak "thank'ee ma'am," went home, and was soon in her snug warm bed, dreaming that young Mr. Warble, the principal tenor of the choir, was kneeling at her feet, and holding out a wedding ring in anxious supplication.

The last long rubber—as yet "shorts" were unknown—had come to an end: the last macaroone and final glass of hot negus had been handed round, and the company began to depart. Off they dropped, one by one, and two by two, till at last good Mrs. D—, who had been in anxious consultation with the canon's "lady" touching the admission of Mrs. Bullfrey, the rich grazier's wife, among the lady patronesses of the soup, flannel, and coal society, was the only remaining guest.

The clock struck twelve. Mrs. D— started up. "Dear me," she cried, "they are all gone, and I have told poor Susan, who is not well, not to come for me!"

The good-natured canon and canoness immediately volunteered the services of their butler, Mr. Silvertop, who was the verger: but it had snowed heavily since her arrival; so they proposed that, as he had the keys of the cathedral, he should conduct her through it, and reduce her walk over the snow to a few steps; for she lived exactly on the other side of the church. The offer was thankfully accepted. Mrs. D— was shawled, calashed, and clogged; and, accompanied by the verger, stepped out into the bright moonlight, rendered still brighter by the reflection of the brilliantly white winding-sheet in which every thing was wrapped.

A few paces brought them to the church. Mr. Silvertop selected the right key from the ponderous bunch, and

‘By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small.

At this moment Mrs. D— saw the sexton with a light towards the end of the cathedral, and, calling to him by name, told Mr. Silver-

top that she "need not trouble him further, as Mr. Thomas, there, would let her through:" Mr. Silvertop accordingly retreated with his lantern, and locked the door after him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Thomas was rather deaf; and no sooner had Mr. Silvertop vanished, than the sexton, whose back was turned to the lady and her guardian, and who had not heard her call, vanished also, and carefully locked the door at which he had made his exit.

Mrs. D— was left a prisoner in the cathedral.

Now this lady was not one of those exquisitely sensitive beings who shriek at the sight of an earwig, go into hysterics at the approach of a spider, and faint outright at the appearance of a mouse or a frog, but

" The pillared arches were over her head,
And beneath her feet were the bones of the dead ; "

and as the cold light streamed through the deeply-stained glass of the many-cloured windows, investing the sculptured marble of the monuments with an indistinct halo, and making the darkness of the lofty-roofed "mynsterre" visible, she felt an icy chill creep over her, and then strike in to her very heart. In yonder chapel her husband slept his last long sleep; and by his side was her narrow bed to be made when it should please God to call her. She shuddered,—felt the rising of the *hysterica passio*,—kept it down by a strong effort—and began to pace the pavement of the long aisle that echoed beneath her tread.

She at length, wearied of her melancholy walk, which had, however, driven the blood from her heart, to which it had retreated, and sent it circulating through her limbs, now sensible of something like warmth; and, after she had come to the conclusion that liberation from her confinement was, for the present, impossible, made up her mind, not without another cold shudder, to sleep in the church.

After collecting the cushions from various seats, Mrs. Drayton selected the well-lined pew where the family of the bishop offered up their prayers, and succeeded in making a very passable couch, on which, when she had commended herself to the care of the Almighty, she laid herself down to rest.

While lying in that dreamy state of half-consciousness that precedes sleep, she heard, or thought she heard, a long-drawn sigh. "It must have been fancy," she said to herself, and tried to forget it in another doze. Again she was roused by a repetition of the deep sigh, and, starting up, looked in the direction whence the sound came.

The pale and uncertain moonlight fell on the monument of an old crusader, whose recumbent image, clad in complete mail, lay with crossed legs and hands joined together on his breast in the attitude of prayer, a few yards from her. A cloud passed over the moon as she now distinctly heard a sigh, followed by a low muttering, proceed from the place where the statue reclined; and as she gazed, almost breathless, the moon, emerging from a cloud, showed her the fore-arms of the figure, no longer resting on the breast, but uplifted, with the hands still closed, at a right angle with the elbows. Her scream

was choked in her throat by terror as she saw the hands separate, and the straightened arms gradually dropped to the sides.

Straining her eyeballs, she beheld the figure rise from its recumbent posture to a sitting position, and then stand upright. Almost in a state of madness, she opened the pew-door, advanced towards the figure, now in the act of stepping from its pedestal, and exclaimed, "In the name of God, what are you?"

"Ah, Madam D——," exclaimed a well-known voice, "be you come to see how good Jemmy can say his prayers, as well as the old stone knight? When they put him there, they left a place by his side for Jemmy."

"Come along, Jemmy," said the now-delighted Mrs. D——; "let you and I take a walk together up and down the church," grasping an arm of flesh, from whose contact she would have shrunk under ordinary circumstances, and now recollecting that on the crusader's tomb was left a vacant space by his side nearest to the window, probably intended, when the monument was designed, for her whose troth had been plighted to him, but whose vows had been broken during his long absence, and whom he found another's on his return from Palestine, a broken-hearted man.

Briskly up and down did Mrs. D—— and her queer beau pace that cathedral-aisle, till at last Jemmy asked the lady whether she did not think that they had had walking enough?

"Perhaps we have, Jemmy; but how are we to get out till the sexton comes, in the morning?"

Jemmy said not a word, but, disengaging Mrs. D—— somewhat roughly from his arm, ran towards the belfry, and the toll of the cathedral bell resounded through the calm, silent air, frightening the whole town from its propriety, and soon bringing the astonished sexton — behind whom Jemmy had slept in unperceived when that official had entered the cathedral for the purpose of depositing some music books belonging to the choir, which had been taken to a house where the singing-men had assembled to practice a new anthem over a comfortable fire and a bowl of punch, and had retired, as has been described, utterly unconscious of locking in the two prisoners, whom he now liberated.

"But who was Jemmy?"

"That you shall presently know, Madam, if you care to read further; but, first, let me observe, that if Mrs. D—— had swooned, as you probably would, when she saw the figure descending from its pedestal, and had been found in a state of insensibility early in the morning, when the workmen, who were making some alterations, arrived, after Jemmy had slept out as unperceived as when he slept in, there can be little doubt that she would have believed, to her dying hour, that the sights and sounds which she saw and heard were not of this world."

"Granted, Mr. Shaddoe; but still—permit me to enquire—who was Jemmy?"

"Jemmy, Madam, was one of those beings who are to be found wandering in every town and village; and who, without any dangerous propensities, are pronounced to be 'not right in their head.' Idiots

they are not. Nature, even in her parsimony, has been kind to them; for, although their reasoning faculties fall short of those of their reasoning faculties fall short of those of their fellow-mortals, their instincts are much more highly developed."

But "Wise Jemmy," as he was, half-satirically, half-seriously, called, was not in the roll of common "innocents." He was wonderfully weatherwise, and the farmers in the vicinity always consulted him before they sent the mowers into their meadows.

There was evidently a good and secret understanding between Wise Jemmy and all the birds and beasts in the neighbourhood. Nay, the very bees seemed to be on familiar terms with him, and whenever there was a refractory swarm, Jemmy was sent for. "He could," said the bee-masters and mistresses, "do what he liked with them." Even Farmer Trumpsher's fierce mastiff Turk, the terror of the neighbourhood, instead of flying upon Jemmy when he made his way into the farmer's capacious and well-filled barton, accompanied him about as if he was lord and master of the place, and sometimes ended by being guilty of desertion, quitting the premises with Jemmy, after the latter had gone his rounds, to take a rural walk with him. Often has Jemmy been found, on a fine May day, fast asleep in a flowery meadow by the side of Sultan, the town-bull,—whose nasal ring truly proclaimed him to be the most savage of bulls thereabout—with his head pillowed on the lordly brute's body. In short, there was evidently a kind of mesmeric *rapport* between him and the lower animals. They understood each other. He was fond of them, and they were fond of him. If an unlucky jackdaw or magpie fell out of its nest, Jemmy would shuffle away to its relief; and, if the nestling had any life left, would nurse it and bring it up. He swam like an otter, and was a careful collector of half-drowned kittens and puppies, which he saw struggling for existence in the deep moat that surrounded the bishop's palace at dawn or on a moonlight night, when such murders are usually perpetrated; attended the patients as if he had a whole humane society under his ragged waistcoat, and when he had restored them, never abandoned them.

The consequence was that he frequently walked abroad attended by a train of familiars that would inevitably have consigned him to the stake in the days of gentle king Jamie. When a funeral was to take place in any of the neighbouring villages, off Jemmy would start with his favourite magpie, Meg, on one shoulder, and Davy, the daw, upon the other, followed by three cats with three eyes and one perfect tail among them, and two bandy-legged turnspits, each lame of a leg, with a white paper hat-band in which was stuck a bunch of wild flowers and "aglets,"—as if to denote that all flesh was grass—with weepers to match, and, on his arrival, would lie, surrounded by his winged and four-footed friends, on a sunny bank adjoining the graveyard, till the funeral approached. Then, leaving his attendants, who never presumed to follow him further than the stile, he would join the mourners, behave with the greatest decorum, and when the sad ceremony was over, would again don his hat, return to the members of his menagerie, who had hid themselves in the adjoining hedge,

and return home with the same state as that which marked his setting out on his progress.

He lived in a hut made out of a black old coal barge with windows instead of ports in its sides, outside the gates of the town, which he never entered with his favourites, but always alone. The cathedral was his favourite haunt, and, as he never was guilty of any misbehaviour, nobody disturbed him in his almost constant attendance at the daily morning and evening service. Nay, the sexton would sometimes employ him in odd jobs about the church, every nook of which he knew; and stimulated, probably by the hope of some trifling employment when the workmen came in the morning, he had slept in and concealed himself when the sexton had entered the church upon this memorable evening.

There was once—but I spare the infliction; for *here is*, to my own great satisfaction and doubtless to that of our friends who remember his former communication, a second letter from my correspondent Silas, just come in. Silas, thou hast not forgotten thy implied promise, and I thank thee.

Dear Mr. Shaddoe,

In our town a ghost story is still current and credited, not lightly, by the good gossips of the neighbourhood; for the ghost appeared to two at once, mother and daughter; the latter is still living, and from her I had, in substance, the following version.

They were sitting at their humble supper table one winter's evening, talking over the better days they had seen. The husband, Captain Tasker, had realised some fortune in the slave-trade, which in his day was briskly carried on from a neighbouring sea-port, since risen to great prosperity. He had retired to enjoy the ill-gotten gain, with a wife, a son, and a daughter, in our small quiet county town; but nothing prospered with him. He was first led into extravagant attempts to vie with the more wealthy and respectable gentry, who perhaps looked coldly upon the *ci-devant* slave captain. His only son, after some outbreak of paternal brutality, ran away to sea, and was never more heard of. The reckless father then took to drinking.

He was one night brought home apoplectic, after receiving a heavy fall in a drunken fray at a public house; and, in spite of all the efforts of my worthy *Æsculapian* preceptor, he passed from this stupor to the deeper sleep of death.

His circumstances were found to be in a more embarrassed state than was expected. The little that remained, after the settlement of substantiated claims, bought a small annuity for the widow, which was eked out by her daughter's skill as a sempstress. They retired to one of the small tenements which face the steepest part of the hill leading to the castle gates, and crowned by the dark tower which guards the frowning entry to the strong and sad abode of the county crime and misfortune, where my own ghost adventure took place.

On the evening of *their's* the conversation had turned upon the traffic in which the unfortunate husband and father had spent most of his active life; and the dark nature of which had then begun to be

unveiled by the writings and speeches of the ardent and benevolent emancipators. Its worst features had never before presented themselves to the mind of the widow, who, when a young wife, rejoicing in her husband's safe return, had listened to his adventures amongst contending tribes on the African coast, with too little sympathy for the human cargo, which could then rarely be procured without hairbreadth escapes to the rival traders. "Besides, was not Captain H., and Captain S., and Captain P., who went down with all hands in the fast clipper "Black Jack," and who left the large fortune to his daughter, that married 'Squire M——, all in the same trade? And Mr. G., the great merchant, who was afterwards Member of Parliament, had not he always three Guinea ships afloat whilst the trade was going?" The daughter shook her head, and stirred the small fire, by the light of which they were holding their sad but quiet converse after their homely meal; but she replied not to the maternal attempt to make a case for the traffic. Thus they sat, watching in silence the decreasing flickering of the flame; when, on a sudden, the attention of both was roused by a sound as of footsteps rapidly approaching the door, which was immediately burst open by a heavy blow. A piercing shriek came from the mother, whose position commanded the first view of the door, and she rushed out by an opposite one into the adjoining bedroom: the daughter at the same instant started, and turned towards the cause of the noise and her mother's fright, and saw, as she believed, a shadowy figure sink into the floor of the room, followed by the phantom of a negro slave, which turned its ghastly head and glared, with white protruding balls, for a moment upon her, before it also sank and disappeared. She thought she saw or heard a third figure enter as she fled screaming after her mother. When questioned as to the appearance of the first figure, she said it resembled her father in the dress he used to wear when he returned home from sea.

The mother corroborated more strongly this statement, but thought her husband dragged a black man's head after him. And she would then tell how, in a dispute he had had at Benin, on the slave coast, with the sable conqueror of a neighbouring tribe, who tried to evade the bargain which had been made for the captives, the intoxicated chief, in a moment of excitement, had struck her husband, and provoked a conflict, in which the English captain, with his stout cutlass, had severed his black assailant's head from his shoulders.

The two terrified women remained some time clasped together. When they ventured at length to glance into the room from which they had been scared, all was quiet; the blaze had subsided, but the low red light from the grate seemed to show every thing to be as they had left it.

The daughter lit a candle with trepidation, fearing it might reveal some new and hidden terror; but they still found themselves to be the only occupants of their little room. A broken plate, which had been pushed from the table in their panic flight, lay on the floor. They examined the window and the cupboard, and the recess with the small stock of books; they tried the door, and found it latched, as they

believed it to have been before the disturbance. But near the entry, on the floor, the daughter, as she timidly and suspiciously peered about, saw *one drop of blood*!—Yes, there it was, unmistakably, and fresh. She pointed it out to her horror-stricken parent.

Their first impulse was to call their neighbours; but an indefinable sense of some immediate connection of the inexplicable circumstance with their own peculiar condition, and respect for the memory of him with whose fate and history they firmly believed the vision to have been bound up, kept them back.

They looked out upon the cold, quiet night: the silent flakes of snow had begun to fall upon the icy pavement, which was sparkling in the pure moonlight. Not a soul was in sight, nor a footstep nor any social sound in hearing. They looked up to the dark portal which crowned the hill, and gazed along the street to right and left, then bolted their door, and retired trembling to their bed.

In the morning, too plainly visible in the broad daylight, as if to assure them of the reality of the horrid event of the night, the threshold showed *the drop of blood*, now dry and dark. The floor was scoured and scrubbed, but the stain of that mysterious blood-drop could never be obliterated. More than once has the old dame pointed it out to me as she recounted her version of the nocturnal visitation.

It could not long be withheld from the good neighbours. What daughter of Eve could deny herself the sympathy such a story could not fail to excite, or long bear the weight of so portentous a secret? It was too much to be expected from two poor lone women.

The story, of course, lost nothing by transmission. The blood-stain was always ready for an appeal against incredulity. And with all the various additional horrors with which it has been invested, there is no ghostly legend in our town more generally and firmly believed than the visitation of the Ghost of Captain Tasker, with his negro-slave (and the majority added the devil), to the poor widow and her daughter.

Mr. Shaddoe! the mystery of that blood-drop and phantom-head is known to me alone! I have long endured its responsibility, and now, it is not without a struggle that I have determined to disburthen my mind and communicate it, in confidence, to you.

You may remember the occasion of my first introduction to the world of spirits, and the goodly resolves thereupon taken to intrude no more into the ghostly portals of anatomical science: in fact, to make my chosen profession my last subject, and cut the surgery once and for all. Rallied by my fellow pupils, and excited by some well-penned articles, with copies of the famous plates of Albinus, in a cyclopædia to which we had access, my anatomical passion soon returned, and all resolves and scruples were forgotten.

My zeal and skill in assisting at *post-mortems* had gained me the rarely-bestowed commendation of our preceptor. I had already begun to form a small anatomical collection, and had lately added a human cranium to my series of the skulls of dogs and cats, and the skeletons of mice and "such small deer." It happened, also, that on the day when a negro patient in the jail-hospital had died, a treatise

on the "Varieties of the Human Race" fell into my hands, and greatly increased my craniological longings.

The examination of the body was over, and the hurried inquest performed; when, slipping a halferown into the hand of the old turnkey as we left the corpse-room, I said I should call again that evening to look a little further into the matter, before the coffin was finally screwed down. It was but six weeks from the time of my first adventure in the old Tower*, when, provided with a brown paper bag, I sallied forth, on a fine frosty evening in January, to secure my specimen of the Ethiopian race. I was now habituated to the ways of the place, and an attendant was no longer proffered to accompany me. Taking my lantern and keys, I opened every door and gate, duly locking them again after I had passed through. As I ascended the spiral stairs of Hadrian's Tower, speculations on "facial angles" and "prognathic jaws," and that "peculiar whiteness of the osseous tissue" upon which my favourite author had dilated, usurped all the former broodings on immaterial entities which had so disturbed my imagination, and prepared it for the ghostly opposition to my first ascent. I particularly remember fastening after me the heavy portal that led into the wide and dark stone-chamber of the dead, in order to be secure from any interruption in my work. The gloom of the apartment was just made visible by the light of the lantern; but it served for all the business immediately in hand. The screws and tools had been judiciously left behind; and when I returned through the gates — my packet under my cloak — the intimation that all was ready for the interment was received with a nod of intelligence by the old turnkey, which assured me that no inquisition nor discovery was to be apprehended on that side of the castle walls.

As soon as I had passed the postern, and emerged from the portal, I began to hurry down the hill: the pavement had become glazed by the frost, my foot slipped, and being encumbered with my cloak, I lost my balance, and fell forwards with a shock which jerked the negro's head out of the bag, and sent it bounding down the slippery surface of the steep descent.

As soon as I recovered my legs, I raced desperately after it, but was too late to arrest its progress. I saw it bounce against the door of a cottage facing the descent, which flew open, and received me at the same time, unable to check my downward career. I heard shrieks, and saw the whisk of the garment of a female, who had rushed through an inner door: the room was empty; the ghastly head at my feet. I seized it and retreated, wrapping it in my cloak. I suppose I must have closed the door after me, but I never stopped till I reached the surgery.

I remain,

Dear Mr. Shaddoc,

Your confiding friend,

SILAS SEER.

* See *antè*, vol. ii. p. 445.

RAILWAY SONNETS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

RUDE railway-trains, with all your noise and smoke,
 I love to see you wheresoe'er ye move :
 Though Nature seems such trespass to reprove :
 Though ye the soul of old romance provoke,
 I thank you, that from misery ye unyoke
 Thousands of panting horses. Science pleas'd
 Secs by machinery lungs and sinews eas'd,
 And Mercy smiles as suff'rings ye revoke.
 Calm sanctities deem not such march profane :
 Sweet meads give up your flowers and emerald sod :
 Small fields resign your being without pain :
 For, thinking on old roads in anguish trod,
 Not to the heart of Nature can be vain
 Humanity, which serves both Man and God !

Lawns, shaven smooth ; parterres all summer fair,
 With rarest flowers from farthest regions brought :
 Groves dedicate to friendship, and sweet thought :
 These, touch'd by railways, wither in despair,
 Die in strong light, and the obtrusive air.
 For gardens, crofts, old owners are distraught,
 For cottages, home-hallow'd, scorn'd as naught ;
 Leisure made public, and retirement bare.
 Thank God it is so. Hence in order due,
 To countless blessings these distractions tend :
 Good to the million : social gifts ensue :
 The anxious lover, and the heart-warm friend,
 Parents and children long-lost sweets renew,—
 All quickly met, as 'twere from the world's end !

REVIEW.

REYNARD THE FOX: *a renowned Apologue of the Middle Ages, re-produced in Rhyme, with an Introduction by* SAMUEL NAYLOR.
In Ten Fyttes.

FINIS coronat opus! we mentally exclaimed on closing this fascinating book; and straightway we fell to pondering upon the many "modern instances" that as it were naturally ingrafted themselves upon the "wise saws" of the glorious company of jovial spirits who have from time to time, according to our author, preached from the favourite texts of this Gospel according to Reynard. Some sixty years ago — (Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni!) when we were fighting, frolicking, rollicking youngsters at the then fashionable collegium of Jena, we remember to have read in the twaddle of Gesner, an allegation against this old poem — that it was "unnatural." No reader of the present day can form an adequate idea of the sort of sanctimonious authority at that time enjoyed by the Idyllic old effigy of Theocritus, whose mind was as that of a goatherd's on the Harz mountains, shaggy, corneous, and pastoral to the core: nevertheless nobody believed in the dictum. People read the poem as though it continued to be the most natural thing in the world; and so have persisted in doing, more or less, down to the present day; and here it is, come down to us in the 19th century, hoar with the silvery locks of six good centuries, dating from the earliest extant MS., backed, indeed, by a traditional baptismal register of more than twice six centuries, if we may put faith in the Arabic scholars — undergoing more editions contemporaneously in all the belles-lettristic countries of Europe than any other known production — rejoicing in a far greater multitude of tongues than the most far-gone Irvingite that ever figured in the Pythonic parlour in Newman Street — a poem that would puzzle all the conjurors, counting from the days of Confucius through Bentley, down to Bowring, to compile a glossary of half the dialects into which it has been transferred: and now we have it once again in "merrie England" — rooting itself as firmly in the rich unctuous soil of this humour-loving land, as those yew trees so sweetly commemorated by our Laureate — like all things of undying vitality, and aboriginal growth —

"Produced too slowly ever to decay."

Some seven or eight times, in this country, had the book been supplied to the public by Caxton and others, now nearly four hundred years ago: and at intervals, subsequently, it reappeared. Within the last

century, however, it had almost become obsolete ; and not until Goethe by his alchemy of musical metres brought it once more into vogue in Germany, was it truly resuscitated from its long night of repose. What was good in his sight, was superexcellent in the eyes of the rest. Grimm took it up with even greater warmth than he had already shown it ; old Gottsched rubbed his hands in ecstasy at this new spring-tide of his life-long hobby ; reprint after reprint of it was issued at every succeeding book fair ; and at length the lawyers seized hold of it in elucidation of their Pandect Prolusions and feudal-law readings ;—verily it reached its zenith ! Now our turn has come, and we have it “reproduced” in good racy English, after an approved fashion of a never-to-be-antiquated school. Be not ours the lamentable misfortune, amid the general hailing of joy and welcome, to grasp, last in turn, the proffered paw of our waggish brother ! the mighty Reynard, the “Tom Hood” of the Middle Ages !

Now for the book ; and how to characterise it in a word ? — Alas ! how should we so characterise the *Iliad*, or the *Paradise Lost* ? Yet, there is one truthful aspect, out of the many, under which we may pre-eminently present the features of this pleasant epic to our readers — and that is no other than in the guise of a great Flemish picture gallery, of Houbrakens, Holbeinas, Cuyyps, Teniers', Ostades, *et cæterorum*, to the end of the catalogue. Who does not remember that choice collection of the works of the Flemish masters exhibited to the public some few years since, by the kingly condescension of the owner, our late sovereign George the Fourth ? We scruple not to confess, for our part, that never until our visit to that collection of gems, did the rich and varied—we had almost written *varium ac mutabile*—genius of Flemish art, confined as it is to the scenes and incidents of their boor-life, so hugely impress us with its manifold undeniable excellencies. A Dutch picture (of course we except the works of the grandiose Rubens from the remark), in a gallery gorgeous with the jewels of the Florentine and Venetian schools, looks something like a brazen spittoon (concede the image, reader !) ranged amongst silver trophies and arabesques on a sideboard at a feast : it has always an incongruous character ; and that not naturally, but by hard constraint alone : in short, it is out of place, and, consequently, out of keeping. But let any one walk through the aforesaid cabinet of Dutch gems in the Royal Collection, or, if he have the good fortune to command such a privilege, spend a week at Bruges, Antwerp, or Amsterdam, in the cherished boudoirs of the old Hollanders, and then let him honestly confess whether the various drama of that country's *Life*, with all its phantasmagoria of passion, self-seeking, vice, and the frantic fooleries of men, on the one side, and, on the other, its reverse of quiet, calm contemplation and rural hilarity, so truthfully and intimately blended in the “weary mortal round” of a world-philosopher, are not there, and there only, exhibited in the *series* of episodes without the completed cycle of which domestic action is nothing but a miserable miracle-play — a fragmentary leaf out of the dogs-pared Hornbook of Life ? Hogarth was always alive to this : witness his great works : his genius, approximating in many

points to that of the Dutch, revelled in epic completeness; and Mr. Naylor says truly that a Dutch Hogarth, like our countryman Rowlandson, who indited with his pencil the best humorous epic of modern days, would have prefigured the scenes of Reynard precisely as the pen-painter (whoever he was) has sketched and etched them, in the old black-letter books bearing that title. Just so is it with the poem now before us. Not one, nor twenty, but something like a cent. of gem-pictures, all picked and sorted by the practised eye of connoisseurship, are here presented to the reader in a completed series; each assuming its natural position on the walls of the ideal gallery, unrespective of the conceited partialities of any so-called Hanging-Committee, challenging the observer each by its peculiar claim to merit—some rough and sketchy—others elaborate with detail—all in their proper places, mutually lighting up and illustrating one another.

We know not from what particular edition of this old satire the present touch-up or restorer of the original may have worked. He is very "obscurely clear" on this head, intimating that he may have sucked the brains of all his predecessors, for aught he chooses us to know from him to the contrary. Be that as it may, one thing is clear, that his own powers of fancy have battenened on the nutriment, and as *similia similibus gaudent*, so his invention appears to have been excited into most healthful activity by the lustyhood of others; and accordingly we have, in his version, a real Reynard Redivivus, and no sham; no sartorian clothes-horse on which are pitchforked the threadbare habiliments of a done-up dandy, but a new spick and span Redingote à l'Anglaise, from the repertory of a good master-fashioner; and, what is more, it is made to fit.* But what is the book about? inquires a gentle reader. My good sir, it is about omne scibile; we hope you are satisfied. "The world and all its ways is here," says our author; and he adds, in true and befitting Hollywell Street phrase, "for money, and the cost not dear." You may take it upon our word, that there is not a rule in life worth the knowing, which is not here expounded in action, and that, too, with so waggish and droll a *naïveté*, with such dramatic observance of scene and character, that to attempt a mere outline of the history of Reynard would be as villanous an offence as though one should offer the rind of the orange, and keep the pulp for one's proper sucking. The doubles and turns of this prince of rascallions, this archetype of the Robert Macaires, all depend upon the finesse of detail†; the foregrounds and backgrounds, and half-tints and high lights, must obviously be lost sight of in any sketch of the sort—and what would be the principal figures without these? The class of Volksbücher or books for the people, of which this has been ever, and justly, regarded as the paragon specimen in all ages, have found fitting illustration from the pen of Professor Gervinus, in his great work on German poetry; the passage is thus translated by Mr. Naylor:

* Quære "Fytte"—Printer's Devil.

† Quære "fineness of the tail?"—Printer's Devil, again.

"They delight especially in showing up the reverse side of the world, and revel in all exhibitions pertaining to the lower burgher and boor life, leaving the aristocracy entirely out of their canvass." (We beg to differ from the learned professor in this particular.) "In their compositions one feels the geniality of home, never stirring from the precincts of hamlet, or ville, cloister, or chimney-corner. Amongst the genuine humanities of our own flesh and blood; all the minor relationships of life, all its intimate domesticities are opened to our view. On the close confines of the chivalresque romances, we are yet treading the firm soil of fact and reality."

"These little booklings" (he elsewhere says) "are of the most diversified contents: tenzoni, allegories, novels or romances, compendiously treated; subtle law points, sophistical problems, practical jokes on the unwary, tricks on simpletons, devices of roguery, cunning, and deception, tales, love stories—often turned to moral account in axioms and mottoes—in nothing are they more libertine than on the married state, never more malicious than when monks or nuns are the themes, and always most inventive in ribaldry." (*Introduction*, p. 25.) Would we could follow this topic into its enticing alleys a little further, flirting to our heart's content with the whole bevy of these household spirits: but space is wanting, and it would be unjust to our author to part without one taste of his quality. With the peculiarities of style, the startling construction of metres, and the perfectly astounding effronteries of rhyme, indulged in by the writer of this reproduction, we have no desire to quarrel: we—believing that there was never an original thinker without his appropriate and peculiar form of expression; never a like writer without his own characteristic phraseology wherewith to build the lofty rhyme after a composite order of his own fancy—are much disposed, on principle, to latitudinarianism in all these respects; partaking to some extent in the grotesque humour of Goethe in his amusing hostility against the supposed authorised standards of excellence in writing, before which the devout fire-eating readers of his day were wont to bow down and prostrate themselves. "Were I" (said he to Eckermann)—we quote from memory—"Were I still young and lusty, I would, with mischief prepose and deliberate forethought, run a muck against all your technical spring-traps and ha-ha's—indulge in every inconceivable licence, in alliterations, repetitions, rascal-rhymes, and appropriate every discordant attribute, as though it were the very gospel-sign of good writing:—but, mind you! I would stick close to the main thing: I would look narrowly to the *stuff*, and set about firing off such a *fusillade* of fine capital things, that not a man but would confess him to be charmed and seduced against his critical judgment to believe in and swear by the orthodoxy of all I had said, even though it were the devil's own lingo, and end by learning it all spontaneously by heart!"

Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to accuse Mr. Naylor of such a wholesale, deliberate, piece of Philistinism; though he has evidently been resolved not to be fettered by the trammels of artistic *métier*, in fashioning the mould or envelope to contain the expansive substance with which he had to deal.

Take, for instance, that passage (in other respects worthy of the Author of *Hudibras*), where Reynard has recourse to Confession, after the manner of devout Catholics, ostensibly to ease his mind of many qualms, but really to indulge in bitter things against the Church of which he was a heretical member, then as now the pet topic of abandoned backsliders.

“ Yes, Greybeard ! look now at the clergy,
 Good mixed with bad !— And yet e'er heard ye
 Of any greater sins to others
 Ascribed, than to our surpliced brothers?
 Or special excellence allied
 With black cloth or a neck white-tied?
 The *Rule of Life* in them should be
 Mirrored as in a glass you see ;
 But now 'tis nothing but the *Rule*
Of Faith ! and every man's a fool,
 Who judges for himself the food
 That nourisheth his spiritual blood !
 The Tables of the Law itself
 They make appear like fractured delf,
 With paint and plaister puttied o'er
 From time to time, by which the more
 Illegible the letters are ;
 And what was plain and popular
 Now puzzles men to tell what writ
 The tongue is ere they construe it !
 For, since religious light can't be
 Too dim for eyes of laity,
 And Gospel rays that shine by proxy
 Alone can count for orthodoxy ;
 The Church's loving care hath been
 In this displayed—to hold a screen
 Of dogmas dense, by help of which
 The sight is trained to focus-pitch,
 And all that “ Writing on the Wall”
 Perused thro' lens canonical,—
 (As men at Sol's eclipses do
 Smoke glasses to survey him thro' !)
 The letters are colossal, and
 The meaning hard to understand,
 'Tis true : but Light doth never fail—
 Thereat the Badger switched his tail,
 And pursed his mouth in disapproval
 Of doctrines dangerous as novel.”

Again, when Reynard, like another Meonides (for such is his cue for the moment)—

— "A quo ceu fonte perenni
Vatum pieris ora rigantur aquis,"

stands reciting and relating before the king and court a running river of all sorts of diverting stories in never-ending succession. Here the two very distinct mythological tales of "The Judgment of Paris" and "The Rape of Helen" are commingled and fused into one, and that too in the short space of about a dozen lines. There is no denying, indeed, that the two stories read a great deal better as one in Mr. Naylor's verse, but we should like to learn his authority for this kind of unlegislative consolidation of a couple of venerated traditions. In fact, they are just no other than "reproduced" like the rest of the poem, and very cleverly reproduced, too; but is that assurance a sufficient justification of the deed? We fear the instance may be drawn into a bad precedent, or, as the Ape's Wife sagaciously defines it, "something beside the common," and we would not that our writers henceforth addict themselves to *reynardising* in this vein. Here is the passage:—The Fox is describing a Magic Comb and the Carvings wrought on its sides:—

"But that was nought
Compared with the intaglios wrought
On both its sides! On this there shone
Diana and Endymion;
On that the judgment of the boy
Who smuggled Helen into Troy,
What time the lovely ladies three
About their charms did disagree!
A most sweet story is it, sooth!
That of the Lady-Gods and youth!
I'll tell it you, it's none so long:
Mine differs from the ancient song."

(Yes, truly, our Reproducer galivants his muse at a galopade pace, and wears her favours "*with a difference*.") Reynard continues:—

"In sudden fit of *harum-scarum*
They chose for *elegantiarum*
Arbiter the youthful Paris;
In whom the *status pupillaris*
Might pleaded be in any forum,
To silence sticklers for decorum.
Then, bribery was much the fashion,
As now, and they indulged that passion.
Grand Juno promised power and might
Pallas to make him erudite;
Whilst Venus (cunning minx!) knew where
The tender side of man lay bare,
And touched it gently, safe to win,
As Paris gave the verdict in.

Before his eyes a film there came –
 The *Goddess* melted in the *Dame* !
 The youth with faltering accents sighed,
 “ Venus would make the loveliest bride ! ”
 Ywrought was all ! the carving told
 How Paris in embrace did fold
 The Venus *Victrix*’ matchless mould
 In Grecian Helen’s form ! The boy
 With looks of languishment and joy
 Was beautifully carved : whilst she,
 With fondness filled, did lovingly
 His neck entwine. How swimm’d the sight !
 To gaze thereon was such delight ! ”

But hold ! We have come to the end of our tether : and here we must stop. Not without regret can we afford to part with so pleasant a companion as Mr. Naylor’s book. He has done for the old world-renowned everlasting epic, what the best of his predecessors, including the great Goethe and the half Dutchman Alkmar, had performed before him, in their several tongues. In short, we incline to prefer Mr. Naylor’s version to that of any other ; there is a better assimilation of style to stuff about it, and altogether it is more joyous and fresh than the classical concords of Goethe’s version in particular. Reader ! if you want a wise book, a world book, a book of delicious fun and “merric conceited jests” that never flag and never falter, take our advice—let REYNARD THE FOX have a hole in your shelves.

EPIGRAM.

’Tis said of Lord B., none is keener than he
 To spit a Wild Boar with éclât ;
 But he never gets near to the Brute with his spear,
 He gives it so very much *law*. •

THE ECHO.

WE can hardly congratulate our readers on presenting them, this month, with an effigy of Thomas Hood's outward features, instead of that portraiture of his mind, and those traces of his kindly heart, which he has been wont, with his own pen, to draw in these pages. And we lament still more that we must add a regret to the disappointment of our readers, by communicating to them the sad tidings that the aching original of that pictured brow is again laid low by dangerous illness — again scarred (to borrow an expression of his own) "by the crooked autograph of pain." Through many a previous paroxysm of his malady, when life and death hung trembling in the balance, Mr. Hood has worked on steadily for our instruction and amusement; throwing, often, into a humorous chapter, or impassioned poem, the power which was needed to restore exhausted nature. During the last month, however, his physical strength has completely given way: and, almost as much through incapacity of his hand to hold the pen, as of his brain for any length of time to guide it, he has at last been compelled to desist from composition. Those in whom admiration of the writer has induced also a friendly feeling towards the man, will have some consolation in learning that amidst his sufferings, which have been severe, his cheerful philosophy has never failed him; but that around his sick bed, as in his writings, and in his life, he has known how to lighten the melancholy of those around him, and to mingle laughter with their tears. We have thought it due to our readers and to the public thus briefly to make known that Mr. Hood is more seriously ill than even *he* has ever been before; avoiding to express any hopes or forebodings of our own, or to prejudge the uncertain issues of life and death.

With respect to the portrait, it is due to Mr. Davis to state that the bust from which it is taken is a faithful and striking likeness, not merely of the *form*, but what is far more rare and difficult to be attained, of the *character* and *expression* of the features. The execution of the engraving exemplifies strikingly the advantages of Mr. Talbot's invention of the calotype, in the skilful hands of Mr. Collins, as a means of obtaining at small cost perfectly accurate copies of works of art, especially of sculpture. It is impossible to conceive anything more faithful to the original, or more agreeable, as well in tone and colour, as for its accuracy of form and shadowing, than the calotype from which our engraving was made. The engraving itself is finely executed; but no facsimile made by the burin can ever equal the delicate handwriting of the Sun. We can hardly conceive a more desirable, or, for its intrinsic value, a cheaper acquisition in the way of art, than a collection of copies of the finest ancient and modern sculpture, thus taken by the infallible "Pencil of Nature."

W.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

PART THE FIRST.

YOU'RE my friend :
I was the man the Duke spoke to ;
I help'd the Duchess to cast off his yoke, too ;
So here's the tale from beginning to end,
My friend !

Ours is a great wild country :
If you climb to our castle's top,
I don't see where your eye can stop ;
For when you've pass'd the cornfield-country,
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are pack'd,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
Of the mountain where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One after one, row upon row,
Up and up the pine-trees go,
So like black priests up, and so
Down the other side again
To another greater, wilder country,
That's one vast red drear burnt-up plain,
Branch'd thro' and thro' with many a vein

Whence iron's dug, and copper's dealt ;
 Look right, look left, look straight before,
 Beneath they mine, above they smelt,
 Copper-ore and iron-ore,
 And forge and furnace mould and melt,
 And so on, more and ever more,
 Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
 Comes the salt-sand hoar of the great sea shore,
 And the whole is our Duke's country !

I was born the day this present Duke was —
 (And O, says the song, ere I was old !)
 In the castle where the other Duke was —
 (When I was happy and young, not old !)
 I in the kennel, he in the bower :
 We are of like age to an hour.
 My father was huntsman in that day ;
 Who has not heard my father say
 That when a boar was brought to bay,
 Three, four times out of five,
 With his hunt-spear he'd contrive
 To get the killing-place transfix'd,
 And pin him true both eyes betwixt ?
 That's why the old Duke had rather
 Lost a salt-pit than my father,
 And lov'd to have him ever in call :
 That's why my father stood in the hall
 When the old Duke brought his infant out
 To show the people, and while they pass'd
 The wondrous bantling round about,
 Was first to start at the outside blast
 As the Kaiser's courier blew his horn,
 Just one month after the babe was born :
 " And," quoth the Kaiser's courier, " since
 " The Duke has got an heir, our Prince
 " Needs the Duke's self at his side :"
 The Duke look'd down and seem'd to wince,
 But he thought of wars o'er the world wide,
 Castles a-fire, men on their march,
 The toppling tower, the crashing arch ;
 And up he look'd, and awhile he eyed
 The row of crests, and shields, and banners,
 Of all achievements after all manners,

And "ay," said the Duke with a surly pride :
 The more was his comfort when he died
 At next year's end, in a velvet suit,
 With a gilt glove on his hand, and his foot
 In a silk shoe for a leather boot,
 Petticoated like a herald,
 In a chamber next to an anteroom,
 Where he breath'd the breath of page and groom,
 What he call'd stink, and they perfume :
 — They should have set him on red Berold,
 Mad with pride, like fire to manage !
 They should have got his cheek fresh tannage
 Such a day as to-day in the merry sunshine !
 Had they stuck on his fist a rough-foot merlin !
 — Hark, the wind's on the heath at its game —
 Oh ! for a noble falcon-lanner
 To flap each broad wing like a banner,
 And turn in the wind, and dance like flame !
 Had they broach'd a cask of white beer from Berlin
 — Or if you incline to prescribe mere wine
 Put to his lips when they saw him pine,
 A cup of our own Moldavia fine,
 Cotnar, for instance, green as May sorrel,
 And ropy with sweet, — we shall not quarrel.

So at home the sick tall yellow Duchess
 Was left with the infant in her clutches,
 She being the daughter of God knows who :
 And now was the time to revisit her tribe,
 So abroad and afar they went, the two,
 And let our people curse and gibe
 At the empty hall and extinguish'd fire,
 Loud as we lik'd, but ever in vain ;
 Till after long years we had our desire,
 And back came the Duke and his mother again.

And he came back the pertest ape
 That ever affronted human shape ;
 Full of his travel, struck at himself —
 You'd say, he despis'd our bluff old ways,
 — Not he ! For in Paris they told the elf
 That our rough North land was the Land of Lays,
 The one good thing left in evil days ;

For the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,
 And only in wild nooks like ours
 Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,
 True castles, with proper towers,
 Young-hearted women, old-minded men,
 And manners now as manners were then.
 So, all the old dukes had been, without knowing it,
 This Duke would fain know he was, without being it;
 'Twas not for the joy's self, but the joy of his showing it,
 Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our seeing it.
 He reviv'd all usages thoroughly worn out,
 The souls of them fum'd forth, the hearts of them torn out :
 And chief in the chase his neck he perill'd,
 On a lathy horse, all legs and length,
 With blood for bone, all speed, no strength ;
 They should have set him on red Berold
 With the red eye slow consuming in fire,
 And the thin stiff ear like an abbey spire !

Well, such as he was, he must marry, we heard :
 And out of a convent, at the word,
 Came the lady, in time of spring.
 — Oh, old thoughts they cling, they cling !
 That day, I know, with a dozen oaths
 I clad myself in thick hunting-clothes
 Fit for the chase of urox or buffle
 In winter-time, when you need to muffle ;
 But the Duke had a mind we should cut a figure,
 And so we saw the lady arrive :
 My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger !
 She was the smallest lady alive,
 Made, in a piece of nature's madness,
 Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
 That over-fill'd her, as some hive
 Out of the bears' reach on the high trees
 Is crowded with its safe merry bees —
 In truth she was not hard to please !
 Up she look'd, down she look'd, round at the mead,
 Straight at the castle, that's best indeed
 To look at from outside the walls :
 As for us, styléd the "serfs and thralls,"
 She as much thank'd me as if she had said it,
 (With her eye, do you understand ?)

Because I patted her horse while I led it ;
 And Max, who went on her other hand,
 Said, no bird flew past but she enquir'd
 What its true name was, nor ever seem'd tir'd—
 If that was an eagle she saw hover,
 And the green and gray bird on the field was the plover ?
 When suddenly appear'd the Duke,
 And as down she sprung, the small foot pointed
 On to my hand,—as with a rebuke,
 And as if his back-bone were not jointed,
 The Duke stepp'd rather aside than forward,
 And welcom'd her with his grandest smile ;
 And, mind you, his mother all the while
 Chill'd in the rear, like a wind to nor'ward ;
 And up, like a weary yawn, with its pullies
 Went, in a shriek, the rusty portcullis,
 And, like a glad sky the north-wind sullies,
 The lady's face stopp'd its play,
 As if her first hair had grown grey—
 For such things must begin some one day !

In a day or two she was well again ;
 As who should say, " You labour in vain !
 " This is all a jest against God, who meant
 " I should ever be, as I am, content
 " And glad in his sight ; therefore, glad I will be !'
 So smiling as at first went she.

She was active, stirring, all fire—
 Could not rest, could not tire—
 To a stone she had given life !
 (I myself lov'd once, in my day),
 —For a shepherd's, miner's, huntsman's wife,
 (I had a wife, I know what I say,)
 Never in all the world such an one !
 And here was plenty to be done,
 And she that could do it, great or small,
 She was to do nothing at all.
 There was already this man in his post,
 This in his station, and that in his office,
 And the Duke's plan admitted a wife, at most,
 To meet his eye, with the other trophies,

Now outside the hall, now in it,
To sit thus, stand thus, see and be seen,
At the proper place in the proper minute,
And die away the life between :
And it was amusing enough, each infraction
Of rule — (but for after-sadness that came) —
To hear the consummate self-satisfaction
With which the young Duke and the old dame
Would let her advise, and criticise,
And, being a fool, instruct the wise ;
And, child-like, parcel out praise or blame.
They bore it all in complacent guise,
As tho' an artificer, having contriv'd
A wheel-work image as if it liv'd,
Should find with delight it could motion to strike him !
So found the Duke, and his mother like him —
The lady hardly got a rebuff —
That had not been contemptuous enough,
With his cursed smirk, as he nodded applause,
And kept off the old mother-cat's claws.

So the little lady grew silent and thin,
Paling and ever paling,
As the way is with a hid chagrin ;
And the Duke perceiv'd that she was ailing,
And said in his heart, "'Tis done to spite me,
"But I shall find in my power to right me."
Don't swear, friend, — the old one, many a year,
Is in hell, and the Duke's self . . . you shall hear.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

THE PASTOR AND HIS SON.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY THE MOUNTAINEER.

PART THE LAST.

THE death of WALLENSTEIN was in itself an event to strike the hearts of the Pastor and his family with awe and terror, but the agony of the mother was wrung from her by thoughts of another far dearer to her than the Duke of Friedland. Her soul recurred to the child whom she had borne, and who had forsaken her lap to follow the fortunes of the warlike and ill-fated chief.

"My child—my child—my poor George, what can have become of him?" she sobbed.

"Where died the Duke of Friedland?" asked Günther of the Pedlar.

"In Eger," answered the Pedlar; "in the burgomaster's house on the market-place. A whole pack of Scotch devils massacred him. There was a general massacre on the same night in Eger of all those who were of the Friedland party. You must know that the Duke grew tired of always wearing the emperor's and his confessor's night-cap over his helmet; he tore it off at last, and dashed it on the ground, and trampled it under foot, and said, 'Lie there, priest trumpet; for the future, I'll blow a horn of my own.' And when this was told in Vienna, the emperor gave orders that when the strong man was fast asleep in the night, folks should make an end of him; and I am told they were well paid for the work. Since that time people say murder has become imperial."

"And his numerous retinue, his thousands, his powerful adherents, — his friends and servants?"

"All massacred or shut up. It is a sad business, friend Pastor!"

Günther, whom fate had placed in the village as minister, begged the talkative guest to be silent, paid him for his song, and provided him, upon his departure, with sufficient food for a day's journey.

"Oh! my boy, my boy!" cried the mother wringing her hands, as soon as the pedlar had quitted the house; "if he has had to suffer for the transgression of his lord!"

"Let us hope better, Barbara," said Günther, pacifying her. Upon George, if he yet lives, the fate of the Duke must fall heavily; nevertheless, the erring one will have no lack of temporal goods. We are told that he endowed him with estates and wealth——"

"Oh, he has fallen, he has fallen!" continued the poor woman in agony. "The lamb has been cruelly butchered."

"Barbara, do not offend. If he has been slain, a victim of revenge, Heaven will be merciful to him. It was a bitter hour——"

"If," said the wife, interrupting him, "if you had but answered his letters——"

"Dearest wife," said Günther, tenderly, "that which I have done I have not done hastily, but upon reflection; what object could I have in replying to his communications? What should he do near us? Behold us grieving at his apostacy? Or perhaps once more change his faith? No, better for him to be dead than to live doubly disgraced and wretched."

To understand the reproach of Barbara and Günther's reply, it is necessary to glance into the past. George, according to the plan arranged by the Duke, had accompanied the latter to Gitschin, and entered the Jesuit seminary of that place. He made great progress in the studies, of the college, distinguished himself by his ability, and secured more firmly than ever the attachment and regard of his patron. Mindful of the promise that he had given to the exiled parent, Wallenstein gave the boy full liberty to correspond with his father. But the correspondence had difficulties which were not at first foreseen. Günther's name had as it were disappeared. No one could tell his place of retirement—no tidings had been sent by the parties themselves most interested in the communication. George, however, had more than once in troublous times heard his father speak of Zittau as a place of refuge for persecuted Protestants. He resolved, at all events, to address his letters to that city, trusting to Providence for their fortunate arrival at their destination. With his letter he forwarded bills of exchange payable to his father's order. To his delight information was received that Günther was established in Zittau, and that his letter had come to hand. Still, full of affection and tenderness as were the now repeated letters of the son, notwithstanding the reiterated entreaties for forgiveness which they contained, no answer came in return from the banished pastor. The austere father had resolved to regard his apostate son as dead, and was not to be persuaded from his purpose by the supplications of the erring boy or by the more passionate tearful entreaties of the almost heart-broken mother; although poor even to want, he made no use of the letters of credit. He destroyed them, and felt the happier and the better that he had refused to share the wages of infamy. At length the letters of the boy ceased altogether. Günther supposed that his son had accompanied the Duke upon his campaigns, and in some degree rejoiced that he heard no more of him. The wound which his child had given him—and which his communications had opened afresh—was not yet healed—and there needed a long season of oblivion for restoration and equanimity.

Wallenstein did not fail to endow his favourite with splendid gifts. When the years of study were passed he visited Gitschin and removed the pupil, at once appointed him his private secretary, raised him to the rank of colonel, and gave him a regiment. In the field of battle George did not belie the promises of distinction that he had

already given : he grew closer and closer about the heart of his patron—and the boy participated in the triumphs and adversities of the Duke, with all the sympathy of a devoted son. He conquered and he triumphed with his foster-father; and with him, too, he felt the bitterness of disappointment, the grief of adversity. Upon the disgrace and fall of the Duke, George turned from the splendid career that was before him, and accompanied him to Prague, softening the asperities of his condition; when Wallenstein for the second time entered the theatre of war as commander of chief, George advanced with him, more beloved for his fidelity—higher in dignity and honour for all that he had suffered:—George saw and loved the youthful daughter of an officer of rank—and the Duke himself became a wooer for his son. He gained the maiden for him, but the wild and restless warfare forbade the present union of the lovers. At length the quarrels of the Duke and the Imperial Court broke forth—rupture became more imminent every hour—the murderous night of Eger followed. It need scarcely be said that George was amongst the faithful followers who had accompanied the proscribed chieftain to Eger. Many officers and their families were in the suite: amongst others the father of his affianced, her mother and herself. The father fell with Wallenstein. George was taken prisoner; and during the general tumult and distress, many of the affrighted women, taking advantage of the night, had quitted the fortress, and dispersed themselves in various directions. Their fate remained unknown. Many must have perished by the sword of the enemy, others have fallen a sacrifice to the unusually severe winter. Of George nothing was heard by his former companions in arms, until at length one who had been found not guilty of the so-called “high treason of the Friedlanders” received intelligence that the secretary of the Duke had escaped from his guards and was probably in safety. It was not likely that the news should reach the hiding-place of the Pastor’s family, shut out as they were from worldly intercourse. Had a wandering ballad singer announced the fact to them, it would have been unheeded by Günther and those around him, for they knew neither the name which George had assumed, nor the position that he held in the house of Wallenstein. Such was the state of affairs when information of the bloody fate of the Duke reached Günther.

It was upon a cold and rainy afternoon of an April day, that a heavy travelling carriage worked its difficult way along the miserable road that leads from Leipä, in Bohemia, across the mountains. The poor horses were weary and powerless, and the anxious driver ignorant of his road. He was bound for the Lusatian frontier, and he asked his nearest way thither of every man, woman and child—and they were not many—whom he chanced to meet. To his infinite delight his horses were still upon their legs when he advanced to the much desired borders; but to his dismay he had yet to enter upon a cross-road more distressing than ever, and as it seemed far beyond the power of his jaded animals to overcome. It was the wish of the

travellers to reach the nearest town—but it was one that gave no promise of speedy gratification. Before the cross-road was accomplished a storm arose—the wind blew violently—rain poured down in torrents, and darkness was intense. The poor driver could not see a yard before him. He had often trusted to good luck and to the instinct of his animals, and, making a virtue of necessity, he resolved to do so now. The sagacious creatures, as if conscious of the trust reposed in them, proceeded cautiously and measured their steady way. As far as the driver could judge, they were creeping along a mountain ridge, and were not far from a declivity. The fellow's heart beat anxiously; suddenly, upon his left, in a hollow, he discerned the glimmering of a light indicating an habitation. His heart was quieted. In a moment, however, the light, or whatever it was, had disappeared. A mass of cloud broke in the heavens and made visible a belt of wood immediately before the carriage. The horses snorted and foamed—but as if with new courage, went briskly forward. The travellers had reached a valley in which they heard the rushing of a deeply-swollen stream, the baying of dogs, and the clapper of a mill, and to their greater joy beheld lights dancing in the midst of gloom almost immediately before them. They were close upon a village, and here they determined to pass the night wherever they might be. The road had however, ended—the swollen stream must be traversed. The coachman urged the horses on by the kindest words he could command—they obeyed him—but no sooner had they breasted the foaming water than they reared up affrighted, sprang upon one side, and very soon upset the carriage.

A shriek from the carriage attracted a straggler to the spot. He summoned others from the nearest houses. In a few minutes a crowd armed with lanterns and staves arrived to the rescue, and the imprisoned travellers were released from their alarm and danger. A young lady of slim figure and noble bearing, bleeding from the forehead and in a state of insensibility, was carried from the ponderous vehicle, whilst a girl, as it would seem the young lady's maid, followed her uninjured. The latter implored the people to procure help and shelter for the young lady, and if possible to provide them with accommodation for the night. Before she could be answered, two men approached the crowd, one bearing a lantern.

"What is the matter?" asked one of them.

"Good evening, Pastor," replied one and all, whilst a peasant continued—

"You have come in good time, Sir,—a carriage has upset,—a young lady is hurt. She is a stranger to these parts, and does not know whither to go. The carriage is broken to pieces, and the young lady seems very ill."

"A lady!" said the clergyman, who was returning from a visit to a sick person, and was, as it happened, in the dress of his office. "Let me see her." He stepped to the wounded lady, who, under the attentions and endearments of her waiting woman, was already restored to consciousness. Her pale and delicate countenance, dabbled in blood, demanded immediate assistance.

"You cannot journey further, lady!" said the Pastor. "You need

some help. I can offer you a humble shelter and kindness on the part of my family. Let me beg you to accept it."

"Oh, do, my lady, pray!" said the waiting woman. "Yes," proceeded the girl," turning to the Pastor, "thank you, Sir, the Countess will, I am sure."

"The Countess, oh!" exclaimed all the boors at once, doffing their caps instinctively, regardless of the pouring rain.

The young lady held forth her small white hand to the Pastor, and accepted his friendly offer with many thanks. •

"Now, children," said the Pastor, turning to the men, "fetch a bearer, lay a mattress and coverlets upon it, and bear the lady to my house."

The peasants flew. In a few minutes the bearer was procured, the Countess, enveloped in a cloak, was placed upon it, and the stout men cheerfully proceeded with their burthen, whilst the Pastor stepped on before. It was late when they reached the dwelling of the minister. Barbara, uneasy at the loud voices and many footsteps, feared that some calamity had happened to her husband. Confounded and alarmed, she went to meet him, and beheld him leading the Countess upon his arm into their humble sitting-room.

"I bring you guests," said Günther to his wife, "and I recommend them to your especial care. The noble Countess has met with an accident, and is injured. She needs your best attention."

Barbara and her daughters made their obeisance to the distinguished lady, who, on her part, expressed her gratitude for their kindness, and evinced such gentleness and affability, that in a very short time all shyness vanished, and stiffness and restraint gave place to animated and confidential intercourse.

The wound of the Countess was not severe. The lady, indeed, seemed to suffer more in mind than in body, her fate being, according to the many intimations of her waiting woman, a tragical and sad one. Before the evening closed upon the party, the loquacious but tender Mimetta had disburthened her heart of the following history, whilst helping Barbara in the preparation of a homely supper.

The Countess Isabella was the only daughter of Count Terezky, who had met with his death during the catastrophe at Eger. Isabella, with many others, had taken flight, hoping to find in a foreign territory at least protection and shelter. Robbed of her lands, and all her fortune, save the few valuables which she carried about with her, a home was denied her in every state that called the Emperor master. Hence her flight across the frontier—her accident—her meeting with the Pastor. The history of her life was wonderfully interwoven with the fate of the murdered Duke. Isabella did not hesitate to impart to the inquiring Pastor the more particular circumstances connected with the massacre at Eger, as far as she herself was instructed in them: and Günther was enabled by her recital to penetrate far into the intricate and dismal web of jesuitical fawning and political duplicity. Wolfgang made no inquiry as to his own son. What could the maiden know of him?

Isabella for a time was established in the house of the Pastor; intercourse with Anna and Mary gave her unaffected pleasure. Ac-

customed to move in the highest society, she knew how to accommodate herself to, and to derive comfort from, the domestic establishment of humble but honest burghers. She met with sympathy from the cultivated good-hearted girls, and from her own superiority in the knowledge of the world, they derived no little advantage. Misfortune subdues even the proudest spirits; it could not but act with beneficial effect upon a nature so gentle as that of Isabella. It was at length determined that the Countess should remain in the abode of the Pastor until such information could be gained as would lead to her happier settlement. From this moment Isabella shared in the joys and sorrows of the family, of which she was proud to regard herself as a member; confidence increased, and by degrees she learnt the bitter trials through which they, like herself, had passed. In their history the name of George could not be omitted; it was often mentioned, and Isabella felt the liveliest sympathy for the enthusiasm, and perhaps overbold assurance of the youthful hero. She did not, however, venture to justify his conduct, or by a word of praise run the risk of wounding the feelings of the hospitable minister; once only did she permit herself to exclaim, with a heavy sigh —

“The name of George, sir, is a harbinger of sorrow.”

A tear glistened in her black eye as she spoke, and it passed down her cheek without awakening impertinent curiosity in the beholders. The Countess, still in mourning for her father, wore at times black dresses of silk, at others of velvet, — and they gave her a queenly air; indeed, she was almost regarded as a queen by the poor of the village, whom she visited in suffering and in sickness, and who received from her many benefits. She was respected by all, and soon acquired in the neighbourhood the title of “the good Countess.”

Thus passed away month after month. The autumn came — the winter commenced, and Isabella still continued a resident in the abode of the Pastor; she had resolved never to withdraw herself entirely from it, but with the wreck of her fortune to purchase a small possession in the neighbourhood of Zittau. As the Emperor had pronounced a sentence of outlawry upon all those who were suspected of having had knowledge of the plans of Wallenstein, Isabella had been able to save only a few inconsiderable sums of her great wealth. Her family was ruined; her relations were dead, or held to be so. She stood alone in the world — abandoned by all but the worthy people who had protected her — a mourner of the departed, and of one whose loss could never be repaired.

Her search for a habitation was not a fruitless one. The war had made many possessions masterless; for a moderate sum the Countess was enabled to procure a residence pleasantly situated, and answering to her reduced condition.

But war and its disastrous consequences were again let loose upon the earth. The overthrow of the Duke had broken up the one great military mass into many smaller masses, each of which must be maintained by the burghers and peasants of the different districts. It mattered not whether they were supported by friend or foe; levies, plunder, and murder, were rife in every quarter. The war degenerated into inhuman butchery, and the divisions of the army

which repeatedly visited the scene of our history behaved more like organised thieves than Christian troops. The disturbances had induced Isabella, at the entreaty of the Pastor, to prolong her stay in his dwelling; and she did so the more readily that the good minister himself had grown of late sickly and weak, and unable to undergo his usual labours. Her grateful heart assured her that her place was now near his couch; and that her office was to administer to his comforts and his wants.

Towards autumn the neighbourhood was again visited by the soldiery, who seldom passed through it without levying fearful contributions. This time they brought with them a miserable companion—the horrible plague—creating fresh alarm and terror in the bosom of the wretched inhabitants. Amidst the new disasters Günther visibly grew worse, and shortly before Christmas his malady quite prostrated him. The anxiety of his family increased, the terror of the people was unbounded. News arrived that a strong body of Croats, cut off from the Imperial army, were hotly pursued by a brave and exceedingly clever Swedish officer, who had, time after time, routed and dispersed them, but had never succeeded in completely destroying them. The cruelties which rumour had related of the two dissolute bodies of troops caused the people to regard the approach of both pursuers and pursued with dread unspeakable. A night passed—it might almost be said in ceaseless prayer, for every soul supplicated Almighty God for succour and defence.

Christmas went by,—and there was no disturbance. Towards the close of the year, however, fires were seen during the night dismally reflected in the sky, all indicating the proximity of a foe mad for blood and booty. On the 3d of January, 1636, a multitude of the dreaded Croats—before whom the beasts of the field would flee—fell upon the village, and extorted from the inhabitants money and property, perpetrating their thefts with hideous barbarity. The trembling people gave the inhuman soldiers all they had, hoping to appease them, and to purchase their departure. But they were mistaken. The weather, intensely cold upon the arrival of the marauders, increased in severity, and induced the Croats, weary of the long retreat, and delighted with the winter quarters, to remain in the place so long as their safety was secured. The prayers of the villagers were laughed at. The licentious hordes seized upon the habitations, slaughtered the cattle, possessed themselves of provisions of all kinds, and gave way to drunkenness and debauchery. Here and there they set fire to a barn or house, to revel in the lamentable and dismal cries of its owners, or to hunt them, as a pastime, through the smoking or still glowing ruins.

The dwelling of the Pastor was not spared. Bacchanalian orgies were carried forward there, as elsewhere. Günther, sick unto death, could not sustain the horror of the season; could not behold abomination and sin at the hearth which so long had been the seat of purity and peace: his powers of life consumed away daily, hourly. His exhortations—what could they avail? His solemn appeals—how were they answered, but by scorns and jeers? Unable at last to protect his children and the country from the brutality of the troops,

he determined to yield his abode at once to the desecration of the soldiery.

"Barbara," said he, one evening, to his wife, "there is but one place of refuge left to us. They will not follow us to the church!"

"To the church!" echoed Barbara.

"Yes," replied the husband; "the accommodation will be small and poor; but there will be safety. These men dare not follow us thither; dare not commit sacrilege so monstrous. The girls must be protected."

Isabella seconded the suggestion of Günther, and undertook to render the accommodation which the house of prayer afforded as comfortable as circumstances permitted. The necessary arrangements were forthwith made. The sacristy of the church was not a very roomy chamber. The ceiling was vaulted, and light was obtained from only one small and grated window, so that on the brightest days it was comparatively dark. There was little space for so large a family. An enormous chest, hewn out of the stem of a colossal oak, and adorned with a thousand nails, contained the trifling property of the church. This was converted into a bed for Günther. A small and somewhat damaged stove heated the damp and chilly room which struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants, as, under cover of the night, and during a drunken bout of the Croats, they quitted their home, and sought its sacred protection. An altar-taper served as a scanty light, and nothing was heard in the retreat save the monotonous ticking of the tower-clock and the tones of the bell, as they solemnly and loudly made known the departing hours of the night.

Barbara and the four other females (for the waiting-woman of Isabella still lived in the family of the Pastor, and performed the duties of a servant) prepared a sleeping-place with their coverlets upon the floor, and took their turns at the bedside of the sick Pastor. A few hour-glasses and a Bible gave the watchers some little occupation during the lazy movements of the lonely time. Three days passed away in this strange dwelling. The voluntary prisoners could hear the cries of the wild rabble; their screams and shouts by day and night. They hugged the closer to their hiding-place, and thanked Heaven for directing them to the blissful sanctuary.

Towards the evening of the fourth day the tranquillity of the out-cast family was disturbed in an unexpected manner. The shrieks of the multitude increased—the furious shouts of the Croats grew more terrible than ever; but suddenly every thing seemed overpowered by a volley of musketry. Günther expressed a wish to leave his couch, and to ascend the tower in order to discern from thence the cause of this new alarm; but Isabella intreated him to lie still, and volunteered with her servant maid to mount the tower and reconnoitre. Before she could receive a reply she had departed; she ascended the tower, and was struck dumb with horror by the sight presented to her view. Eight or ten farm-yards in the village were in flames, which the wind drove along the fields in streaming whirlpools of fire. The blood-red glare of the flames lighted up large bodies of soldiers advancing upon the village and discharging a terrific fire upon the retreating Croats. The scene of action was a moving one, and it was

rapidly hurrying on towards the vicinity of the church. In a few moments the Croats had taken possession of the churchyard, which served them as a rampart against the fury and superior numbers of the enemy. It was evident that the pursuing Swedes had discovered the track of the foe, and had surprised them in the midst of their revelry.

The burning farm-houses converted night into day, a circumstance that had proved nearly fatal to the heroic Isabella. She was observed by one of the Croats, who in the wantonness of the moment levelled his gun at her and fired, as it happened, without effect. But the sight of her had suggested to her assailant a mode of salvation for himself and fellow-soldiers. Their small body was already giving way before the pressure of the infuriated Swedes, and every moment threatened to bring them to the feet of their merciless persecutors. The tower, secure and not too lofty, would form an excellent and impregnable defence. The sharp-eyed Croat communicated his discovery to his companions, and the next moment the terrific blows of an axe thundered against the firmly bolted door of the church.

Pale and breathless did the unhappy Isabella rush again to the sacristy.

"Lost, lost!" she exclaimed, running to the Pastor and trembling in every limb. "The Swedes have attacked the village—the Croats are at the church—we are discovered!"

A sublime majestic look of confidence and repose, such as might have beamed upon the face of a trustful apostle, shone upon the pallid countenance of the Christian minister.

"We are in His good hands," was his mild answer. "Hinder me not," he continued, rising in spite of the endeavours of his wife to restrain him. "Assist me to put on the vesture of the priest. Give me the alb—and, Anna, do you light up the tapers at the altar."

The trembling girl obeyed. The tapers were kindled, and whilst the blows at the door became more vehement, and the splinters were flying in the passage of the church, Günther, with the chalice in his hand, supported by his wife and Isabella, stepped in front of the altar.

"Kneel down before me," he proceeded, calmly as ever; "elevate your thoughts to Heaven, and rest assured these savage men will draw back abashed before us."

The door of the church gave way, shattered in a thousand pieces. The red glare of night flamed, spirit-like, into the church, and burnt every window. At the very same moment the fire of the musketry ceased, a loud cry of rejoicing was heard, and then the authoritative voice of a man commanding order and obedience.

"Let the bells be rung," said he, "and call the sacristan, that he may play the organ. Where is the priest? We have no time to sing *Te Deum*, but he shall repeat it, and thank Heaven for us."

The speaker entered, and was advancing rapidly, when the singular group at the altar—the hoary-headed man, and the five kneeling females—suddenly checked him. He took off his plumed hat, and stepped forward more slowly, a bloody sword naked in his hand. He was a young and powerful man. His countenance, embrowned by

the sun, was covered with scars: he looked like a soldier and a hero. He wore the uniform of a Swedish colonel, and his bearing was that of a man of distinction.

He was close upon the altar, when Isabella ventured to look up. She shrieked and fell. The colonel threw away his sword, dropped on his knees before her, and pressed the insensible Countess to his bosom and his lips.

The chalice was no longer in the hands of Günther. They were busy in hiding the tears that had gushed into the eyes of the priest upon the unlooked-for discovery of his long-lost son.

In another instant mother and sisters hung sobbing upon the neck of their newly-found George. Misery and affliction were forgotten. The flames were crackling without; the groans of the wounded and the dying were not unheard; but still here — here at the foot of the altar — there was a holy festival of peace and reconciliation.

The first intoxication of ecstasy was passed, and every eye was directed to the exhausted Günther, for whom the recent scene had proved too powerful. He lay enfeebled at the altar. The bells rang festively over the burning village; the deep tones of the organ peeled through the church, and the impressive *Te Deum* vibrated through the sacred edifice. The victorious Swedes dropped on their knees in prayer; and Günther, slowly fixing a solemn but not sad gaze upon his son, said, in a voice that was scarcely audible — "Listen, George, to the blessed sounds. They import pardon to the erring, and peace to the dying!" His head sank upon the breast of his son — a convulsive motion passed across his body — and George held the corpse of his father in his arms.

Three days after this occurrence, a solemn funeral was performed in the church. All who had fallen in the battle, Croats as well as Swedes, were buried in the churchyard. But within the church, and in front of the altar where Günther had expired, was deposited the body of the noble but much-tried Pastor.

One twelvemonth afterwards, George, who, after the catastrophe at Eger had gone over to the Swedes, although he remained a Catholic, retired from active service; and, upon the grave of his father, received the hand of the Countess Isabella.

The grave of Wolfgang Günther no longer exists; but his memory still survives in the hearts of the people, and in the faithful narratives of the chroniclers of the period; and the linden tree, beneath which Günther delivered his farewell discourse, no longer flourishes. For many years it was called by the people "The Pastor's Linden;" and many a devoted Protestant made a pilgrimage to the spot upon the anniversary of the banishment of Günther and his faithful followers. The fanaticism of the Catholic priesthood punished the guiltless tree for the piety of its simple-hearted worshippers.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER,

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GUERNSEY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

NAPIER! take up anew thy pen,
 To mark the deeds of mighty men.
 And whose more glorious canst thou trace
 Than heroes of thy name and race?
 No other house hath ever borne
 So many of them to adorn
 The annals of our native land
 In virtue, wisdom, and command.
 But foremost, and to thee most near,
 Is he who vanquish'd the Ameer.
 And when before his feet was laid
 By fallen power the thirteenth blade,
 With every hilt more rich in gems
 Than Europe's kingly diadems,
 Then, and then only, did he stoop
 To take the spoils of victory up,
 That he might render each again
 To hands which wielded them in vain.
 "*Is this the race of Clive?*" cried they:
 "*Did Hastings exercise such sway?*"
 They since have seen him rais'd, not more
 In pride or splendour than before,
 And studious but to leave behind
 The blessing of just laws to Scinde.
 Therefore do thou, if health permit,
 Add one page more to Holy Writ.
 Such is the page wherein are shown
 The fragments of a bloody throne,
 And peace and happiness restor'd
 By their old enemy the sword.
 Hasten, my friend, the work begun,
 For daily dimmer grows our sun,

The gifted author of *Eothen* experienced a more pleasant form of auricular visitation, when, in the midst of the desert, he heard the musical sounds of his own village bells chiming for church.*

Although Lord Byron never met "with downright second-sight" in the East, an instance of second hearing fell once under his observation. He relates that, on his third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as he passed with his party through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, he observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand as if in pain. Lord Byron rode up and enquired. "We are in peril," answered Dervish.

"What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto: there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."

"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."

"The shot! — not a topchaike has been fired this morning."

* It would be unjust to Mr. Kinglake to abridge this pleasant passage of the most pleasant and original book that has appeared for a long time. Here it is:—

"On the fifth day of my journey, the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and, as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell, but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at last I was well enough awakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on — not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church:' after a while the sound died away slowly: it happened that neither I, nor any of my party, had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun, in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

"At this time I kept a poor, shabby pretence of a journal, which just enabled me to know the day of the month and the week according to the European calendar, and when in my tent at night I got out my pocket-book I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of time in this longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not pluck up the least hope that the effect which I had experienced was any thing other than an illusion — an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at nature's riddles."— *Eothen*, p. 273.

This incident, if due to natural causes, was an hallucination, not an illusion; the difference between which phenomena we shall presently endeavour to explain.

"I hear it notwithstanding — bom — bom — as plainly as I hear your voice." —

"Psha !"

"As you please, Affendi ; if it is written so it will be."

Dervish underwent no small polyglott raillery, — Romaic, Arnaout, Italian, and English were all brought to bear on the luckless *Taheer*, as the party leisurely returned from Colonna, where they remained some hours. While they were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. Lord Byron thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked Dervish if he had become a "*Palao-castro*" man ?

"No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand" — adding other remarks which, Lord Byron observes, at least evinced Dervish's own belief in his faculty of forehearing.

On their arrival at Athens, they heard from Leoné (a prisoner sent ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, canto II.*

Without pausing at present to discuss the causes that produce the sounds in that musical mountain, *El-Nakous*, which the Arabs of the desert ascribe to a monastery miraculously preserved underground, wherein the priest still strikes with his hammer, at the hours of prayer, the *Nakous*, or long horizontally suspended metallic ruler, to call the monks to their devotions ; or stopping to inquire what made the granite rocks on the banks of the Orinoco, — *loxas de musica*, the missionaries call them, — sonorous, like the monument of granite at Carnac and Memnon's vocal statue at sunrise, we must now beg attention to those nocturnal noises that so often impress the superstitious hearer with terror, and baffle all attempts to account for their origin. The increased audibility of sounds at night is known to every observer who has made acoustics his study. Humboldt, when in the plain that surrounds the mission of the Apures, heard the mighty rushing of the cataracts of the Orinoco three times louder at night than in the day.

Sir David Brewster relates the following case on his personal knowledge : —

"A gentleman, devoid of all superstitious feelings, and living in a house free from any gloomy associations, heard night after night in his bedroom a singular noise, unlike any ordinary sound to which he was accustomed. He had slept in the same room for years without hearing it, and he attributed it at first to some change of circumstances in the roof or in the walls of the room, but, after the strictest examination, no cause could be found for it. It occurred only once in the night ; it was heard almost every night with few interruptions. It was over in an instant, and it never took place till after the gentleman had gone to bed. It was always distinctly heard by his companion, to whose time of going to bed it had no relation. It depended on the gentleman alone, and it followed him into another apartment with another bed, on the opposite side of the house."

* See Byron's Works, Murray's edition (1832), Vol. IX.

This looked very like being haunted; nor can we wonder that the consideration that the sound had a special reference to him alone operated upon his imagination, or that its mysterious recurrence produced, as the gentleman acknowledged, a superstitious feeling at the moment. But mark the event:—

“Many months afterwards it was found that the sound arose from the partial opening of the door of a wardrobe which was within a few feet of the gentleman's head, and which had been taken into the other apartment. This wardrobe was almost always opened before he retired to bed, and the door being a little too tight, it gradually forced itself open with a sort of dull sound resembling the note of a drum. As the door had only started half an inch out of its place, its change of place never attracted attention. The sound, indeed, seemed to come in a different direction, and from a greater distance.”*

Meric Casaubon, in a moment of comparative freedom from that belief in the supernatural which he so fondly cherished, makes the following candid admission:—“However, it is very true in some cases, our eyes, our ears, and other senses, may deceive us, and that relation may be suspected, which is grounded upon two eyes, or ears only, though the witness be granted an honest discerning man. I could mention many things that have happened unto myself in that kind: but one thing, that hath made most impression, I shall make bold to relate. It is not so many years; but it was some time before our happy restoration. My son (the only I have or then had) and I had rid some twenty or thirty miles that day, and came to the house of a worthy gentlewoman, of some relation by marriage, where I had been often kindly entertained. In the night, about midnight, I then guessed, my said son and I lying together, and both fast asleep, I was suddenly awakened by the report of a gun or pistolet, as I then thought, discharged under the bed. It shook the bed, I am sure. Being somewhat terrified, I awakened my bed-fellow; asked him whether he had heard nothing; told him what I had heard and felt. He was scarce awake, when a second blow was heard, and the bed, as before; which did put him in such a fright, that I forgot mine own, and wholly applied myself to put him out of it, and to keep him in his right wits. Thus busy, it was not long before a third blow, and still the bed as before. I would have risen, but that he did so closely embrace me, that I durst not leave him, neither was he willing to let me go. It was an hour at least after that third and last blow, before I could get him to sleep; and before day I also fell asleep. In the morning, being up before me, I bid him look under the bed, which he did, but not so carefully, as one posseth with other apprehensions about the cause, as he might have done. I charged him not to speak to any, until myself had first acquainted the mistress of the house, whom I knew, an understanding and discreet gentlewoman. It was about dinner-time before she came down to the parlour; and then as soberly as I could, none being present, but two of her daughters, virtuous gentlewomen. I first prepared her not much to wonder, or to

be troubled ; so I acquainted her. I perceived by her countenance it did trouble her ; and as we were discoursing, she looked upon me, as expecting somewhat from me, that might prevent further jealousy or suspicion. I hapned to tell her, that I had some thought in the morning that it might be the cords of the bed. She presently, and with a joyful countenance, said, 'It is so certainly ; for the bed was lately corded with new cords, which were so stretched, that the man told us he was afraid they would break, if not then, yet soon after, when the bed should be used.' She had no sooner said it, but sends one of her daughters up to look, and it was so indeed : the cords were broken in three several places."

Casaubon then makes the following reflections upon this startling incident :—

"What others, to whom the like, or somewhat like, had hapned before, or otherwise better experienced in such things, might have thought of it, I knew not. I have no thought to make a wonder of it, now I know the cause ; but I suppose it might have hapned to some other, as it did to me, till I knew the cause, to be terrified ; and so terrified that, had I gone away before I had been satisfied, I should not have been conscious to myself of a lye, if I had reported that the house was haunted. I could never have believed that such cords could have made such a loud noise ; besides the shaking of the bed, which added much to my wondring, until I knew the certainty. I could not have believed, I say ; though I have considered since, that even a small thread, hastily broken, maketh no small noise ; and besides that, a pistolet could not be discharged but there would have been a smoak and smell. But whatever some might have thought, it is enough that it might have hapned unto some others, as to me, to prove that our senses may deceive us sometimes, and that it is not always enough to say, I have seen it, or I have heard it."

Immediately afterwards Meric relapsed into his pristine state of superstition :—

"But when a thing doth happen in the clear light of the sun, and in clear sight (for at a distance many eyes may be deceived ; and a *panick fear*, in the time of war, may make a whole camp upon some very slight mistake or suspicion run away : but that is another case) but clear light and clear sight, of many sober, and not pre-occupied with any passion ; if then many eyes be deceived ; it is very likely, and so I grant, it doth often happen ; it is by the art and intervention of the *Devil* that they are so."

My gifted correspondent Silas, in the course of penning some anatomical remarks alone at midnight, was in the act of writing the name of John Hunter with that veneration which every physiologist must feel for one of the greatest comparative anatomists that Europe ever knew. The wonderful collection made by that great man was at no great distance—and it was Hunter's birth-night.

Suddenly my friend heard a rustling, as of garments, from the opposite end of the room : he looked up, but could distinguish nothing unusual, though his lamp was not burning dimly. The rustling was continued. He arose, and hastily approached the place, but nothing

then met his view to enable him to account for the noise. At length he perceived that some large diagrams drawn on cartridge-paper, which had been closely rolled up, had, from some atmospheric cause, probably, suddenly become partially unrolled—thus setting in motion other papers on the table where they were lying, and whence the sound had come, the whole producing the prolonged rustling noise which had disturbed him.

Now let us apply the philosophical words of Sir David Brewster, which immediately follow his description of the nocturnal sound proceeding from a wardrobe related above.

"When sounds so mysterious in their origin are heard by persons predisposed to a belief in the marvellous, their influence over the mind must be very powerful. An inquiry into their origin, if it is made at all, will be made more in the hope of confirming than removing the original impression, and the unfortunate victim of his own fears will also be the willing dupe of his own judgment."

Esquirol has well marked the distinction between illusion and hallucination—a distinction which even those whose inclination or duty leads them to consider those aberrations are too apt to confound. Illusion is based on some reality: in other words, it requires the presence of a sensible object or objects.

Hamlet. Doe you see that clowd? that's almost in shape like a camell.

Polonius. By th' Misse, and it's like a camell indeed.

Ham. Methinkes it is like a weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a weazell.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Polon. Very like a whale.

The numerous records of armies seen fighting in the air, of funeral processions in the sky, of angels blowing trumpets seated "on a downy white cloud," had no better foundation probably, but still they had a foundation. The apparition of the noble poet, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*," was an illusion, of which the screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall, formed the basis: but Sir Walter applies to this vision the term "hallucination" as well as "illusion," whereas it was a most vivid example of the latter as contradistinguished by Esquirol from the former. The ghostly visitation beheld by the two women, as described by my friend Silas in the last chapter, was also an instance of partial illusion.

Hoffbauer relates an affecting anecdote of a patient whose case came under his notice some twenty years ago. A poor washerwoman suffered such torments from rheumatism, that she was obliged to abandon her business, and endeavour to gain her bread as a sempstress. She worked night and day, but her industry failed to ward off misery, and her redoubled efforts to keep life and soul together brought on a violent attack of ophthalmia, which was soon exasperated by unremitted

labour, and passed into the chronic state.* Goaded by necessity, she, notwithstanding, continued to ply her needle; and, at length, she saw, as she sewed, four hands and four needles at work upon four distinct pieces of linen. She at first considered this phenomenon as the result of natural causes, and in fact, a slight divergence of the visual axis had caused a double diplopsy. But, at the end of some days, her oppressively increasing indigence produced so acute an impression on her faculties, that she imagined that she actually sewed four pieces of work at a time, believing that the Almighty, touched at her deep distress, had performed a miracle in her favour.

In illusions, then, we have the basis of sensible objects, whilst hallucination is marked by the absence of all external causes that can affect the senses, nor does the absolute privation of these last prevent its presence. Thus, the blind and deaf are not exempt from hallucination, and have been known to see imaginary sights and hear ideal sounds.

The miserable madman who, seated by his fireside, in his comfortable chamber, saw close to him a shark ready to devour him, and exhausted himself in cries and efforts to drive away his horrible enemy, till the perspiration streamed from every pore, was in a state of hallucination; and so was Ben Jonson when he passed the night in watching the combat of armed men of all nations and creeds round his great toe. The difference in these cases was, that Jonson knew that these images were due to a heated imagination, while the wretched maniac believed in the actual presence of the maw and gulf of the ravined salt sea shark that was gaping to swallow him; but each was the baseless fabric of a vision.

M. de Rancé, as he was one day walking in the avenue of his chateau de Veretz, saw, as he believed, a great fire consuming the buildings of the *basse-cour*. He ran towards the spot, and, as he approached, the blaze diminished. When he came within a certain distance the conflagration disappeared, changing into a fiery lake, from the midst of which rose the upper half of the body of a woman apparently preyed upon by the flames. Terror seized him. He gained the house, and threw himself upon his bed in a fainting state. Chateaubriand relates this anecdote in his Life of this celebrated man.

Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard within himself the voice of God. Descartes believed that he was followed by an invisible personage, urging him to pursue his researches into truth. Pope one day asked his physician, who was attending the poet in consequence of a derangement of his digestive organs, "what that arm was that came out of the wall?" Sam. Johnson heard his mother's voice call

* The statistics of our charitable ophthalmic institutions will show the numerous cases of disease of the eye presented by the poor needlewomen, and produced by over-exertion of that organ. The benevolent and scientific surgeons who are in attendance give all the relief that medical skill can afford; but they tell the unhappy patients, and tell them truly, that they must give their over-wrought eyes rest, and that, if they do not, not only can no cure be effected, but the worst consequences will ensue. This is telling them not to live. They *must* work, and many of them persist till they become incapacitated by blindness.

him by his christian name when she was far away ; and Byron sometimes imagined that he was haunted by a spectre, but was aware that the apparition was due to an over-excited condition of the brain. All these illustrious men lived much alone, and, for the most part, in an ideal world of their own.

M. Chardel, in his *Essai de Psychologie Physiologique*, relates the circumstances of a very remarkable hallucination. The senses of sight, hearing, and touch were all affected in this interesting case ; and the impressions appear to have been of the most vivid and harrowing character. Towards the autumn of 1832, one of his friends, a student in medicine, occupied a room on the fourth floor, in an old house in the *Rue de la Harpe*. Excavations were, at that time, being made on the site of the old convent of the Cordeliers, and in the course of them, some brick tombs were discovered, each enclosing a skeleton in a more or less complete state of preservation. The student watched the progress of the excavators, and having propitiated the workmen with a satisfactory *pour boire*, carried off a considerable quantity of bones, part of which he disposed as ornaments on the walls of his chamber.

Two days afterwards the student joked about these ghastly decorations with a friend who had come to see him, and did not quit him till the night was far spent. After he had reconducted his guest, he experienced, on re-entering his room, an emotion of terror. In order to dissipate the heavy cloud that hung upon his spirits, he smoked, and swallowed some brandy ; then threw himself on his bed and slept. The sequel shall be told in the seer's own words :—

"I was awakened," said the student to M. Chardel, "by a pain in my wrist : my face was turned towards the window. I heard a confused noise of words and groans, and I saw by the moonlight which shone in my room, two rows of men, clad in robes of grey-white. Their faces had the dazzling brilliancy of silver : their eyes were fixed upon me with a sinister expression ; and, occasionally, they regarded each other in a lamentable manner. I thought that I must be suffering under night-mare, but I found that I was wide awake, for just then I heard a carriage pass in the street, and the clock of Saint Séverin's strike the hour. I distinguished all the details of the apparition. I would have darted from the bed into the room, but found myself detained by the wrist. I raised my head, and perceived near me a man of lofty stature, habited as an ecclesiastic, and carrying a book in his left hand : his pale face was full of dignity. I endeavoured to speak ;—my ideas were confounded in a sentiment of rage, despair, and terror. The men conversed for some time in a low tone. The hold on my arm was let go as they addressed to me a discourse, in which I could only distinguish the words '*curiosity*,' '*infamous*,' '*clemency*,' '*sacrilege*,' '*youth*.' I leaped from my bed, and went to open the window. I felt a strong desire to precipitate myself into the court ; but, at the same time, the freshness of the night air recalled me to real life.

"I turned my eyes towards the bed, and *there I saw myself lying*. The ecclesiastic still held me by the arm, and I judged that he was

speaking to me, from the motion of his lips. The two ranks of men, who had the appearance of monks, were in their place; and from this moment my fear left me. I remained at least an hour considering this strange scene: at four o'clock I regained my bed: the day was beginning to appear. The abbé took my wrist, and pressed it with a sort of benevolence; his hand became colder as the twilight increased. I then beheld what seemed to be a confused mass of men moving agitatedly in a moon-beam; — I heard doors open and shut, — then a veil extended itself over my eyes, and I slept soundly. In the morning, when I awoke, I again experienced a severe pain in my wrist, and the window of my chamber was open as I had left it. I felt that I had escaped great peril."

SONG

BY THE LATE JOHN KEATS.

Hush, hush, tread softly; hush, hush, my dear;
 All the house is asleep, but we know very well
 That the jealous, the jealous old baldpate can hear,
 Though you've padded his nightcap. Oh! sweet Isabel,
 Though your feet are more light than a fairy's feet,
 That dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,
 Hush, hush, tread softly, hush, hush, my dear,
 For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
 On the river — all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
 Closes up, and forgets its Lethæan care,
 Charmed to death by the drone of the humming May-fly.
 And the moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
 Hath fled to her bower, well knowing I want
 No light in the darkness, no torch in the gloom,
 But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

Lift the latch, oh! gently, oh! tenderly, sweet,
 We are dead if that latchet gives one little chink:
 Well done! now those lips and a flowery seat.
 The old man may dream, and the planets may wink,
 The shut rose may dream of our loves, and awake
 Full blown, and such warmth for the morning take;
 The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
 While I kiss to the melody aching all through.

that magazine

SPACE: AN INTER-WHIFF.

BY F. O. WARD.

' *First Student.* Take Schramm's pipe out of his mouth, somebody." *Browning.*

" I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds." *Tennyson.*

" Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain philosophy's eye babbling spring." *Coleridge.*

It is the doctrine of some German schools of philosophy that Space is but a form of the mind, necessary to the perception of outward objects, but having itself no outward or objective existence.

I find nothing in the appearances of Nature, nor in the operations of my own mind, tending at all to confirm such a theory. For if, on the one hand, we could not perceive objects without a mental activity acquainting us with the relation of their parts as existing in certain positions, or at certain distances, with respect to each other; so neither, on the other hand, could we entertain the idea of Space without the aid of objects, between which, and the parts of which, by a mental activity, relations of position and distance are conceived. Space is, indeed, only a collective name for all the relations of distance, position, dimension, &c. existing between objects and their parts: and relations cannot exist without things related, however we may strive to abstract them, and to give them ideal enunciation in general formulæ without reference to particular cases. Therefore, I think that outward experience on the one hand, and mental activity on the other, are necessary as well for the thorough apprehension of Space itself as of the objects which it contains.

Indeed, to say that we can only perceive objects under the form of Space, or that the idea of Space is a necessary condition of experience, is only another mode of declaring that we possess and naturally use the faculty of perceiving the relations of objects to each other at the very moment of perceiving the objects themselves. If we did not perceive the relations we should not perceive the objects; if we did not perceive the objects we should not perceive the relations; though either, by a particular mental activity, may be attended to abstractedly from the other.

And, with respect to this power of abstraction (a pregnant mother of phantastic Entities), it is also to be remembered that even in our most thoroughly abstract contemplations of Space we cannot divest ourselves of the *memory* of objects, nor of the consciousness of form and dimension in our own bodily system, and in the material organs of thought themselves: in proof of which we may observe, that abstraction of the idea of Space (or of any other idea) requires a constant *effort*

of the mind, without which we tumble into concrete notions directly. Now we could not be keeping up a continuous mental effort to separate the relation from that which is related — the pure notion from the thing or fact from which it is abstracted, unless that related thing or fact were constantly present in the mind. The entertaining an abstract idea is, indeed, like a process of constant decomposition and recomposition — a perpetual tendency of the notion and the thing to coalesce and form a concrete piece of knowledge — which tendency is constantly resisted by the mind, which perseveringly eliminates the notion, and fixes its attention on that alone. Thus, in thinking abstractedly of circularity, we have a constant tendency to see in imagination a circular object, or a circle drawn with a line: in order to entertain a pure abstract idea of a circle a constant effort of resistance to this tendency is required. Whence, probably, the fatigue of abstract thought.

If the foregoing reflections be just, no argument can be drawn from the abstract contemplation of Space in favour of the German theory. And this reasoning on the relations of distance, position, dimension, &c. which we call Space, applies equally, *mutatis mutandis*, to the cognate relations of succession, which we collectively denominate Time; so that I think we may venture to attribute both to Time and Space a real outward existence, instead of that merely mental subjective being assigned to them by the German Transcendentalists.

SONNET

ON READING A. F. RIO'S "PETITE CHOUANNERIE."

CALL not our Bretons—Backward! What, if rude
 Of speech and mien, and rude of fashion-drest,
 Yet dwells firm faith beneath each simple vest,
 With valiant heart, that scorns all servitude
 But to the Right. When France's fleckler blood
 Crouch'd to the crownèd pageant of the day,
 New-fangled homage These disdain'd to pay,
 But kept old vows in truth and hardihood;
 And with no surface-glare, no facet-light,
 But the deep inward lustre of the gem,
 When tried in shade were yet more deeply bright:
 And therefore, traveller, call not Backward—Them,
 Found never yet in worst necessity
 Backward to bear—nor Backward—when to die.

JOHN KENYON.

A STORY OF THE FIRE OF LONDON.

A RECOLLECTION OF OLD MR. FLEMING.

As spring came on, Madam Winfield's anxieties increased. It was not the Pretender who now caused her uneasiness, but her neighbours, for *three* were going to remove at Lady Day; and while she was distressed at the thoughts of new faces, and perhaps too such as the poor old lady might not like, she was still more distressed at the news which her indefatigable servant, Prue, had that morning brought her respecting the new comer at the second house in Throgmorton Street.

What his name was could not be ascertained, and *that*, both mistress and maid declared did not look well. Then, he had a great many old books and some curious apparatus, whereupon Prue set him down for a conjuror, while the old lady did not know what to think. In this state of doubt, therefore, as the afternoon was fine, she set forth to Tokenhouse Yard, to her comforter-in-chief, old Mr. Fleming.

"The case is, my good sir, I have great fears about the person over yonder," said she, "for who can tell what he may do?"

"There is no cause for fear, my dear madam," replied Mr. Fleming, smiling, "perhaps this gentleman may be somewhat of a chemist, and make experiments."

"Heaven help the whole neighbourhood then," groaned Madam Winfield; "why, we may all be blown up in our beds, like the poor souls aboard that ship we heard of."

"Nay, my dear madam, he will doubtless be careful for his own sake."

"Ah! we are not sure of that, Mr. Fleming; there was a strange affair over by the old Jewry some time after the Great Fire. An old man was carried off somewhere, and 'twas said he was making gold."

"I know the story you refer to well," said Mr. Fleming, "for my father used often to tell it."

"Dear, dear, did he? 'Twas said that man was an awful conjuror, and that he was blown up just after the Great Fire: but then again I've heard he lived years after. Pray was he really blown to atoms? How was it?"

"I will tell you, Madam Winfield; and, Lucy, you know, I've long promised you a story, so I will tell you, as the ballad-singers say, 'all about it.'"

"A sad sight was it, as my father has often told me, when he took, for the first time after the Great Fire, his walk through the streets of London. It was not only the sight of so many hundred houses in ruins, not the huge heaps of rubbish, not even the strange view which

the passenger saw from the top of Cornhill when his eye ranged over nought but smoking mounds and blackened trenches, even as far as Ludgate — it was not even the strange silence where there had been day-long bustle, and almost night-long too, not three weeks ago; but saddest of all was it to see the poor people whose houses had been destroyed wandering up and down, as though in search of them, and looking quite bewildered around, like men cast on some foreign shore, though perhaps standing on what had once been their own hearth-stone. And sad in the midst of all this desolation was it to see a clear and beautiful autumn sky above, and a glorious sun shining on, but where his beams had been reflected by a thousand casements; they now fell on blackened ruins, looking even more black in the sunlight.

“ Still the saddest sight of all was that of the old inhabitants of London — old men who had dwelt sixty or seventy years within her walls — wandering as in pilgrimage for what they should never again see, looking anxiously round in search of those objects on which their eyes had first opened — Westcheap, with its beautiful Goldsmith’s Row, the Mercery and its ancient chapel, the Cross of Westcheap and the halls of the City companies, and the Exchange — but, above all, old St. Paul’s; — why, aged men stood in the midst of these ruins crying like babes, and went home broken-hearted; and some (so said my father) never to come out again until carried to their graves.

“ All along Cornhill, the Poultry, and Cheapside, the fire raged most furiously, and no house was left standing. On the north of this line, however, in some parts, a few houses at about a furlong distance were left; and just behind the Old Jewry on the right hand one was standing scarcely injured by the fire, although on one side the houses were completely destroyed, and on the other they were so dilapidated that it was thought they must be pulled down. There was much talk about this house, and many persons went to see it, and among them Sir Christopher Wren himself. It was reported that he said, its preservation was owing to the wind having changed a point — no more — just as the houses on the other side, which stood rather more forward, had caught, so that this house, standing back, had been uninjured, the flames passing right across it. Still it was strange indeed to see this one house standing only blackened a little by the fire; and it was not therefore surprising, in the midst of all the wonders and mysteries which then filled people’s minds — for there was no end of strange tales to account for the Great Fire — that this house should be looked upon as something very mysterious, and that anxious inquiries should be made as to who was its former inhabitant.

“ Little could be ascertained. The house, with five others, had formed a small court, and the families who occupied these houses were scarcely known. The beadle of the ward, however, shook his head when asked about them, and expressed no wonder at that one house having escaped the flames, seeing that it had many years since been the dwelling of one Master Webster, who had the name of being a gold-maker, although, from his appearance, miserably poor, but who was evidently believed by the ward beadle to have been a conjuror, and perhaps a bond-slave of Satan.

"But to whom did the house now belong? Why, whilst the crowds were still standing round, marvelling and pointing, and shaking their heads more mysteriously than ever, an old man, dressed in a travelling cloak, and looking as though he had come off a long journey, pressed in among them; and his expressions of joy and surprise soon told them that the unconsumed house belonged to him. Who he was they could not learn. He looked like a decayed gentleman, and it was thought that he had come from beyond seas. He, however, soon established his claim to the house, and to the two which stood, or rather did formerly stand, on either side of it, and his name in the City register stood as 'John Cheney, of Cheneys, in the county of Bucks, gentleman.'

"Very little reparation was required to put this house in a comfortable condition, little beyond new glazing the windows and repainting the outside. It was an old timber-built house (the which therefore indeed made its preservation the more remarkable); and before Lord Mayor's Day that same year the old man took possession of it. It was a strange thing to see the possessor of three freeholds living in the midst of ruins when he might have had apartments not far off; but while some wondered, others said that as his three freeholds could not as yet bring him aught in, he was perchance compelled to live in the only one that was habitable, and thus save house-rent at least. As to the old man himself, although reserved, he was civil; but he scarcely ever went out, and the only person who ever entered the house was an old woman, who came from some distance to char for him.

"Years passed on—Cornhill, the Poultry, and Cheapside, were rebuilt, and all around houses rose again as of yore; and the other houses in the small paved court were rebuilt, but the two belonging to this old man still remained in ruins. They were therefore presented by the inquest jury, and Master Cheney promised that they should be rebuilt; at which many wondered, for he seemed so needy that it was thought that he might have been fain to have sold the ground, the which alderman Cornish would have been glad to have bought, as he wanted to enlarge his warehouses. Meanwhile, the houses in the Old Jewry were finished and inhabited; and in that which just overlooked the back of this old house, an old lady from the country came to reside,—one Madam Brampton. The appearance of an old house, with two beside it in ruins, in the very midst of new buildings, struck her very much, and yet more was she struck when one day she saw their owner.

"'If I did not well know that *he* was drowned years and years ago, I should say it was John Cheney, who was cornet in Colonel Lucas's troop in the Great Rebellion,' said she.

"'His name is John Cheney,—at least so his name stands in the parish books,' said Madam Warren; 'but he is an awful wretch, I fear me. He hath dwelt in that house ever since the fire spared it, but what he doth there no Christian man can tell.

"'It could not be *that* John Cheney,' said Madam Brampton, 'for he was one of the wildest, and most dicing, and brawling of roysterers,

that ever was made free of Alsatia : — now this seems a quiet kind of man.

"Madam Warren looked very grave, 'Quiet enow, Madam Brampton,' said she, 'but I should not wonder if he turned out to be a wizard in disguise, or even a jesuit.'

"Madam Brampton now looked grave, for where might you then find a country lady who was not affrighted at wizards? and where, either in country or town, was there any one, in Charles the Second's days, who was not scared at the very name of jesuit? Well, the two old ladies talked, and talked; but although they could not make out to their own satisfaction who the old man was, they fully agreed that he ought to be well looked after, and in consequence many an hour did Madam Brampton pass at her second-floor back window.

"My father knew both the old ladies well, and often did they talk to him about this mysterious old man; but he used to take his part, and say that perhaps he was attached to the old house on some account or other: and as to his pursuits, why even if he were trying to make gold, there was no harm in it, seeing that Lord Burghley once adventured scores of pounds on a like project, and that the worthy Mr. Elias Ashmole was well known to be a great experimenter in such matters. But my father might talk as long as he pleased, the old ladies would have it that he was no good; and so much did they talk about him, that just about the time of the Rye-house Plot it was whispered among the authorities of the parish that it would not perhaps be ill taken in a certain quarter if his house were to be searched.

"While they were deliberating one morning, some workmen were seen going to remove the rubbish from the foundations of the two burnt houses; and when Madam Brampton sent her maid to inquire about it, she was told that Master Cheney had ordered the rubbish to be cleared away as soon as possible, that the house might be rebuilt.

"'No conjuror, I think,' said Madam Brampton; 'why, there was talk at the vestry meeting only last night, as Master Cole says, of causing strict inquiry to be made about him.'

"'Ah, strict inquiry,' groaned Madam Warren, who held in her hand a half sheet just printed, and which contained a marvellous narrative of how 'one Jordan, in y^e town of Wolverhampton, was last weeke carried off bodilye by y^e Devile, who came downe y^e chimney, and blew up y^e house, setting fyre to y^e thatch thereof.' 'Ah! it had needs be strict inquiry, for only see, Madam Brampton, if aught should happen, what risk all the neighbours would run! Now let me see, it is just seven years since he came here — who can tell if he may not ere long be carried off?'

"Madam Brampton was staggered. 'But still, if he was a conjuror, would he be seeking to rebuild the two houses, and such talk in the parish about him?' said she; 'surely he is not a conjuror.'

"In this opinion my father, who had just come in, joined; for it so chanced that he had that very afternoon met him up in Finsbury Fields, and had some talk with him. 'He is a believer in alchemy,' said my father, 'and I think he may be making experiments; but

for the rest, he seems a quiet, respectable old man, and pleasant withal.'

"At the last words Madam Warren lifted up her eyes; and my father used to say that he verily believed she thought he was bewitched by this fearful conjuror.

"Well, my father, as he hath often said, was certainly rather taken with him. He had the air of a man who had seen better days, and he had travelled much, and seemed not unwilling to talk about the places he had seen; so my father was quite earnest in maintaining from that time that he was a respectable man. Some days passed on, and the workmen were still engaged in removing the rubbish, and Master Cheney would stand by looking at them, but still as though engaged in deep and anxious thought.

"One afternoon my father and mother were engaged to pay a visit to Madam Brampton. There were several friends invited, and Madam Warren of course. The evening passed pleasantly away, and it was now getting dusk, when, all on a sudden, there was such an awful noise, just like a clap of thunder, and the house shook to its very foundations. Each looked at the other, too frightened to speak; at last Madam Brampton cried out, 'Oh! what new plot of the Jesuits is this?'—for Jesuits, and their plots, were at this time in the talk and the thoughts of every one throughout London.

"'It's the conjuror's house blown up, most likely,' said Madam Warren; 'Satan has got his own at last.'

"Scarcely had she said so, when a second noise was heard, and a thick smoke filled the room. So they all scrambled to the door as fast as their fears would allow them, but how they got down stairs into the street my father says he could scarcely tell. The first thing he heard as he stood there was, that, true enough, the old mysterious house was blown up, and the bystanders were quite of one mind in asserting that its owner had been carried off, but by no guardian angel.

"'Let us at least go and see after him,' said my father, when a little recovered from the shock. 'Poor creature, he may be dying among the ruins.'

"No one seemed willing to go, so my father went boldly up the court, and there was the house that had so strangely stood unconsumed during that great fire, now a heap of smoking ruins! He called aloud to Master Cheney, heedless of the scoffs of the two or three who had now followed him. At length he thought he heard a low moan, and, searching about, found the old man lying just where the workmen had been removing the rubbish from the foundation of the right-hand side house. He was rather stunned than hurt, and, when my father lifted him up, he thanked him warmly, and said that but for his kindness he might have lain there and died.

"Very angry was Madam Warren with my father, and she plainly told him he would be brought into trouble by his foolish kindness, as she called it, and in some measure her words came true.

"There was great talk about this affair, as you may well suppose; and the parish authorities set an inquiry on foot, since, as all men's

minds were full of plots, it was not to be credited that a house in the very heart of the City should be blown up with gunpowder, and no plot in the case. The City authorities, too, took it up—for they were certain Master Cheney must be a Jesuit; and then the court sent to watch the proceedings, for the court party were certain that it was part of a Nonconformist plot; and, wanting money just then, a few heavy fines on our Nonconformist merchants would be very acceptable both to the king and his mistresses. .

“You may therefore believe that this case was sufficiently sifted; but the wonder of all was, that nothing could be found to implicate Master Cheney in any plot, not even to involve his character in any serious charge. He right willingly answered all questions, and declared that at the time the explosion took place he had a crucible on the fire (for he acknowledged he had been trying to make gold), and that it had boiled over. As to the gunpowder, some people said that there was none; but some white powder was found near the chimney, which was sent to the Royal Society. They could not make out what it was; and as persons who lived in the opposite houses declared that they had seen a large fire burning, and the old man standing near, but a little time before, it was at length concluded that the boiling over of the crucible was the cause.

“In the course of the inquiry it came out that this Master Cheney was indeed the person Madam Brampton had spoken of, that he had been in Colonel Lucas's and also in Lord Goring's troop; that he had been very wild, and reduced to great straits, and that about the time of the late king's execution he had gone abroad. It was on his voyage that he suffered shipwreck, and was thought to have been drowned; but soon after the Restoration he returned, and one Master Webster having bequeathed these three houses to him, he took up his residence there. It also came out that he possessed some little property, which he said he should invest with the Turkey Company; so every thing seemed satisfactory enough. When the inquiry was ended, he expressed his willingness to sell the ground; so it was bought at a very good price, and he took lodgings out by Bishopsgate. My poor father did not fare so well, for the court party, vexed that they could not make up a Nonconformist plot, enforced the laws already in force against Nonconformists with greater severity, and my father having a grudge owed him by the beadle of the parish, was fined twenty pounds, as well as being harassed and put to expense in the ecclesiastical court. It was then that Master Cheney behaved most handsomely. He called on my father, and begged he would allow him to pay whatever expenses he might be put to, seeing that he was the cause; for had not Mr. Fleming been brought so forward in his affair, no notice would have been taken of him. This my father decidedly refused, but Master Cheney quitted him, declaring that he should still consider himself his debtor.

“Years passed on, and one of my first recollections is, of my being taken down from the nursery into the parlour to see an old gentleman, who patted me on the head, and showed me a beautiful bright silver mug, which he said he had brought for me. And I remember following

him to the door, and admiring the dappled horses that drew his chariot, and how pleased I was when he told me that if I was a good boy, I should go in that very chariot to his house, and walk in his garden, when summer days came. How I longed for summer ! and at last it came, and the chariot and the dappled horses stood at the door, and my mother and I went a long way — so it seemed to a child — and I spent a delightful holiday among trees, and flowers, and in the sunshine, and fell fast asleep in the pretty chariot, worn out with pleasure, long ere I arrived at home. Each summer my mother and I used to spend one long day with ‘the pleasant old gentleman,’ as I used to call him; but as I grew older, I began to hear nurse saying strange things about him, and when I asked my mother, she looked angry, and chided nurse for talking such nonsense, as she said, to a child.

“There was, however, talk in other quarters besides our nursery about John Cheney, Esq., as he was now called. From the time of his leaving the old house, his style of living had been changed. He soon after took a good-sized house, and furnished it handsomely, and then a few years after he purchased Sir Brooke Anderton’s mansion, at Dalston, and set up his chariot. It was then that he called on my father, and begged him and my mother to dine with him, saying he had now a house fit to ask a lady to. He would take no denial, so they went. They met Madam Bramston there, and some others, and he talked about his living in that old house all alone, and about his experiments, quite openly. ‘I have seen enough of the vanity of gold-making,’ said he, ‘and am now right willing to keep close to trade.’ What his trade was could not well be made out, but it was thought it was money-lending—a profitable calling when there were so many extravagant young courtiers about. Well, my father, although he occasionally visited him, would never be intimate, for he could not make out how he should have become so rich so quickly; their intimacy, therefore, did not extend beyond my mother and I, and some years after, my little sister too, going once a year to dine with him, and my father coming to fetch us in the evening. This continued for several years, until the old man grew very feeble, and quite withdrew from the world. He had always been very liberal in his charities to the poor of the parish, and he now ordered that a double sum should be given; but this, strangely enough, roused the suspicions of the common people, who had heard some stories about him, and they said the old conjuror was trying to bribe Heaven for a few years longer life. How these sayings came to his ears, or whether they really did, I cannot say, but the last time my mother saw him, she was surprised how changed he was, both in appearance and manner. ‘Farewell,’ said he when she took leave of him; ‘wish not for great wealth, for I have found it a great curse.’

“A few days after, a note was sent by him to my father, begging him to come: he did so, and found him on his death-bed. He seemed quite rejoiced to see him, and said that he should like to consult some worthy old gentleman about the disposition of his property, and asked my father if he thought Sir Henry Ashurst would come? At this my father was much surprised, for it was reported that when Mr.

Cheney sought, some years before, to join the Turkey Company, Sir Henry, who was chairman, had been chief in persuading them to refuse him. However, my father, who well knew Sir Henry Ashurst for a most worthy gentleman, promised to ask him, and the next morning they both came.

"The old man was sinking fast, but he rallied when he saw them by his bedside, and sat up. 'I know,' said he, 'what a strange mystery hath been around me for these many years past, and the many conjectures that have been raised as to how my wealth was obtained. I will now reveal all, and then pray you, Sir Henry, to advise me in what manner I shall dispose of that, which, though it hath proved a curse to me, may be a blessing to others.

" 'In my younger days I soon ran through my fortune, and, as the war between the king and the parliament had just broken out, I joined Colonel Lucas's troopers, and afterwards became a captain in Lord Goring's. I need not speak of the riot, and cruelty, and plunder that followed wherever we went, until Lord Goring's troopers became a name of horror through all the midland counties. As our plunder was often of a kind that could not well be carried away—such as plate, or what we could not readily turn into money—such as jewels, we were accustomed to sell these to a cunning old man, who followed us with two pack-horses, like an honest carrier. This man's name was Webster, the former inhabitant and possessor of that unconsumed house. It was to his interest to give out that he was not only a gold-maker, but a seeker after forbidden knowledge, for by thus doing he kept prying eyes from his door, and was enabled safely to stow away that property which he could not immediately dispose of. He prospered in his wicked calling, and then he bought the houses on either side. One night we had been selling our spoil to him, when one of my companions, irritated at what he thought an unfair bargain, drew his sword, and would have killed him but for my intervention. The old man was eager in his thanks, but I little thought of them until I was at length compelled to fly to London, and endeavour to get beyond seas. Here I met Webster, and he showed his thanks were no idle words, by concealing me for some time, and at length providing me a passage to Calais.

" 'I wandered for years on the continent, poor, miserably poor. I returned to England,—for 'twas said I had been lost at sea,—but still poor, miserably poor. At length I came to London, and ranged its streets; and when I saw its wealthy citizens, so honoured, so looked up to, oh, I believe had Satan held out a golden bait, I should have gladly clutched it to my destruction. Meanwhile, old Webster still lived, but palsy had deprived him of speech, and when I saw him at first he did not know me. Afterwards he did, and he smiled, and when I went next time he took something from beneath his pillow, showed it me, and then put it under again. I could not tell what he meant, and little did I think it was his will, bequeathing me these three houses, when that very day I wandered forth out in these very fields, and past this very house which was then building—yes, past this very house, shivering in the east wind, when Sir Brooke Anderton in his velvet

coach, and wrapped in damask and sables, passed me. 'O! to live in that house, to be wealthy as *he*,' said I.

"Well, the Restoration found me still miserably poor; living I scarcely know how; and as there was no longer any need of concealment, I resumed my name, and went into the country where I had been brought up. But my friends were all dead, or dispersed abroad, and I was about to return destitute again to London, when I received intelligence that Webster had just died, and bequeathed to me his three houses. I hastened to town, but though well pleased, I was still disappointed when I found the furniture, and some chests, which I thought probably contained valuables, were left to his old attendant. She put into my hands, however, a small box, which she had been directed to give to no one but myself, and which contained papers. For a long time I pored over them, for the writing was almost unintelligible; I could make out however enough to discover that much valuable property was concealed somewhere in that house which Webster had occupied, and I was about to hasten to London again, when reports of the Great Fire reached me. I hurried thither, although certain that the houses must have been destroyed: but how great was my joy and surprise when I found that very house standing, while all around were in ruins! 'I *am* to be wealthy at last,' said I, 'and a happy old age will make up for my years of poverty.'

"'You know how I dwelt there; but though I searched every corner, and dug in every part of the cellar, no trace of the hidden treasure could I find. Still, I was certain it was there, and I therefore rejected every offer for the adjoining houses, and determined too that they should not be rebuilt until I had searched among the rubbish. Time passed on, and then I was presented by the inquest, and compelled to set about rebuilding those two houses. How I watched the workmen by day—how I examined the rubbish by night! At length, digging near the right side of my house, the workmen struck against a large stone, which seemed to extend under the foundation. It was near evening, and no sooner had they gone than I went to the cellar and dug right under the wall. My hopes at length did not deceive me—there was the treasure under a low stone arch which had evidently belonged to some older building. Ay, treasure—both gold and jewels!

"'Each night I carried some away to a place I had taken, and each day I watched the workmen, lest they should discover it. The house however was evidently undermined, and as the workmen approached nearer it would certainly fall. My resolution was soon taken,—the last of the treasure was removed; and then as soon as the workmen had left, I placed gunpowder in the vault, and my crucible on the fire. I went away, but after the first explosion I returned to see if my secret was safe. It was well I did not approach nearer: I was knocked down by the second shock, and to you, good Mr. Fleming, I owe my life.'

"'Now my desires were all fulfilled. I had wealth beyond all I hoped for! Perhaps it had been wiser, if I had gone to some distance, and dwelt among strangers. But then, to spend my money in the very place where I had wandered almost houseless—to pass in my rich apparel, and in my chariot, those who had flung me an alms in the

days when the cavalier officer had not dared to tell his name—to purchase, and to dwell in that very house, which I had stood shivering before, when I had but one poor frieze coat and a thread-bare doublet, O! it seemed like a triumph on the very field of defeat.

“But it did not do. I heard whisperings about me; I saw men unwilling to partake my rich banquets and my choice wines; I saw the poor take reluctantly even the very bread paid for with my money. No wonder: that wealth was the price of robbery—it had Satan’s own superscription upon it, how could it ever do good? Well, I must leave it, but, good friends,—may I not call you so?—tell me how of this curse I may indeed make a blessing?”

“‘Bequeath it all to benevolent and pious uses, my good sir,’ said Sir Henry Ashurst; ‘to widows and orphans, especially, for from them much of it was doubtless taken.’

“‘It was, Sir Henry,’ and the old man groaned deeply. ‘One thing chanced to me while in Lord Goring’s company that I can never forget. We had been ranging about all day, and at night came to a mansion in Northamptonshire. We entered, and began breaking open the closets, and ransacking the plate chests, when an old woman came down, and prayed us for Heaven’s sake to be merciful, for her mistress was lying on her death-bed. We heeded not the old woman’s prayers, we forced our way into the chamber, we ransacked the cabinet of jewellery, and we demanded of the dying woman a watch which she seemed to hold in her hand. It was no watch—it was this,’ and the old man took from a drawer by the bedside a small miniature. ‘I did not snatch it from the dying woman, but I ought to have interfered when the nurse on her knees prayed me to restore it, as the portrait of her daughter, whom the dying woman would never see again. But I pushed her back, and swore that I would keep it, if it were only to spite a canting puritan.’

“We spoiled the house;—we took away all, but as we were quitting, the nurse seized my arm. ‘You have spoiled the widow and fatherless,’ said she, ‘you have had no pity on the dying, and all for gold:’ she sunk on her knees; ‘may gold be given you, even to your wildest wish, but the curse of God with it!’

“O how often have those words rung in my ears! and what would I not have given to make restitution to that family! I sometimes hoped I might, and therefore have I kept that picture.’

“Sir Henry Ashurst sat silently looking at the miniature. ‘Can you remember aught of the name?’ said he.

“‘Alas, I cannot; all I remember is, that the master of the house had been killed at the battle of Newbury, and that the family crest was a unicorn.’

“‘It is the same,’ said Sir Henry Ashurst, seizing and wringing the old man’s hand; ‘be comforted, good sir, the daughter of her who sat for this very portrait — methought I well knew the features — is now living in my family, Alice Wingrave.’

“My father hath often said he thought that the joy at hearing this would have carried the old man off. And when on the morrow Alice Wingrave was brought to him, — a most worthy young person,

whom Lady Ashurst much respected as her gentle-woman, he seemed never tired of looking first at her, and then at the picture.

"Well, his will was made; and half was left for charitable purposes and half to this young person. Many folk wondered about it; at last they concluded she was some distant relative, and my father and Sir Henry did not deceive them. The old man listened attentively while the will was read, and he nodded assent to each clause. He then took the pen, signed his name with a firm hand, and lying back with a pleasant smile on his face, died."

H. L.

SONNET.

BY THE LATE JOHN KEATS.

(COMMUNICATED BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ., M.P.)

HIGH-MINDEDNESS — a jealousy for good,—
 Adoring kindness for the great man's fame,
 Dwell here and there with people of no name,
 In noisome alley and in pathless wood :
 And when we think the truth least understood,
 Oft may be found a singleness of aim
 Which ought to frighten into hooded shame
 A money-mongering pitiable brood.
 How glorious this affection for the cause
 Of stedfast genius toiling gallantly !
 So when a stout unbending Champion awes
 Envy and malice to their native sky,
 Unnumber'd souls breathe out a still applause,
 Proud to behold him in his country's eye.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

" WHERE hast thou caught, thou lovely child,
That bloom upon thy cheek ?
Hast been for flowers fresh and wild
Through bush and brake to seek ? "

" Oh, I have past through many a hedge
Whose thorns have pierc'd my brow,
To reach the water's slippery edge,
Where golden lilies grow !

" And oft, as on the dangerous brink
In trembling hope I stood,
The flower I aim'd at most would sink,
And hide beneath the flood ;

" But now they're mine ! — they all are mine !
So beautiful ! So bright !
See how their golden blossoms shine
In day's last beams of light ! "

"Twas thus that to her mother spoke
A child of graceful mould,
As from her lap she thought to shake
Her flowers of glittering gold.

But, ah ! the infant's brightest lot
Is but a chequer'd day —
To hold them fast she had forgot,
And they had slipp'd away.

With disappointment in her breast,
And tear-drops in her eyes,
The weary child lay down to rest,
Weeping for her lost prize.

But such is life — from youth to age
In laughter lurks the sigh ;
There's disappointment in each page
Of man's brief history.

If Disappointment's in each page,
'Tis Hope that turns them o'er ;
For Hope still looks beyond its cage,
Not at the grated door !

VIRGINIA.*

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST.

AN INCIDENT AT THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

THE golden banners of a warm spring morning were streaming on the mountains, shedding purple rays upon field and valley. From the Saxon villages poured forth whole caravans of gaily-dressed people, whilst through the woods came the dull echo of innocent musketry. It was a day of solemn festival or rejoicing. No festival can be celebrated in the regions of which I speak—upon the Bohemian frontier—without the accompaniment of incessant firing, whether of muskets or of small mortars. How much more harmless the use of these deadly instruments on such occasions than in the battle-field, where brother stands against brother, murderers in cold blood,—maintainers of a cause in which they have no interest,—revengers of injuries which they have never received.

The Thursday after the festival of the Trinity had dawned, and with it the most solemn holiday in the whole of Catholic Christendom. The somewhat indifferent Protestant inhabitants of the Saxon frontier at other times take but little concern in the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church, but on this day, even their curiosity and delight are awakened by the magnificence of the arrangements, the mysticism and grandeur of the great processions. The peasant, whose fields at this time of the year are for the most part tilled, leaves plough and harrow at rest, and dons his Sunday jacket; the weaver shakes the dust of the yarn from his feet, and as much care as he may from his care-worn countenance. The ignorance of these borderers on all matters of religion,—honest, fair, and intelligent as they are in other affairs,—and in spite of the care bestowed upon their education by schools and teachers, is incredible, and at times positively ludicrous. I have tried a hundred times to make known to them the essential differences between the Romish and Protestant creeds; but I have never been gratified with any but one and the same reply,—a silly shake of the head, and “Well, it’s all the same.” One difference, however, they do recognise. The Protestant religion, they say, belongs to the Saxons, and the Catholic to the Bohemians. And as far as the female sex is concerned, they have an equally rational test of judging of the creed. Is a Bohemian cap seen at a fair adorning the head of some pretty Bohemian girl, the Saxon borderer is as satisfied as though he heard her confession of faith that the wearer is a child of the Catholic, or, as he would call it, the Bohemian religion. Thus the matter has rested for centuries, and so it is likely to rest to all eternity.

I had engaged to accompany some friends to M——. We had

tarted early, in order to reach the place before the crowds of flocking strangers should render a lodging difficult to obtain. My companions were simple plain country people; men who in all worldly affairs conceded to their neighbour the right of thinking and acting precisely as he thought proper, but who, in the more solemn matters of religion, where freedom of conscience is most asked and most required, were as weak and as stiff-necked as any of their countrymen. My Saxon friends, when discussing religion, preached always from one text:—"The Bohemian religion is good for nothing, both here and in eternity." I could not help smiling, as we proceeded, to find them so bitter and so full of mockery against the Catholic faith, and at the same time so eager to advance towards the scene of religious celebration.

"How is it," said I, "that you are all so anxious to be present at a solemnity which, from what you say, must appear so laughable and childish to you?"

"Why, just for that reason," answered one: "because it is so laughable. For my part, my very antipathy affords me consolation. For when I look upon the buffooneries, the frequent bendings of the knee, the ringing of the bell, the crossing, the folding of the hands, and the nodding of the heads, I just see how much we have in our own blessed Saxon religion. Ask a Bohemian what all the puppet-show work means,—their singing and sprinkling, their ringing and whispering, and I'll warrant you shall wait for your answer between this and the day of judgment. But what does the Saxon do? He sees his minister mount the pulpit, and watches closely to hear how he will expound the text, and whether he can do it better than his own book of sermons at home. He marks the main points and the moral application, and for a whole week afterwards meditates upon them behind the plough or at the loom. Do you think there are no good fruits in all this? Take my word for it, the Saxon religion is a safer one than the Bohemian."

Ill-timed zeal in proselytism never did any good yet: it has often rendered pious good-nature obstinate and stubborn. I left my companions for the time, happy in their narrowness of mind and in their misconceptions, whilst, having arrived at M——, I took care to secure a lodging in a house where I was already well known. There was a sparkling animation in the streets. It is certainly true that all Roman Catholic festivals have a character of joyousness which is wanting in what remains of our reformed Protestant celebrations. The Catholics exercise a wise discretion. Since their worship, for the most part, is based upon externals, in order to connect devotion with them, they take care to unite cheerfulness, and, if I may use the term, gaiety, with the holy seriousness that becomes the solemnities of the sacred church. The house in which I found myself was scoured to admiration. The floor shone like mirrors. Before the greater number of the doors altars were erected, upon which consecrated tapers burned in the still air. Chaplets of evergreen and branches of pine wood formed temporary arbours, beneath which, as in a niche, was the bright and silver crucifix. Young people of either sex, who

had collected from all places, were happily assembled. Many of the girls, dressed in white with rose-coloured ribbons, carried banners upon which was painted, in dazling and not well-chosen colours, the Lamb with the Cross. The country lads, too, pilgrimised with their banners and canopies, singing hymns as they entered the small town and approached the church doors, where many had anticipated them in their eagerness to secure a good place so soon as the doors were opened for admittance.

The daughter of the landlord in whose house I had found a lodging, was a handsome girl. I had often beheld her before during my repeated excursions into the mountains, and her cheerfulness and good temper had always charmed me. She wore her dark black hair, after the manner of Bohemian girls, wound round in thick braids, amongst which, to-day, she had plaited a gold-embroidered ribbon. Over the simple and pretty head-dress a green chaplet of myrtle rested, like a crown of innocence.

Some years had passed since my last visit to this spot, and the maiden, whom I had thought to find long since married, was still unwedded, and much altered in appearance. Magdalena had grown stouter, but her grace had not in consequence deserted her. A peculiarly dark complexion, which in her earliest years had procured for her the name of "the Black Magdalena," had disappeared. Indeed, a delicate and almost transparent paleness was now woven like a veil over her beautiful countenance, whilst her full lips had the delicate hue which may be seen in the expiring glow of broken rose buds. I am not a bad observer of mankind. I saw Magdalena for a moment, and was satisfied that she suffered. She smiled when we met, but there was a painful sadness impressed upon her chin and cheek as she did so, which convinced me that the heart was heavy with its griefs. Her exquisite eyes, however, retained all their old intensity, — full of that deep and touching character which may be described as oscillating between passion and pious resignation. It was shortly after our first greeting that I heard she had been selected to bear the embroidered banner which stood in the corner of the room. Aware that to this service of honour affianced brides were generally chosen, I made further inquiries. It was then I learned that Magdalena had for some time been betrothed, and I did not hesitate an instant, urged by sympathy and a long acquaintance, to wish the lovely maiden joy. Magdalena received my words in silence, but her lips quivered, her eyes avoided mine — sunk to the ground — and then filled with tears. I was about to take the privilege which my knowledge of her gave me, and to ask respectfully into the cause of her sorrow, when I was stopped by the sudden and violent ringing of bells and the thundering of cannon. The procession was formed. Hundreds thronged towards and about it, — Catholics and Protestants, — all were eager to participate in it. The universal joy that was a part of this high festival of the church banished all party feeling from the happy scene, — a visitant, unfortunately, but too frequent at meetings on the borders: for on this narrow spot the Catholic is most bigoted, as the Protestant is most intolerant, in the maintenance of the several dogmas of their creeds.

The grand procession approached. Under a canopy of purple velvet, borne by four chaplains, advanced the chief priest, bearing in his hand the holy-water staff, with which he sprinkled the assembled hosts of people, at the same time blessing them. The Catholics gratefully received the consecrated drops, crossing themselves upon their bended knees. A few rigorous Protestant Saxon borderers flung the water peevishly off as far as they were able, and I thought 'I could hear one or two murmurs, which were however quickly suppressed. Next to the chief priest was a young chaplain, slender in figure, which seemed to totter under the golden burthen of his priestly garments: his head drooped upon his bosom. The vows of the church, as it would seem, lay heavily upon the shoulders of the young man, who might be about two-and-twenty years of age. The diamond-adorned tabernacle quivered in his hands. The death of the vows which he had taken was proclaimed upon his melancholy countenance. One single glance at his eye convinced me of the hopelessness of his case. I shall never forget the look of supplication that escaped it as he turned his involuntary gaze to heaven, as if imploring peace, or pardon, or absolution. It struck me that I had seen the youth before,—that I had known and spoken with him. If so, the different currents of time had widely separated us from each other, and had driven all precise recollection of him from my mind.

The procession passed with song and jubilee, and the crowd flocked after. I saw before me the blazing perfumed tapers, and the small clouds of consecrated smoke curling to the smiling sky, which spread rejoicingly over the newly-foliaged mountains, and shone upon the freshness of the dashing mountain waters.

I followed the retinue to the church, in order to be present at the solemnity within the consecrated building. My companions I had lost: they, more eager than myself in the pursuit of enjoyment, had hurried forward with the pressure. Amongst unknown faces I met with little interruption in my progress, and without great difficulty I found an entrance through a narrow doorway into the sanctuary.

At either side of the high altar stood the young maidens with Magdalena at their head, supporting the banner with the Lamb and the Cross. She seemed to take no part and little interest in the high mass which was now beginning. Her eye was firmly fixed upon the hundred tapers which beneath a forest of odorous flowers flickered unsteadily, and as if strivingly, towards the darkly-vaulted roof of the church.

The choristers were to-day released from their duties, and in their place, the secular clergy and chaplains undertook the holy ceremonies. The chief priest performed the mass. Sacred song streamed harmoniously through the nave of the church, and upon its flood ecstatic devotion lay whisperingly. The Protestants themselves, subdued by the grandeur of the worship, bowed before the overpowering solemnity, and did not behold unmoved the brilliant tabernacle as it shone forth from the vapour of sacrificial clouds.

Amongst the chaplains, I remarked the youth of pallid and saddened countenance. His black hair, parted on the top of his head, lay firmly on his temples. Upon his breast was fastened the gold

embroidered coat of mail of the Holy State,—the garment of priestly humility,—the glittering winding-sheet of the man BURIED in holiness.

Whilst high mass was performing, the masses singing, and the hundred-voiced choir calling down heavenly peace upon the souls of the assembled thousands, my thoughts wandered away from the scene, and were busy in the temple of Time, which seemed to lie before me shattered and in ruins. The festival of Corpus Christi, the yearly symbolical laying in the grave of Christ crucified, assumed at the present time and place an unwholesome and discouraging aspect. Around me were thousands prostrate in enthusiastic devotion, yielding heart and soul to the doctrines which they accepted unquestioned from the lips of priests: and before me the priests themselves, with sallow countenances and firmly compressed lips, as if in steadfast prayer, upon which eyes, lustful with delight in the world, smiled as if in mockery. My thoughts wandered to the earliest days of Christianity, to the primitive founders of the Faith, and conclusions unfavourable to all that I beheld were rising in my mind, when I was disturbed from contemplation by a murmuring noise, that announced the termination of high mass. The overcrowded church, the many burning tapers, the warm summer weather induced a painful sultriness. The people crowded to the door more anxiously than they had ever entered it. Caught by the vortex, I suffered myself to be borne into the open air.

I lingered in the churchyard. There were many tombs there, ancient and modern, and I was mentally disposed to find a sad pleasure and entertainment amongst the monuments of departed life and human passion. Here I remained for a time, and quitting it at length in order to return to my inn, I passed the church-door, which was not yet closed. Whilst in the church, I had remarked from a distance the pictures above the altar, which appeared to be not without value as works of art. Before retiring from the place altogether, I determined to satisfy my curiosity respecting them. The firing of the guns from the hills recommenced; the roads across the fields and the heights were provided with small mortars, which now incessantly awoke the echoes of the valley.

• The earnest and faithful believers had dispersed—the procession of youths and maidens was at an end. The church itself was empty. The tapers were still burning; and one or two servants stole noiselessly about to restore the accustomed order. Clouds of incense still ascended to the arches, straining, as it seemed, to the free heaven, as had previously strained the sighs and wishes of those on whose account the incense had been offered up.

The sacristy was open. I perceived through the fissure of the door the chief priest in the act of laying aside the holy vesture of the mass. In a simple cope, he afterwards passed through a side-door towards his habitation. The shouts of the happy people without resounded in the church; and the report of the cannon caused the ancient windows to shake again.

• The paintings were not so valuable as I had deemed; indeed, a Crucifixion of Saint Peter, a bad copy as it would appear of the original of Rubens, rather disgraced than adorned the high altar.

One or two representations of the Madonna were by an able hand, and were fixed above the side altars. I met with nothing, however, that riveted my attention, or called forth admiration.

Whilst thus strolling from altar to altar, I thought once or twice that I could hear a slight whispering, intermixed at times with louder sobs. I stopped to listen; but all around me was as hushed as every church is generally when the holy enthusiasm of prayer has subsided. The sacristy had been locked up after the departure of the chief priest. The tapers again wore their cappings of tin—a warm wind floated about the windows—the blooming lilacs rustled—the sweet breath of a sunny day of earth penetrated the deserted and dim house of God, and hovered like a spirit there.

I had felt happier in the churchyard than I now felt within the quiet building. I believe that no man passes alone over the threshold of an empty church without a slight tendency to depression. I had no desire to protract my stay, and I should have departed, had I not become aware of a streak of light proceeding from a small chapel which seemed to invite approach. With a light soft step which none could hear, I advanced to the door, which was slightly ajar. I now heard, and most distinctly, the whisperings which had been muffled before. My hand grasped the silver ring of the door: it trembled, but pressed against the iron-bound planks. The door opened before I could prevent it, and disclosed to my astonished eyes a scene which, to a mind revelling in scandal and profanity, would have formed no bad foundation for malignant and unkind reports.

In the confessional, which was covered with red velvet, sat the young chaplain. Before him upon the stool of prayer knelt Magdalena! her arms firmly entwined about the neck of the unhappy priest. The white and ample folds of the maiden's dress fell from her warm shoulders, full of the warm blood of life, and the chaplain bent his dark and burning eyes over the trembling and Madonna-like figure, receiving the sins of the devoted creature in glowing kisses from her lips, and hoarding them up in his own too faithful and too faithless heart.

The priest rose affrighted when I entered. Rage and passion flushed in his face like fire against a wintry sky. Magdalena screamed with terror, and hid her shame in the soft velvet cushion of the confessional. The priest, however, recovered his self-possession. He drew himself up, fixed his eye upon me, and as collectedly as he might, he spoke to me.

"Who has dared," said he, "to interrupt the holy sacrament of confession." In spite of his struggle for equanimity, his voice betrayed vacillation between the consciousness of sinful excitement, and the necessity of immediate self-controul. "This maiden," the chaplain continued, "was about to receive the holy absolution. And what impetuous stranger takes upon himself to break in upon the sacrament, upon this holiest festival of our blessed church?"

The voice of the speaker failed him, and gave me an ascendancy. Nearer to him than I had ever been, I was at once satisfied that we had met—it might be years before—in the external world. I did not listen to his address, so much as tax my memory for aid.

Suddenly the Past returned to me. I remembered everything connected with him. We had been playfellows together; a hundred times he had joined me in sport, and in our national songs, and with me had wandered through bush and brake, near pond and rivulet. I gazed at the chaplain earnestly, and he, in his turn, recognised me. He pressed his alabaster hand to his eyes, deep sighs escaped him, and at length he burst into wild ungovernable tears. In the paroxysm of the moment he drew his Magdalena to his heart, and held her there with the giant's strength of invincible passion.

Having suffered his tears to exhaust themselves, I at last addressed him.

"You have become a priest, Emanuel," said I, stepping nearer to the confessional:

"I *was* Emanuel," replied the chaplain. "I am now the chaplain Olearius."

The pale man rose. "Come, heart of my life," said he, still holding the hand of Magdalena, "the auricular confession is at an end. There is another confession due."

Emanuel bade me follow him, and he quitted the small chapel, still bearing his precious and beloved burden. He led us through a narrow door, along dark narrow passages, in which I was obliged to grope my way, to the priest's habitation. Having reached his room, he locked the door, and drew the dark green curtains across the window. The whole proceeding had been so unexpected, so sudden, and so surprising, that it appeared to me like a dream. I once more sat opposite my ancient friend Emanuel, whom I had quitted as a boy, when both of us were full of hope for the future,—blessed in the present,—without remorse for the past. Now his pallid countenance and dismal brow expressed nothing but hope crushed, and life withered. And he was still a youth!

There were signs of comfort in the abode of the young chaplain: the conveniences of life were there in abundance, and not a few luxuries. Above the priest's writing-desk hung a picture covered with black crape. I strained my powers of vision in vain to discern the features which were hidden behind that veil of mourning.

Emanuel, or Father Olearius as he called himself, who since his entrance into the church had had but little intercourse with his fellow-man, grasped my hand, and broke a painful silence.

"It is strange," said Olearius, "very strange, that, after so long a separation, we should meet again at the festival of Corpus Christi. This day, so holy to the church, is to me the most terrible of the year, and of all days, I loathe it the most: oh! how difficult it is to be a priest and a man, and at the same time—holy. The body has too many exigencies opposed to the spiritual part of our twofold existence, if liberty is denied to nature!"

The chaplain stopped already. His heart sickened like that of a self-convicted criminal, and self-reproach checked his utterance; but he soon resumed:

"You look for a history of my life," he proceeded, "since we parted in days of sunshine and of promise, and I owe it to you and

to my calling, lest you should too hastily conclude that a hypocritical priesthood holds its secret orgies in monastery and church. It is not so wicked as the world imagines. Sins spring forth to the bright day from the bosom of life, consuming its holiest powers. No hour is free from them, no day so consecrated by altar and religion that it may not be desecrated by sinful lust. It will be so until the end of the world: but know that within convent-walls righteousness has spoken aloud for ages, and nature with her incorruptible judgment holds secret ordeal there. We are not worse than other men, but more unfortunate. To you the road is open. You may wander whithersoever you will. Light and freedom seem created for your enjoyment, whilst we are banished to the silence of the cell and to the solemn darkness of the sacristy. The haunting of early recollections comes like the vindictive consciousness of former misdeeds, poisoning our better judgment, and not unfrequently hindering the performance of our duties. You have found me, as you believe, in sinful intercourse, and I owe it therefore to my brethren to proclaim my vindication. Listen, not to my asseverations, but to a short history of my career. Listen, and then judge as humanity commands you :—

“It is with Catholic parents an ancient custom, to which time indeed has given almost the sanctity of law, to dedicate one of their children to the Church and to the Lord, if, having several, they have happily surmounted difficulty and danger. It is thus they seek to show their gratitude. Such a custom will not always allow them to have a proper regard to the disposition and capability of the child selected for the holy sacrifice. An infant is dedicated at his birth, or fate at a later period decides the choice; and in either case the parents act with a resignation bordering somewhat too closely upon apathy and want of feeling. In our family the latter expedient was had recourse to; and I recollect the gloomy day upon which, to the great joy of my parents, I drew the paper upon which *Priest* was written. There was a family feast in consequence, and all our relatives, even to the most distant,—took part in it. They paid homage to the boy, and flattered his youthful vanity. Every one called me ‘the little father,’ regarded me with a kind of veneration, looked upon me as a future man of high importance, and congratulated me on my good fortune.

“When the feast was over, these people thought no more of what had passed. I continued with my brothers and sisters such as I had previously been to them. I learnt afterwards that this singular drawing of lots had taken place on the festival of *Corpus Christi*. It had never formed part of the plans of my parents to design me for a monastery. I had often heard them say that monasteries, for the most part, were unfitted for the times. For this reason, I was simply consecrated to the church, which, in truth, possessed power enough to transform the poor boy, one day, even into a bishop.

“The appellation ‘little father’ became at last so universal amongst my acquaintance, that as far as I was concerned, its charm and value were lost. My future career gave me no anxiety, as it certainly gave rise to few scruples. I mingled in the pleasures of

the world, as each day offered them to me. Even at a later period, when the hour for separation approached, I maintained my carelessness, and was not alarmed by the proximity of the chasm which was shortly to divide for ever church from life. I entered the seminary. I made myself acquainted with the statutes of the church. I heard that its minister must renounce the joys of the married state, but no one told me that he must also strangle affection in his heart.

"Upon this rock the vessel foundered. I already loved, when the interdict, like the executioner of earthly bliss, struck with its axe upon my soul. It was at one of the festivals of Corpus Christi, too, that, assisting at the altar, I gazed for the first time upon Magdalena, blooming in sweet maidenhood. The festival of the laying in the grave of the body of our Lord was duly solemnised; but it was the hour of *my* spirit's resurrection, a spirit baptised in love and hope. The bloodless sacrifice of our Saviour was performed, and the day closed upon my earthly happiness. I had lived and loved.

"Magdalena was the image of my dreams;—she was, alas! more; she was the virgin to whom I prayed in my cell, and on the steps of the high altar I knew no saint but her. But my adoration was that of a lover who as yet feels not the tremendous power of the passion which he has admitted into the smallest corner of his heart. We loved like children; we lived upon the hope of meeting—in the joy of seeing each other. We were fed and nourished by sweet and stolen glances. Years intervened between our bliss and the time when love renders the beloved and the loving miserable.

"Thus situated, I made no complaint at my position; so long as the youth was allowed communication with the world, my relations with those beyond the church remained unaltered. Schools and tuition did not so afflict me that I became at all unhappy at my future prospects. But as, with deeper and more ardent love, the cruel interdict assumed a more severe and certain form, and the lonely house was assigned to me as the exclusive home of my being and acting,—as I gradually became more and more conscious of having grasped the lovely but evanescent creation of a dream,—then, then did I perceive with horror, that I had lost all that rendered life worthy the possession.

"You, and those to whom a religious creed, devised and ordered by nature, allows freedom of thought and action, cannot understand how full of misery and despair becomes the position of a Catholic youth who has received the first consecration, and is still torn by passionate desire. I was irrevocably devoted to the church before I discovered that my ideal love for Magdalena gave me no sufficient satisfaction; I was too conscientious and too strict to disregard the dress which I wore; to desecrate the oil with which I had been anointed. I loved in silence, loved in madness, and remained—a miserable wretch.

"And the heart of Magdalena clung as faithfully to me as mine had become a victim to her charms; I saw her, and knew she was unhappy. We met, we spoke. In order to speak again and often, it was arranged that she should come to me every week for confession. Yes, the confessional at which the sinner kneels, and leans his damp forehead in the agony of conscience, became our retreat for sweetest converse.

"We have never been disturbed in the happiness which could lead only to our destruction. No evil reports arose: it is not remarkable for Catholics to make frequent confession; it rather savours of holiness. Nevertheless there was frightful danger in these confessions, in which love passed judgment upon sins which would have been virtues, did not the law and churchly arbitrariness make slaves of liberty and reason.

"My brothers were constant visitors at the house of Magdalena's father. My elder brother, as the caprice of fortune would have it, paid court to Magdalena. A few weeks since she came to the confessional, and announced the horrible tidings to me. I listened as calmly as I could, and I decided as a priest who had the welfare of the church at heart—as one who could not sacrifice the virtue and the life of one he loved so well,—as one who looked to God for mercy and for pardon. I urged the gentle Magdalena to give her hand to my brother, and to become his bride. The church must satiate itself with its one victim.

"The festival of Corpus Christi, celebrated this day, has instructed me henceforth to bury nature in the tranquillity of faith. I have this day borne the sacrificed body of our Lord, and at that sacred moment I vowed to do my miserable duty. It shall be done. We have taken our leave for ever. I have paid the penalty of my parent's crime.

"Behold!" he continued, pointing to the veiled picture over the writing table, "there hangs my Magdalena, veiled in mourning. She will be unveiled to-morrow, and become my Virgin Mary!"

The chaplain finished. He rose from his seat, and begged to be left alone.

"I have confessed my sins to you," said he. "Ask me no more." He took the fated Magdalena by the hand, led us through dark passages back into the church, and there, leaning upon a confessional, followed us with his eyes until the crowd of passengers in the streets concealed us from his view.

I soon encountered my companions. The hour of noon was long since past, and the holy seal of the festival was beginning to give way beneath the warmth of worldly pleasure. The altars constructed in front of the houses remained, it is true, in their places; single processions, too, moved singing and praying through the streets: but such were little regarded, and attended by none except those who immediately took part in them. I confess that from this hour, the festival, which I had been previously willing to acknowledge as a pious consecration, and the poetical sanctity of which had always deeply impressed me, became my positive aversion. Think when I would of it, the image of Emanuel stepped like a warning spirit before me.

My countrymen took a different view of the proceedings. They pronounced the festival "awfully magnificent," although they could not themselves sympathise with such a mode of worshipping the Creator. The reasoning of one was very conclusive on the subject: "I do not know how it is," said he, "but the Bohemian religion makes one jolly, and one feels, with all their singing and buzzing, quite in the humour to dance. The Saxon, however, is the right

one : for it banishes all thoughts of joy and comfort, and brings people to a reasonable and proper state of melancholy" —

Reader! ponder on these artless words. Could a severer judgment be pronounced upon the errors of either faith?

To my surprise, Magdalena became, in a few weeks, the wife of Emanuel's brother; to my greater surprise, the chaplain himself pronounced the nuptial blessing, and absolved the beloved of his youth, both before and after the ceremony, in the confessional. The marriage of Magdalena, however, proved childless. She pined from the hour of her nuptials, and nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, upon the festival of *Corpus Christi*, they buried the corpse of Magdalena. The austerity of the chaplain had, in the meanwhile, elevated him to the rank of dean. It was the dean who performed mass for the dead. I am told that he had grown paler and sicklier-looking than ever, and that his countenance resembled the face rather of a dead than of a living man. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of the brilliant vesture which he wore at the mass with the deathly pallor of his features. He continued, nevertheless, to live. Prejudice and the familiarity with sacred things conquered the MAN, and made him acknowledge their sometimes-questioned power. I saw him again, and the prophecy of his childhood had been realised. He was a bishop: and I thought I could perceive in the solemnity of his mummy-like visage a secret and repulsive smile. I did not seek an interview with him, for I dreaded to perceive in my former friend an utter forgetfulness of that which had once so ardently possessed his being. And never again did I assist at the festival of *Corpus Christi*. The remembrance of one anniversary hung about me with a sadness not yet removed. I have never beheld a religious procession since, and not thought of the priest Emanuel and of the affliction of poor Magdalena.

WOMAN! It is thy mission to teach us here on earth what truth, and love, and constancy may be. Far different are the lessons which we learn from Man.

Gentle, retiring, faithful Magdalena! She wedded at the entreaty of her lover—and she died to justify the act!

A REGRET.

The shady chamber of the cowslip's bell,
 Fill'd with faint odour, folded round with light,
 Capping cool dew within its spotted cell,
 Is oft to thirsty fly a pleasant sight.

Pleasant thine eyes,—two brimming cups of fire,
 Temp'ered by down-dropt fringe with dewy shade,
 Timidly bright with tremulous desire —
 Ah! . . . not for thirsty me so pleasant made.

F. O. W.

THE PRAYER OF THE BEES FOR ALCIPHRON.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE was a spinner in the days of old,
 So proud, so bold,
 She thought it neither shame nor sin
 To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.
 The goddess won, and forc'd the crone to hide her
 Ugly old head, and shrink into a spider.

The bees were frighten'd, for they knew
 Within their prudent breasts that few
 Had so much skill as they ;
 And she who gave the olive might
 Be angry, if they show'd that light
 As pure and bright
 Could shine on mortals any other way.

So not a syllable said they of wax,
 But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax
 Be laid upon it by the Powers above.
 Another goddess, not less mighty
 Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,
 The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,
 And, when she came among the swarms,
 They said, " O thou whence love hath all its charms !
 Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.

 " 'Tis one whom we
 Are used to see
 Among our thyme and ivy flowers
 Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,
 Fonder of silence than of talk :
 Yet him we heard one morning say,
 ' Gardener ! do not sweep away
 The citron blossoms from the gravel walk :
 It might disturb or wound my bees ;
 So lay aside that besom, if you please.'

“ He for whose weal we supplicate is one
 Thou haply mayst remember, Alciphron.
 We know that Pallas has look'd down
 Sometimes on him without a frown,
 Yet must confess we're less afraid
 Of you than that Hymettian maid.
 Give him, O goddess, we implore,
 Not honey (we can that) but more:
 We are poor bees, and cannot tell
 If there be aught he loves as well ;
 But we do think we heard him say
 There is — and something in your way.

“ Our stories tell us, when your pretty child,
 Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,
 Vexed one of our great-aunts until she stung,
 Away he flew, and wrung,
 Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,
 You chided him, and took our part.
 May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust
 Into their eyes who say thou art unjust.”

A WORD TO YOUNG AUTHORS ON THEIR TRUE POSITION.

BY G. H. LEWES.

“ Si on annoncerait M. le duc de Montmorency et M. de Balzac dans un salon,” says Jules Janin, “on regarderait M. de Balzac.” This is a new feature in European society, and one of incalculable importance. The days are gone when an author was conceived to be a miserable wretch, living in a garret, with a broken teacup for his inkstand, and venal dedications for his livelihood. The days are gone when an author was obliged to overlook his high prerogative of soul, and to dance attendance on the insolent prerogative of birth. Gone, — for the pen weighs heavier in the social scale than even the feudal sword.

This is a great, a glorious fact : but it has also its ignoble side. From the day that it became possible for an author to earn by his pen an honourable livelihood, the *trade* of literature began : with the recognition of the aristocracy of intellect arose the swarm of literary *parvenus*. As Göthe sings :

Jung und Alte, gross und klein,
Grässliches Gelichter!
Niemand will ein Schuster segn,
Jedermann ein Dichter!

The evils resulting to literature from its being a trade, have been too often and too eloquently exposed to need a notice here. Frequent also has been the complaint that authors have been ruined by a sickly and contemptible craving for aristocratic distinction; that they have sacrificed God-given souls to the paltry vanity of "moving in the first circles." But this vanity has another illustration, still more pernicious than the parvenu spirit of authors, and that is, the parvenu spirit of lords: For authors to become parvenus of station is sad, and somewhat ludicrous; but for nobles to become parvenus of intelligence is far more noxious: in the former case it is the individual who suffers, in the latter it is literature. The haughty noble, proud of his blazonry, ridicules the pretension of the parvenu attempting to "elevate himself above his station," and justly ridicules it. But the haughty author may and should turn round, and ridicule the pretension of the parvenu lord attempting to elevate himself above *his* sphere of intelligence: degrading himself by abdicating a rightful throne for a baffled attempt at usurpation of a foreign one.

Let us be understood. We are not denying the advantages of birth—we are not swelling the vulgar cry against the aristocracy; but while recognising, we wish to distinguish. Birth is a quality; so is intelligence: but they are not the same qualities,—they are utterly distinct; and the pretension to either, when not warranted, must be equally ridiculous. The aristocracy of birth is not the figment certain democrats proclaim: it is a quality, not a convention. A hunter might as well be termed a hack: a well-bred hound a cur. By the purity of race no less than by their fortunes, the aristocracy preserve a social preponderance. They have better blood, more beautiful persons, more polished manners. Your nobleman remains such through every change of fortune:

*Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.*

Strip your banker lord of his wealth, and where is his nobility? In antique times birth was the ensign of command, the well born and the free born; all the rest were slaves. To be a slave was to be a *thing*, a progenitor of slaves; with no hope of manhood but in freedom, no hope of freedom but in the master's avarice. Birth then indeed was glorious. The brand of slavery was ineffacable, even by enfranchisement. In corrupt ages the slave might become wealthy—nay, the emperor of the world; but not even the majesty of the imperial purple could ever hide the original stigma; and a Diocletian, a Pertinax, a Probus, and a Vitellius, winced under the reproach.

A change has grown in society. Christianity, by its institutions no less than by its doctrines, abolished the distinction of master and slave. Slavery, which to the wisest and humanest of the ancients seemed a necessary condition of society, gave way before advancing

civilization. In the hands of the enfranchised slaves industry became a mighty power, and out of it grew up a people.

Yet, in those antique times, side by side with the haughty aristocracy of birth arose the haughty aristocracy of mind. Like its rival, this, too, was essentially oligarchical, tyrannical, and as scrupulous in keeping the profane vulgar from its circle. Philosophy was taught by the few to the few. To keep its secrets from the world, Egyptian priests invented hieroglyphics, symbolical instructions, and mysterious ceremonies. Mind was then the vicegerent of religion. Its office has since grown wider, and with the change its power has fallen, but fallen, like Antæus, to rise again the stronger. The supremacy of intelligence is gradually being acknowledged, because its true influence is being recognised. Formerly it was jealous, and used every art to keep its power in the hands of the few; it is now no longer a waxen taper, shining in a lonely cell, but a noonday sun that vivifies the world. The learned languages are no longer written. The living speech utters the living thought; and cheap literature conveys, through myriad channels, the spoken or written word to the poorest cottage. *Learning* no longer reigns supreme, but falls in due subordination to *knowledge*. The owl has become an eagle.

It is obvious to every one who for a moment contemplates society that the real preponderance lies in intelligence. "Le roi règne, et ne gouverne pas." To intelligence both rank and wealth must bend the knee—and do bend it. Intelligence is the great social power: not in the vulgar sense of having lackeys and gilt coaches, but in the only true sense — of directing the souls, and consequently the acts, of men. The proud Duc de St. Simon could say of Voltaire, "That is the son of my notary." Most true: yet was that notary's son the most potent man in France; more potent than the whole race of St. Simon. The house, the room, where that notary's son lived, the chair in which he sat, the desk at which he wrote, are of interest to all Europe; thousands of pilgrimages have been and will be made to Ferney; the libraries are full of "Lives," "Correspondences," and "Anecdotes" of this one man. Of my lord duke there is very little mention. Rousseau was the son of a watchmaker. D'Alembert was picked up in the streets. Burns whistled at the plough. Yet were these men not of the ἀριστοκρατία? Would they have been the greater for being titled, or for "moving in the first circles?" Oh! it is a pitiable sight to see the members of one aristocracy aping the blazonry of another. Either there is dignity in intellectual rank, or there is not: if there is, no other rank is necessary; if there is not, no factitious rank can give it, for dignity is a quality and not an accident. We say therefore to all authors, consent to be authors, and to lords, consent to be lords. Birth does not *exclude* genius; but neither does it *imply* genius. There have been a few noble authors. There have also been a great many noble penny-a-liners, wretched scribblers, on a level with the emptiest and foolishest. The former all the world should welcome with honest gratitude; the latter with honest indignation.

It is ridiculous enough to see people of wealth and consequence entering the lists of authorship, there to be rolled into the dust of the common highway. It is ridiculous enough to see the feverish vanity

of these trivial intellects attempting to instruct mankind. But it is sad to trace the pernicious influence of these ephemeral vanities. Literature is to some a holy mission; to others a trade. We may regret that the money-changers are permitted to take their stalls into the temple; we may deplore the influence of the mercantile spirit upon literature; but we can at least console ourselves with the fact that many hundreds gain an honest livelihood, and we can excuse much of what is hasty, crude, and "paste-and-scissors fecundity," by the impulsion of hunger and "so much per sheet." But that which is without excuse is, that men of wealth and consequence should swell the catalogue of trade authors! Look at the present state of literature, and see how much of its disease is owing to this one vice! Observe how little reverence is felt, how useless toil and preparation!

One of the rarest things now is, to see an earnest conscientious book—the careful and concentrated product of a large experience, conceived with passion, and executed with love. "Literary productions," it has been well said, "are seldom highly finished: they are got up to be read by many, and to be read at once. If the work sells for the day, the author's time and pains will be better laid out in writing a second than in improving the first." One of the most potent causes of this is in the unblushing acknowledgment of carelessness and crudity. It is a feature in modern literature that crudeness is avowed as if it were a merit. Instead of being ashamed to present his mis-shapen, undeveloped product to the serious world, the author seems to pique himself on his dashing off-hand carelessness, and christens his work "Sketches of Philosophy;" "Hints to Chemists;" or "Poetical Fragments." Is not this the acme of conceited incompetence? Can any thing betray a greater irreverence for literature than the deprecation of criticism which prefaces constantly put forth on the ground that the works are "hasty."

A man may write an imperfectly digested work which shall nevertheless be useful, and fit for publication: it is excused on the ground that, though ill-digested or ill-conceived as a whole, yet certain portions of it are elaborated, certain views important. The evil we complain of is, that hundreds never *attempt* a complete work, but publish their first loose thoughts, as if the world would deplore their loss. Who will devote his life to a history of philosophy, when a "Sketch" will gain as much money and more readers? Who will reside abroad, and deeply study a nation's life, manners, thoughts, and feelings, to reduce the result into a volume, when he can make two "more saleable volumes" of a "Six Weeks' Tour," or "One Month in France?" Thus we have the fearful list of crudities palmed upon the public, from "Rough Notes of a Rider," down to "Loose Thoughts—by a Lady."

It is in vain to declare that in doing this these writers adapt themselves to the tastes of the age. Who produced that taste? All the faults of readers are produced originally by authors. Men are naturally indolent, prefer royal roads to science, and agreeable sketches to works that demand patient thought. But men are also avid, curious; craving to satisfy their hungry intelligence, they will undergo any

trouble for it: this authors should take advantage of. It is the author's place to stimulate inquiry, not to prevent it; to make the reader think truly, not to give him the truth without exercising his thoughts; to make him work by stimulating and assisting, not by doing all the work for him.

If the unfinished works were christened Treatises, Histories, or Poems, they would be pompously misnamed; but in that case they would be ridiculed as pomposities, and this ridicule would check their publication. "Whereas, being acknowledged as imperfect, they are accepted as such, and good-natured critics recommend them as "light agreeable sketches." Here is the mischief. The man who crosses the Channel may amuse his family circle with his "impressions" of France; but he is worse than a coxcomb if he disseminate ignorance, prejudice, and ill-will to the public at large. Literature is meant for other purposes, one would think, than that of becoming a conversation, where every body may occupy your time and rob you of your money. People in general look upon bad books as harmless enough, or, at the worst, as trash which cannot outlive the morrow. This is a serious error. Not to dwell upon the effects on the national mind,—not to treat it as a question of art,—let us only speak of it as a matter of political economy. Every book that is published must affect the sale of every other of the same class, and considerably increase the publisher's outlay. If the book be trivial, therefore, it prevents its purchasers from buying some other better work, or prevents the graver work from being published. How notorious it is that any history or treatise of serious pretensions can scarcely find a publisher to take the mere risk of printing! The work is said to be "heavy;" but what makes it heavy? the lightness and emptiness of "general publications." The mind has become weak from want of exercise; flabby from want of that energy and attention which meets the author half way; of course it cannot bear the weight of thought! This comes of titled authors and authoresses aping a nobility to which they have no claim, and pouring forth volumes of ill-digested trash, and of those who, imitating the aristocracy in all things, imitate them also in this. The result is, to use Paul Louis Courier's sarcasm, "*à voir ce qui s'imprime tous les jours, on dirait que chacun se croit obligé de faire preuve d'ignorance.*"

It is very desirable that authors should distinctly feel the importance of their mission, and the means whereby it is to be fulfilled. It is also desirable that they should feel the dignity of their mission, and how far they derogate from it by following the vulgar in complaints of poverty and want of patronage.

The poverty of literary men is still a subject of profound misconception, because a superficial fact is taken as expressive of the whole. Pauperism is horrible at all times, and to all men. It does not, however, follow that poverty, wherein the strict necessities of life alone are attainable, should also be dreadful. A man's wealth is not counted by his possessions, but by his desires. After necessities are obtained, all the rest is arbitrary. "Le superflu," so wittily said by Voltaire to be "*chose si nécessaire,*" is only so to those who live more by their senses and vanities than by their intelligences. Those who draw their

greatest enjoyments from within can readily dispense with luxury : and poverty is the stimulus to endeavour.

Let the real question be understood. Money, it is obvious, is a means, and not an end. To what end is it the means? To the purchase of gratifications. Now, these vary with individuals : sometimes they are those of vanity, sometimes those of appetite ; but in all cases they are desired, as sweeteners of existence. In ordinary men there is little stimulus to live much in the intellectual world ; the brain is employed upon the daily interests, while all the abstract questions which fill the student with such exquisite delight, are to them tedious and uninteresting. It is natural that such men should deem wealth very precious. It gives them splendid mansions, brilliant equipages, rare viands, consideration from their equals, and importance with their inferiors. These are what they most desire, and these wealth can bestow.

But there are men moulded from another clay : fine spirits that are never "touched but to fine issues;" men to whom truth is full of majesty — beauty full of rapture. In them the world of ideas predominates over the world of sense ; the passion for abstract truth o'ercomes the petty interests and varieties of life ; the soul hungers for food suited to it, and this is not for money to bestow. Look upon the man of fashion, and then upon a German professor, and in the dirt and poverty of the latter, contrasted with the other's coxcombry and splendour, you have the whole matter symbolised. What cares the professor for his unsightly dress and uncombed locks? — no vanity of being well dressed ever disturbs his soul. What cares he for the black bread and thinnest soup on which he is to dine? — no gratification of his palate is worth disturbing the course of his meditations. He eats to live, and does not live to eat. The world of ideas alone has significance or charm for him. The pleasures he enjoys are real, perpetual, unpurchaseable. No reverse of fortune can make him bankrupt. He lives another form of life from that of the ordinary man ; another, but do not say unhappier, because *you* would be unhappy in it : to him it is the best !

Clergymen and men of letters — the priests and lay priests of society — have to suffer greater poverty than any other class of educated men ; yet we do not hear that they are the most miserable. By giving their intellects the supremacy,* they are better able to bear the wants which other men would shrink under. By giving themselves up heart and soul to their great calling, seeking their recompense in its enjoyments, instead of casting glances at the world and its temptations, they are rich, and rich enough.

We are not endeavouring to under-rate the importance every man attributes to wealth. He is a madman or a fool who would place all his happiness in money ; but no man in his senses would undervalue it. We only wish it to be understood, that wealth and poverty are relative terms ; and that the so-called poverty of authors is immensely over-rated, because, whatever may be the average amount of their incomes, this is no test of their wealth. Suppose a tradesman, working hard, realises four hundred a year. This is *all* he earns : it is money, and will procure money's worth. But suppose an author,

working equally hard, realises two hundred a year : this is not all he earns—not a tithe of it; for, independently of the pleasures of success and flattery, the mere delight he takes in his labour, the perpetual enjoyment of intellectual pleasures, must be also thrown into the scale. He has but half the merchant's income, and treble the merchant's wealth.

The author then should distinctly understand what are his aims, and what the rewards he strives for. If he wishes to use his profession as a stepping-stone to a carriage, he will have made a great mistake, and will suffer bitter heart-burnings. Poverty will be a load upon his spirit heavy enough to crush him into a sycophant. If, on the other hand, he places his happiness, not in carriages and drawing-room applause, but rather in complete development of himself—in endless activity—in intellectual delights; then we would say, Courage! the pilgrim's staff is humble, but the path is strewn with flowers; thou mayst be scorned, thou and thy calling, by the rabble at thy heels, but thy upright soul will be sustained by strong hopes, strong impulses, and perpetual joy.

There is another error in modern literature, and that is, the idolatry of success: not the approbation of the great, but the vulgar noise of money-getting popularity: success which is reckoned by the "number of copies sold." Success is a relative term. An author once recited before an Athenian audience, who, with one exception, all left the room wearied and contemptuous; that one exception was Plato, and his approbation was success. When an author prides himself upon the admiration he excites, and on the extensive sale of his works, we have a right to demand the quality of his admirers. It is well that authors should distinctly understand this, or they will fret over irremediable ills. A Laplace writes his "*Mécanique Céleste*:" this work, the admiration of all the great astronomers of Europe, has not yet reached a second edition, while some trashy "*Elements of Astronomy*" will rapidly run through a dozen editions. The one was a great work, but it addressed the few who could comprehend it; the other was a mercantile speculation, and addressed the many. Popularity, as Victor Hugo finely says, "*c'est la gloire en gros sous*." When a work is addressed to the feelings or prejudices of the mass, popularity is the truest sign of success. All men feel more or less alike, and therefore all works addressed to the feelings, if not successful with the mass, have failed in their aim. But directly the author addresses the cultivated or artistic mind, he risks his "sale of copies." Many unsuccessful authors are in this predicament: too clever to address exclusively the many, and yet not clever enough to interest the few, they shoot over the heads of the former, without hitting the latter.

There is a contradiction, however, not explained in the foregoing observations, and it is this: Wretched scribblers have attained a wide-spread popularity, and so have the greatest writers—the Shakespeares, Cervantes, Goethes, &c. It is here we see the difference between popularity and fame. Authors of the first-class address those who feel—the *populus*. Authors of the second class address those who think as well as those who feel. It would be difficult to

name a book more universally read and relished than the "Vicar of Wakefield:" the untutored child and the fastidious critic equally admire it, though they admire for very different reasons. The artist, who expresses truth of feeling, addresses mankind in general; but cultivated intellects demand stronger food, demand that this feeling shall be expressed with artistic delicacy and beauty, and that it shall gratify the intellect as well as the emotions. The same large audience which listens with reverence to the coarse rhapsodies and wretched reasonings of the demagogue, listens also with delight to "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."

In science or philosophy popularity is a sure test of superficiality. In art, the greatest writer embraces the largest circle of admirers: in knowledge, the smallest. Newton is not popular, though his fame be national; it is only the few who can read Laplace; Kant is unintelligible to all but advanced metaphysicians; and hundreds read Hume's Essays without suspecting their profundity. The popular writer on topics of science is popular, because he expresses the *average* mind of his nation: now the average mind is necessarily a small one. The man who is not before his age may be popular; but the original thinker shares the fate of Cassandra, "*non unquam credita Teucris*," however momentous the revelations. — To quote G \ddot{u} the once more:—

Schüler macht sich der Schwärmer gung, und rühret die Menge
Wenn der vernunftige Mann einzelne Liebende zählt.
Wunderthätige Bilder sind meist nur schlechtes Gemälde:
Werke des Geists und der Kunst sind für der Pöbel nicht da.

Let us at the same time warn all men against the cry of *neglected genius*. That genius which is neglected deserves to be so. If a man is so far in advance of his age as not to be recognised by the highest of his contemporaries, he must abide his time: but there never was such a man. Genius has hitherto found fit audience though few, and with that it must learn to be contented. In all times there have been men weak enough complacently to laurel their failure with the assumption of their being before their age; yet depend on it this age of ours is no laggard: it is not to be outstripped in the race by one of common thews and sinews. There is so vast an amount of intellect in action, that to keep up to its level is a task for no ordinary powers: to rise above it is the condition of few. We have seen many specimens of neglected genius: they were men so far from being *before* their age that they were not even *behind* it: they were in truth *beside* it. They were ill-conditioned men who could not swim with the stream—they wanted courage; nor against the stream—they wanted strength; but sat moaning on the river side, calling upon the world to admire how exquisitely they *were made for* swimming! But the world is too busy to concern itself with mere pretensions; it demands actions. Accordingly the moaners, having gathered around them a few idle or credulous admirers, at length plunge into the stream. After one splash they rise dizzy with the whirl of waters and their own incompetence: they sprawl and flounder till they reach the shore, and then proclaim aloud that great swimmers are never in their element

in river water: they want the roaring ocean!—The neglected genius is a man whose faculties are overpowered by conceit: whose progress is rendered impossible by the vastness of his pretensions.

Besides the cry of neglected genius, there is also that of the "miseries of genius."

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Most false doctrine! "There is not," says Burns, "in all the martyr-ologies that were ever penned so rueful a narrative as that of the lives of poets." Most unwise exaggeration! Genius is likened to a Nessus-poisoned shirt consuming the giant sufferer; when it should be called a holy lamp that lights the path before, and warms the heart within with a delicious glow.

Genius a fatal gift! Genius miserable! Oh miserable philosophy that could so construe it! Genius is the faculty of creation, of admiration, and of love. From the merest dross of earth it creates spirits of beauty which haunt the soul through life. It peoples the world with lovely forms, exalted thoughts, skyward aspirings, and everlasting joy. And because the sensibility, which is its condition, subjects it to petty annoyances—annoyances unfelt or not so keenly felt by others; because its enthusiasm carries it oftentimes from the path of prudence; because the punishment which follows upon error is not suspended, but falls as on any ordinary nature; because with the precious faculty of giving utterance to all its pains, it sometimes bursts forth into complaints, bitter irony, or wild despair; because we say these things are found accompanying genius, like the shadows of its glories, is it a fatal gift? The sun "kisses carrion," but is it not the sun?

For shame! ye coward and blaspheming souls who, bowing under a present affliction, have cursed your lives as if they were all affliction. For shame! ye poets who have carried within you an exhaustless mine of wealth, yet, knowing one day's poverty, have lifted up your voices to swell the universal cry of pauperism. For shame! ye rash-judging critics who have seized upon this cry, and exclaimed, Listen! such is the expression of a life.

We are mortal, and as such, erring and infirm. There are miseries awaiting us under every condition; errors beset every profession: suffering follows upon error. Shall we then drag from out the hospitals of the world all the squalid sick, and holding up their miseries to view, exclaim, Such is life!—forgetting all the health and strength, the beauty and enjoyment that surround us? Because poets have been poor, and have by poverty been driven to irregularities and sometimes to despair, and so wasted their lives in infamous debauchery or in squalid misery, is genius therefore a fatal gift? If so, then whence the outcasts of society—the disappointed men from other ranks of life? Whence the social miseries endured by those who have no claim to genius? Does the physician never starve? Is the barrister never briefless? Is the clergyman never without a living? Do these men never *complain*? Yes, they complain, but their voices are drowned in the multitude; and neither they nor the world attribute their misfortunes to their talents!

The events of an author's life become public, and are exaggerated by publicity. Suicide is committed daily, and statistics show how frightful is the amount of human life thus sacrificed to despair, which gains but little public attention. But when — as has happened, perhaps, half a dozen times — some disappointed Genius madly rushes from this world to steep his sorrows in eternity, then the sad news rings through every country, and, deplored on all sides, serves for ages as an example of the "fatal gift!" So, if a poet suffers the envy, hatred, and malice, and all the uncharitableness, which man heaps on the head of his brother, we have then a vehement protest against it in his works. He bares his bleeding wounds to public gaze, and bids the world observe the rewards his labours have received. And he is pitied. But do not others also suffer thus? Is there no lacerated self-love moaning in privacy, without the power of picturesque appeal? — an appeal, recollect, that is in itself an exquisite delight! Other men besides Lord Byron were deformed, ill taught, deceived — and suffered these things as keenly; but he could fuse the passion of defiance and the pathos of his sorrow into splendid verse, and so draw down the pity and admiration of all Europe. Nor was this all the consolation he received; with it he also received intense delight from the exercise of his poetical faculty: there was a rapture in thus sublimating his sorrows into monuments of beauty, to which few joys were comparable.

The errors and sufferings of a man of genius are brought into undue prominence, casting shadows on all the sunlight of his private joys. Whatever rouses him to defiance, whatever wrings from him complaint, the world is called upon to notice; but all that stirs his soul to rapture — all the intoxicating visions of beauty and of glory which exalt his mind — all the secret reveries (those coquetries of thought) which haunt him in his solitude — all the passion of aspiration and delight in creation — these the world can never know: these are locked in his own breast. Yet these are the staple of his life — these constitute the element in which he lives, and from which he is wrnched only by those occasional misfortunes over which he weeps so much. Those who know nothing of Genius but its worldly poverty and picturesque sorrows, may believe it miserable; but the man himself, who owns the precious gift, blasphemes when he abuses it.

Oh! who would lose

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through eternity? . . .

On looking back upon a life of ceaseless toil, the man of genius will see certain dark spots — only the more visible from the light of happiness surrounding them. He may trace the scars of falsehood and misunderstanding — of aspirations baffled and affections trifled with: but have these been the staple of his life? No: sweet toil; delicious reverie; bursts of rapture; perpetual activity; gratified sympathies; intoxicating flatteries; friendships formed with the long dead, and love earned from the living; visions, and hope which creates anew all visions as they fade — these have formed the staple of his life!

Clouds have overhung his heaven, and sometimes melted into tears ; but they have been scattered by the passing wind, and the sunshine has resumed its wonted glory.

If Genius has greater sensibility to pain, has it not also greater sensibility to pleasure ? Besides, the very mental activity is a perpetual pleasure. Is the hunting of a fox to be recognised as a delight, and not the hunting down an idea ? Has not the philosopher the same pleasure in intellectual activity, which the fox-hunter has in physical activity ? Has he not, at least, an equal triumph in success — an equal concentration of desires in the pursuit ? Tell the fox-hunter that he shall enjoy his favourite amusement in all seasons and at all hours — that his exercise shall be constant, and his success immense, and he will deem that the ideal of happiness. Yet this is nothing to a life of thought.

Mental activity, for its own sake, being a delight, what must be the rapture of creating forms of everlasting loveliness ? Who shall estimate the rapture which glowed in the mind of Shakspeare when he created Viola, Imogen, Perdita, or Juliet ? or of Göthe, when he drew Gretchen, Clärchen, Mignon, or Faust ? What could have been passing in the soul of Beethoven, when he conceived the unutterable tenderness and grace of his adagios ? Think of the visions he must have had before he could have written the Pastorale ? What thoughts must have oppressed him before they found utterance in his symphonies ! What images of death and gloom, terrible, mystical, sublime, must have been familiar to his soul before he wrote the *Marcia sulla morte d'un Eroe* ! What witcheries of grace and beauty are poured forth in the Septuor ! Surely such raptures would repay whole years of suffering !

Genius is the happiest, as it is the greatest of endowments. It has no immunity from the common sorrows of humanity ; but it has a glorious prerogative—it is enabled to turn all sorrows into beauty, and then brood delighted over them. The greatest poet has said that —

Sweet are the sorrows of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head ;

but it is only genius which can extract this jewel, converting it into an ornament and a lamp. Adversity is an outrage to the common man ; an experience to the thinker ; a source of pleasure to the Genius. The one revolts against, or else sinks under it ; the second grapples with it, and wrests some compensation from its pain ; the third transmutes it into beauty, and places it in the store-house of sweetly pensive memory ; and thus says Göthe : —

Spät viklent was früh erklang
Glück und Unglück wird Gesang.

EARLY DEATH.

SHE fled not with the summer bird,
 Nor droop'd with autumn leaves,
 Nor when the wintry blast is heard
 Through strippen boughs that grieves ;

But when with carols blithe and gay
 The nested groves resounded ;
 When from the stores of blooming May
 Perfumes her path surrounded ;

When Spring just smil'd her soft farewell,
 While from her parting breath
 Treasures and gifts profusely fell
 That whisper'd nought of death ;

Then was she gather'd — then the child
 Of fondest hopes and pray'rs,
 The friend of years, the pure, the mild,
 Fled from this World of Cares !

VIRGINIA.

THE MISSEL THRUSH.

OH how I love to listen to thy song,
 Sweet bird ! that, earliest of the choral throng,
 Pourest thy notes of gratitude and glee,
 Ere blooms a flow'ret forth or buds a tree ! —
 Ere yet is hush'd the wintry howling wind,
 Or twig of green thy little feet can find !
 So thankfully thy heart its love-song pours,
 For hope alone of warmer, happier hours,
 That I cry shame upon my thankless tears !
 Shame on the heart that calls up phantom fears !
 Mindless of all but of its present grief,
 Nor finding in Hope's whisperings relief.
 Oh then, I pray then, hover in my way,
 For I would emulate thy cheerful lay !

March.

VIRGINIA.

FROST FOR A FORTNIGHT.

' Now is the winter of our discontent."

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

"WAITER, coffee for two, immediately. I must retire early, Briggs, for I'm off to-morrow morning;" said Mr. Barnsley Birdseye, a fat, squabby, middle-aged gentleman, with a bees'-wax coloured face, and a pair of small, twinkling, grey eyes. "The train starts at twelve precisely—confounded early, ain't it—getting up in the middle of the night I never did like."

"Why don't you put it off till morning, then?" asked Tom Briggs, his intimate friend, a brother briefless barrister.

"Morning? I mean morning—twelve o'clock at noon: but then one must get up in the dark to shave, breakfast, and all that sort of thing—confounded early, eh?"

"Where are you going, then?" enquired Briggs.

"Coursing," said Birdseye.

"Coursing!—you! a man that was never out of London in his life except when he kept terms at Cambridge, to talk of going coursing! you never can mean it."

"Don't I though? 'Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs;' that's my motto. I am disgusted with having nothing to do. Sporting, like avarice, is a gentlemanly vice. So I went to Tattersall's a month ago, and bought a kennel of crack dogs, and am admitted a member of the Puddenwell Coursing Club; P. C. C. on our buttons."

"Which might, be interpreted, in your case, to mean—if you will only put a P for a C—*pour prendre congé* of your senses. What do you know about a greyhound? Can you feed him, and train him, and physic him, and all that? Where's your manor well stocked with hares, eh?" said Briggs.

"Club coursers never have manors," said Birdseye. "They don't want them. Some munificent preserver puts his hares at their disposal, and as for training, feeding, and physicing, I bought the fellow that has been used to that sort of thing with the dogs, and infernal cheap he was knocked down to me—only 50*l.* a year—20*l.* for every match I win, and two suits of livery, and a horse for his own riding."

"And where is your kennel?" asked Briggs.

"On Hampstead Heath—confounded comfortable and convenient," said Birdseye; "I ride there every day."

"Well, there's some sense in that; you have an object in view, and horse exercise is——"

"Horse exercise?—you don't suppose I go crawling about on a pig's-skin saddle? Not I—I take the omnibus—there is some bumping to be got out of that. Besides, I'm no rider, and hate being spilt," said Birdseye.

"Humph!" coughed Briggs. "How will you do when you get into the field—run on foot? You're rather inclined to be stout."

"Hang me if I am—my inclinations are all the other way; but I am confounded fat, and not fond of running. I mean to ride about in a post-chaise."

Briggs laughed at the notion. "I wonder you had not taken to shooting instead; it's quite as amusing, and not half so expensive."

"Hang the expense. Haven't I got an income? Ain't I a confounded he-spinster? Except my dinners and wines at this Club, and the rent of my chambers in Clement's Inn, what have I to be spending money upon? Shooting, indeed! every fool with forty pounds a-year can afford that. What expense is it? You can buy a brand new double percussion-gun, with case, cleaning rod, and all complete, warranted to last a month with care, for five pounds, and a pointer, stolen of course, and warranted to back, stand, and down charge, for a sovereign—and then look at the confounded labour—you must do the shooting yourself; now in coursing, the dogs do it all for you," said Birdseye.

"Then I suppose you mean to leave London, buy or hire a snug box on the downs, and set up country gentleman," said Briggs.

"No, hang me if I do; I hate the country. London is the only place for a man of sense to live in. I can stand a village for two days, if there's a pleasant party of London men in it, but not longer. That's why I joined the P. C. C.; only sixty miles by rail—two hours' work—meet at a snug inn, with a confounded good cook, and sit down to dinner with a select party of real gentlemen. The expense ensures that; subscription, 50*l.*; ditto for stakes, 100*l.*; and 5*l.* a-day for lodging and eating; I think that must make it confounded select, eh?"

"Then there's the kennel, and the trainer, and the keep of the dogs, and the dogs themselves, and the taxes, and other little matters, all *extras*, eh?" asked Briggs.

"Of course," said Birdseye, "and travelling, and all that: that makes it so confounded gentlemanly."

"And expensive," said Briggs; "but I wish you would drop that foolish custom of saying 'confounded' every five minutes."

"Hang me if I do. Where's the harm in it? It is so confounded expressive. Here, waiter! another cup of coffee; the last was confounded bad. You saw the effect of it then? The waiter could not doubt my meaning then, eh? But never mind that. I hate travelling and travelling alone. If you will go down to Puddenwell with me, and I'll frank you, and introduce you to all the club the moment I know them myself,—so come, say yes, like a good fellow."

"I cannot, if I felt inclined, which I do not, as I am no sportsman, and only know a greyhound from its having a long slim tail. I am engaged every night."

"Aye, I know; Miss Kitty Swallowly, eh? It will be a confounded

match — worse than a coursing match : you may double and twist and turn, but you'll be caught at last, and tied up, Tom — you will indeed ; better come with me, take a seat in my yellow, and see my dogs run."

Tom Briggs was firm, and said that "Much as he disliked marriage he hated the notion of seeing a great long dog running down a little timid hare much more."

"Well, good night, then, Tom. We meet here at dinner on Saturday, and you shall have a confounded description of all our fun."

So saying the friends parted, and sought their respective chambers.

CHAPTER II.

IN the morning Barnsley Birdseye was awakened, according to his own orders, at nine o'clock. He opened his eyes, called his servant a confounded fool, turned round in his bed, grunted, and went to sleep again. At ten o'clock ditto repeated. At eleven, his usual hour of rising, he awoke of his own accord, called his servant a confounded fool for not having insisted on his rising — could not shave for agitation — swallowed his breakfast so fast that he nearly choked himself, and set out for a cab.

When its arrival was announced, Birdseye had so many things to think about — boots, breeches, gloves, and whips, and a book to amuse him on the road, orders for his newspapers to be sent to him, and so on — which ought to have been done before ; that it wanted but fifteen minutes to twelve when he entered the cab without one half the things he wanted.

"Never mind — lots of time — drive fast, cabby, and earn an extra shilling. Go it a confounded pace. Paddington station."

Away went the cabman, taking the nearest cut ; but, as fate would have it, in a narrow street near to the Seven Dials he came to a lock ; was fairly jammed in between a dray and a mud-cart, the drivers of which refused to make way, until a policeman came up and insisted upon their removal. On — on — on, at a fearful pace, they rattled.

"He will do it yet — five minutes good. Go it, cabby," shouted Birdseye, full of excitement. "You are a confounded good driver."

The horse and his driver did all that man and horse could do. Despising the screams of old women and children, they dashed on, and arrived at the station just in time — to hear the whistle of the departing train.

"There's your confounded shilling ; you earnt it like a man. But what am I to do ?" said Birdseye.

"Another train at two, sir ; where are you for ?" civilly asked a porter.

"Downham station," said Birdseye.

"Don't stop there, sir. Going coursing, I presume. All the gents and dogs went by this train, sir. No other train stops there before the five down."

"That 'll do, I shall get down by seven. But what can I do to kill five confounded hours ? I'll go back again. Where's my cabman, eh ?"

"There he goes as hard as he can, just outside the gates, sir." He's got a capital horse," said the porter.

"Capital. What a pace we did come at! — a confounded pace! But where's my dressing-case, eh?" said Birdseye.

"You never gave *me* nothing but this carpet-bag, sir."

"I see it—he's off with it. Goodbye to my five-and-twenty pound silver-mounted dressing-case. But I won't be done so. Here, take my bag, and keep it till I come back. Call a cab; I'll chase him."

The porter did as he was ordered. Birdseye explained the matter to the new cabman, and away they went; but after a rapid gallop of half an hour, they gave up the chase in despair.

"Never mind. Drive me to my confounded Club — the Parthenon. I'll read the papers, and eat a chop."

Birdseye was hungry, for he had made a bad breakfast. He enjoyed a first chop so much, that he ordered a second. Just as it was placed on table, Tom Briggs came into the coffee-room.

"Ah, Barnsley, my dear fellow. Given up the meeting, eh? Quite right—it's going to be frosty—snows a little now," said Tom.

"Well, what does that matter? Make the ground harder for the dogs' feet. They'll be able to see the hares better in a confounded snow. I'm off by the five-o'clock train."

"I thought you were to start at twelve," said Briggs.

"So I was—got too late by two minutes; and I say, Tom, just see after my dressing case, will you?—advertise—five pounds reward—of no use to any one but the owner, you understand. It cost me five-and-twenty."

Tom Briggs undertook to try for its recovery, and having taken down the description of it in writing, asked his friend what he had done with his dogs.

"Hang me," said Birdseye, looking bewildered, "hang me, if even I thought about the confounded greyhounds; but they are all right—Slipsby's a capital fellow, and used to the sort of thing—he's at Pudenwell by this time."

Briggs was obliged to go away, he was engaged to go shopping with Kitty Swallowly. Birdseye, to pass away the time, had an extra half pint of house sherry, and a nap over the papers. Determined not to be behind again, he started for Paddington at three, and found that he had an hour and forty minutes to wait for the train's starting. How he got through the time he can't tell even now, but he believes he went to sleep over the fire.

"Now sir, got your ticket? first bell's a ringing," screamed a porter—not his friend of the morning, who was off duty.

"Hang me, if I have," said Birdseye, bolting out of the waiting-room; "here, a confounded first-class ticket to Downham station."

"Now, sir, look sharp,—this way if you please, mind the barrows."

"All right now," said Barnsby, wrapping his cloak about him, and trying to see his fellow-travellers' faces by the light of the lamp fixed in the roof of the carriage. He could just see enough to convince him that there was nobody there whom he knew, so he curled himself up in his corner, and went to sleep.

"Now, sir, Down—ham: here you are," said the guard; "any luggage, sir?"

"Yes; a red carpet bag, with a brass plate on it," said Birdseye.

"No passenger-luggage for Downham," said the conductor; "nothing to come out but two baskets of fish that ought to have come by the twelve down, and a barrel of oysters for sauce."

"All I can say is I gave it to a confounded porter at Paddington this morning, and it ought to be here," said Birdseye. "I insist upon every carriage being searched."

"Can't really, sir—we are one minute and fifteen seconds late now, and if we are not at Swindon when we are due, we shall all be fined. I'll send up for it by the next train. Go on!"

Whirr! whirr-r-r-h! went the whistle, and Mr. Barnsley Birdseye found himself on a platform, all alone: nay, there was a policeman near him, who politely showed him, at his request, to the Railway Tavern.

"Dreadful cold and snowy, sir. Frost set in for a fortnight, I think," said the policeman.

"Well, it really is confounded cold—I did not think of it before. I want to go to Puddenwell. How far is it from this?"

"They will tell you at the tavern, sir; good night."

Mr. Birdseye's London boots were wet through when he arrived at the tavern; he was glad to sit down and dry them before the fire. "Chaise and pair on to Puddenwell, and a cup of coffee, and an confounded round of toast while it is getting ready—how far, eh?"

"We haven't got no coffee in the house, and it's eleven miles and a half over the worst country in England, and all the chaises and horses are out," said the landlord; "all gone to Puddenwell; it's the great coursing meeting, you know."

"I do know it. I am a member of the Club; I must be there to-night."

"Well, the horses and chaises will soon be back—some of them. The last went away with a gentleman's servant and dogs, who expected their master was in the twelve down—but he warnt," said the landlord.

"Did you hear the name?" said Barnsley.

"Yes I did; let me see, it was something about bacey—Virginny?—no; Oronoko?—no; short-cut?—shag?—returns?—no—well——"

"Was it Birdseye?"

"That's it—Birdseye's the boy."

"And I am the man," said Barnsley. "Send out for some confounded coffee, if you have none in the house."

"And where am I to send to? We have not a shop within three miles of us. Try a little warm beer with a little gin and ginger in it; it is a fine thing to keep the cold out, and you will want something on the downs between this and Puddenwell."

Birdseye never tasted spirits, but he consented to the warmed ale and ginger, and found it very comforting.

"Here comes something," said the landlord, as the sound of wheels was heard. "You're in luck, sir; it's a Farminton shay with a pas-

senger for the eight-o'clock up. The boy will take you on, as he has only come five miles."

The postboy was sent for, and the promise of half a sovereign for himself induced him to undertake to convey Mr. Birdseye to Puddenwell.

"Wrap up well, sir; you'll find it mortal cold over the hills, and here, Jem, put the gentleman a little litter into the shay to keep his feet warm," said the landlord.

Away went Mr. Birdseye, his body smothered in his cloak and his feet in moist stable litter, which was more agreeable from its warmth than its perfume. The moon shone brightly, and although the roads were rough and the chaise not particularly easy, all went pretty well for the first five miles. They began to climb a long hill, and so steep was it that the horses were forced to stop now and then to recover their breath; Birdseye was tired of gazing out of window over the bleak downs, so he went to sleep in the corner. When he awoke, which he did from a violent jerk that nearly dislocated his neck, he found himself lying on his side and a window just above his head.

"Lie quite still," said a voice. "I'll soon let you out. Now then, sir, step on the wheel and jump."

Birdseye obeyed, and found himself up to his knees in snow. The chaise was lying on its side in a ditch.

"Where are we? What a confounded spot!"

"It is, sir—and I don't know where we are. We cannot be far from Puddenwell, however, so I will disengage the horses; you shall ride one and I the other, and we'll leave the shay where it is," said the postboy.

What was to be done? Barnsley Birdseye was afraid of riding on horseback, and so he told the boy, and said he would walk to the nearest farm, and stop there for the night.

"I only wish we could find one; but on these hills you may as well look for a needle as a farm, or even a barn. Cast your eyes round and see if you can see any thing but hills and snow, for I can't."

Birdseye looked—not a barn, not a tree, or even a bush was to be seen.

"Beautiful coursing country," said the boy.

"Confounded beautiful—but let us mount and get out of it," said Birdseye.

With the help of the boy he scrambled into the saddle and followed his leader. He was greatly alarmed, and felt very uncomfortable; his feelings were not improved by finding himself unwell too: he was sick and queer, which he attributed to the fresh ale he had taken. He trotted manfully on, however, and progressed rapidly and safely until his horse made a trip, and he was shot off over his head. The snow was a soft bed enough; he was not hurt, so he mounted again as soon as he had shaken the snow off his cloak.

"We are all right—I can see the tower of Puddenwell church—hurrah! get on, sir; I was afraid we must have slept on the downs."

The very notion of such a bed and such "snowy sheets" induced Birdseye to put his horse along. In about an hour's time, for they

had to wind round the hills, they entered the streets of Puddenwell, a little antiquated town, which, except at the period of the coursing meetings, never saw a stranger within it.

"Here we are, sir, thank the moon and stars!—it's worth a guinea, that it is, to come over those downs at night."

"And you shall have one, and a good supper, and a confounded bed to boot," said Mr. Birdseye.

"Thank you, sir; but I doubt if such a thing as a bed is to be had; I only hope you wrote down and ordered one for yourself;" said the boy. "This way, sir, the club-room is up stairs."

Birdseye was left to himself in the passage, and was surprised to see no one about, and the passage lamp nearly out. He looked at his watch, and found it was twelve o'clock at night. He shouted, and his shouts brought a waiter. He enquired for the club-room—said he was a member, and wanted a bed and his man Slipsby.

"Bless you, sir, the gentlemen members are all in bed long ago—the fires out, and we were just littering ourselves down for the night in the scullery! Every bed is engaged, servants' and all; but walk into the kitchen,—there's a fire there, and I'll call master."

"Do, my good fellow, bring the landlord and a cup of coffee, and a confounded toast and an egg or two;" said Birdseye, as he warmed himself before the kitchen fire.

The landlord came, and having asked the name of the new member told him that his man not having had a kennel engaged for him, as he expected to find, had taken the dogs over to a farm-house about five miles off—the nearest place of accommodation he could hear of.

"Well, never mind—let me have coffee and something to eat, and a bed——."

"The former you shall be served with in a few minutes, sir, but as to a bed we are full—the whole town is full—you ought to have written a fortnight before the meeting, and insured a room here or lodgings elsewhere—my servants are all obliged to sleep on straw in the scullery, or sit up, which they please;" said the landlord.

"I'll give a guinea for a bed—a confounded guinea," said Birdseye.

"That's the reg'lar charge, sir, at coursing meetings."

"Then I'll give two for an confounded bed—or three, if two won't do."

"That may be a temptation to others, but not to me, sir: here comes the waiter with the coffee and the ceteras; he shall go out and see what he can do in the town for you."

Before Mr. Birdseye had finished the coffee and the ceteras, the waiter returned to say that a baker a little below, for the consideration of the three guineas, would get up two hours before his time, (he "set the dough" at two,) and let the gentleman have his bed. The landlord supplied him with clean well-aired sheets, and about one o'clock, Mr. Birdseye congratulated himself on being in a confounded bed. He went off to sleep, having left orders with the waiter for Slipsby to attend him in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BIRDSEYE woke up of his own accord. He did not know where he was at first, and when he recollected that he was in a baker's bed in the town of Puddenwell, he thought it not improbable that the strangeness of the place had caused him to wake before his usual time, especially as Slipsby had not been in to call him according to orders. He looked at his watch. It stood at half-past three. He had forgotten to wind it up. "Never mind," said he, "I am very tired, I'll have another confounded nap."

How long he slept he knew not; but when he was awake again, he felt sure that the day must be far advanced. However, Slipsby had not arrived, so he turned on his other side and tried to sleep again, but he could not. He got up, partly dressed himself, and threw on his great coat as a wrapping gown. He undrew the curtains of a little latticed window, and looked into the street. Nothing was to be seen but snow, and one post-chaise going along at a slow pace, with two gentlemen smothered in coats and shawls inside of it.

He opened the window, and looked up and down the street, first to the right, then to the left; he did not see a living soul, but he did see the tower of a fine old church, and on its face the dial of a clock, the hands of which pointed to the hour of 1 p.m.

"Where's a confounded bell?" almost screamed the astonished and annoyed Birdseye.

He sought at the side of the bed, behind the bed, looked in each of the corners, and near the fireplace, but no signs of a bell were to be seen.

"Hulloh! hulloh! below there; I suppose bakers never indulge in bells; hulloh!"

"What is the row, and who are *you*?" said a boy with his face painted white as if about to play a ghost's part.

"Where's your confounded master?" said Birdseye.

"Confounded! I ain't got no confounded," replied the boy.

"Pooh! pooh! my good boy, I don't mean any harm—where is your master?"

"Gone out with the bread-cart."

"And where's your mistress?"

"We don't own one."

"Where's your confounded maid then?" shouted our poor friend, getting very cold and angry.

"We only possesses a chair-woman, and she's gone home to suckle the babby," said the boy.

"Hang the babby—I wish it was choked,—but look here, my lad—my good lad—just run to the inn——"

"Which on 'em? there's two."

"Hang me if I know the name of it, but it's where the confounded Club meets."

"We ain't no such Club of that name here—nothing but a Coursing Club," said the boy.

"That's it—run there and ask for my servant—Mr. Birdseye's

servant, Slipsby; and if he is not to be found, tell the landlord to send me a waiter, or a chambermaid, or a boots, or an ostler, or even a scullion-wench,—and order a barber, and I'll give you half-a-crown."

"That's worth arning so easy," said the boy, "and if you'll come down and mind shop while I go, I'll be back in no time."

"Mind a confounded shop! I? I'll be hanged if I do," said Birdseye.

"Then, I can't wag out. Master's orders is very strict, and I ain't going to be kurrupped when he comes home," said the boy.

"You won't be gone a moment—lock the door after you," said Birdseye.

"No—no—it won't do—a customer might come and find the door locked and go over to the opposition: you come and mind shop, and I'll arn that half-crown as you talked about."

"Oh, well! needs must when the——, eh?—here I am. Cut along—be quick," said Birdseye taking his place behind the counter and rather relishing the joke than not; but the boy had not been out of the door more than a minute when a little girl opened it, and coming up to the counter stared frightfully at seeing a fat dark man in a dark great-coat and without any neck-cloth, and seemed inclined to bolt.

"Well, my little dear, what is it?" said Barnsléy in as mild a tone, and in as insinuating a manner as he could, under the circumstances.

The child put one of her fingers into her mouth, and said, "Please, sir, mother wants a tuppenny buster."

"Of course—here take it, my dear," replied Birdseye, quite bewildered and handing her a half-gallon loaf.

"How remarkable big your busters is grown since yesterday!" said the child, laughing. "Now, please sir, mother wants a penn'orth of bees-wax and a soft-roed sojer."

Birdseye was fairly nonplussed and shammed deaf, in order to make the child repeat the wishes of its mamma. She did so distinctly, but he could make nothing of it until he bid her point out to him what it was she wanted. He then discovered that it was a piece of thin cheese, which certainly looked as hard as its nick-name, and a red herring.

How much of the cheese went for a penny he did not know, but he cut off about half a pound, to the child's great delight, and bid her pick her own herring out of a tub—for he could not think of handling it himself.

"Please, sir, mother will pay next time," said the child, as she left the shop grinning with delight.

"Oh, very well, my little dear, it's of no consequence," replied our fat friend, looking Anti-Poor-Law-Unionly.

Birdseye was rather amused at his first successful essay in trading, but hoped that his powers would not be further taxed. In this he was disappointed. The child spread such a report of the liberality displayed at the baker's shop that in less than five minutes it was filled with customers—all wanting articles upon credit.

"Hang me," said Birdseye to himself, "hang me if my landlord

must not drive a pretty brisk trade, but I wonder he trusts such a suspicious-looking lot. I won't sell any more till the boy returns, for I do not see any journal or day-book, or whatever they call it, to enter the debtors' names in."

When he announced his intention, the shop was speedily cleared, just as the boy returned with a waiter. Birdseye briefly explained what had passed, and was surprised to find that he had made himself responsible for the sum of twenty-one pence, as the child was the daughter of a good-for-nothing old woman who never^{*} paid if she could help it. He paid the money at once, and gave the boy the promised half-crown, for liberality was one of his weaknesses. .

"Step up stairs, waiter. My servant has not been over I presume?"

"No, sir."

"I am surprised at that."

"I am not, sir, for though we have not above a foot of snow down here, I dare say it is three or four feet deep on the hills."

"Just assist me to dress—get my boots cleaned, and all that sort of thing—be quick about it as I am anxious to join the Club," said Birdseye.

"Club, sir? Bless you, there is not one left to join. When they got up this morning and saw the state of the weather, they all started at once. The last chaise left about a quarter of an hour ago," said the waiter.

"Where are they all gone to?"

"Home, sir; they know that when a frost like this sets in there is no chance of any coursing, and as there is no other amusement to be had in the place they start off, and come back again when the weather is open."

"Well, never mind; I suppose I can get a bed at your house now, if I stop, and if not, I can get a chaise to Downham station?" said Birdseye enquiringly.

"Oh, certainly, sir, lots of beds *now*; but as to chaises, you must wait until some of them come back, if they can get back."

"Is my carpet-bag come to hand?"

"No, sir, no carpet-bag in the Lion."

"Why, I left it at Paddington, and they promised to send it by the next train."

"So they may have done, sir. It may be at Downham station, but unless you left orders with them there to send a special messenger with it, you won't see it until you go there and ask for it. We have nothing running there regularly," said the waiter.

"Well, never mind for a day; we will send after it if I make up my mind to stay—get me a fellow to shave me, and let me have breakfast ready as soon as my boots are cleaned."

"Jinks is gone his rounds, sir. As soon as he had shaved the Club he started, and won't be home until nightfall," said the waiter; "but if you can shave yourself, master will supply you with the needfuls; in short, sir, you had better go up to the Lion at once. You will have every thing more comfortable there than in these very humble lodgings."

Birdseye thought so too. He left word with the boy that his master should be sent up to him to receive his money on his return, and followed the waiter up to the Lion Inn.

After having made his toilet in a comfortable bedroom with a good fire in it, Birdseye was shown into the club-room, where an excellent breakfast was prepared for him; indeed, so good was it, that being exceedingly hungry, he thought he had never seen so good a breakfast in his life.

"Capital sausages, landlord."

"Yes, sir; the Squire's own making, he's famous for them, and always supplies the Club," replied the host.

"What magnificent black puddings!"

"Ain't they, sir? ain't to be equalled anywhere. The squire always provides them."

"Splendid, and hang me if I ever tasted such confounded spiced beef as this," said Birdseye.

"Taint to be got nowhere else. The Squire sees to it himself," said the host.

"He must be a first-rate man that, eh? landlord."

"He is, sir; one of the old school, keeps open house and is never so happy as when he sees his friends round him eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves."

"I should like to have made his acquaintance," said Birdseye.

"You may yet, sir, for if he hears you are here, he will rob me of a customer, and put you into snug and comfortable quarters," said the host.

"If you had only been up to breakfast you would have met him and several other gentlemen, but as you arrived late and your servant did not come, I would not allow you to be disturbed, especially as there was no chance of sport."

"Any chance of the post going?" asked Birdseye.

"I am afraid not, sir, at present; though, of course, it's uncertain. We lie high here, sir; I don't mean the town itself, but the country about us."

"Well, as I am here, I think I shall stay a day or two, and see how things turn out. By the bye, let a special messenger be sent to Downham station for my carpet bag, and another over to the farm, where my man Slipsby is with the dogs. Let me have a newspaper, and send a waiter to clear away."

"At what hour will you dine, sir, and what will you have for dinner?"

"Oh, about seven or half-past. I'll leave the dinner to you."

The landlord placed a paper, which one of the members had luckily left behind him, into the hands of Mr. Birdseye, and, having cleared away, left him to digest its contents. Having read it for some quarter of an hour, he winked and blinked, turned himself round on his sofa, and went fast asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT four o'clock Birdseye awoke. He felt cold ; and no wonder : his fire was nearly out. He rose and rang the bell. While the waiter was absent to fill the scuttle, he sidled to the window. He was annoyed to see that the snow was falling in large flakes too heavy to be tossed about, here, there, and every where, as they are wont to be. They came down flop, flop, flop ; one could *hear* them fall.

"This is very pleasant certainly. I wish I was in town again. I ought to have taken Tom Briggs's advice. But never mind. The faster it falls, the sooner it will cease. We shall have a fine confounded thaw to-morrow.

The waiter having made up the fire, retreated. Mr. Birdseye resumed his paper and his nap.

When he awoke again he found the table drawn up close to the fire, and wax-candles shedding a bright gleam on a very white table-cloth. The landlord entered, bearing a dish of stewed lampreys and a tureen of delicious mutton-broth.

"Confounded fine !" said Birdseye, as he tasted the broth.

"The Squire's receipt, sir ; must be good."

"The very best lampreys I ever partook of, and so early."

"Yes, sir, the Squire has friends in Worcestershire."

Away went tureen and lamprey-dish, and on came a beautiful roasted rump of beef and a boiled sirloin.

"This is reversing the usual routine," said Birdseye. "We generally salt and boil our rumps, and roast our sirloins."

"It's the Squire's plan, sir."

"And he is confoundedly right. I've dined — hang me if I have not *dined*."

"Not yet, sir. You must taste the Squire's pudding and his mince pies. A regular coursing pudding, sir ; full of good things and plenty of suet, and such mince-meat you never tasted before. A year old, sir ; lots of prunes and all manner of good things in it. None of your nasty aperient currants, and nothing else."

Could Birdseye refuse to taste the pudding and the pie after such a recommendation ? Not he.

"Confounded — by heaven ! I shall be surfeited if I eat any more. Let what will happen, I am resolved to make the man who invented those my intimate friend. Take away : I may truly say — I have *dined*."

"Not yet, sir ; you must try the Squire's cream cheese, and the real Sweatcombe water-cresses ; they are ——"

"But I shall be ill ; eh ?"

"Never, sir ; just try them."

"Splendid — confounded fine !" said Birdseye. "Now I *have* dined. Let me have a pint of sherry, and then a cup of coffee, and I shall require nothing else to-night."

"Sorry to say, sir, I have not a wine licence. You can have spirits of any kind ; but wine I dare not sell," said the landlord.

"But surely the Club drink wine ?" asked our fat friend.

"Oh, certainly, sir; champagne, claret, and all that sort of thing; but they have their own cellar, and I have not got the key of it," said the host."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Try a little of the Squire's punch, sir. Whiskey or gin made very weak, with a little lemon-peel——"

"I never drink spirits in any shape or form," said Birdseye.

"Never mind, try the Squire's mixture for once; for there is, as he says, not a headache in a gallon of it; it all goes into the——, that is, elsewhere—in the morning."

The landlord brought in a small jug of the liquid in spite of Mr. Birdseye's negative shake of the head. He put a glass of it into his guest's hand.

"Hang me!" said Birdseye, "this is confounded—confounded good, and no mistake about it."

"I thought you would like it, sir; every body does."

"Like it, eh? confoundedly!"

Mr. Birdseye finished his jug, hoped he might be able to have a personal introduction to the inventive Squire, and retired to bed, after having ascertained that the special messengers sent after his carpet bag and his man Slipsby had both returned without having been able to reach their destinations on account of the depth of the snow.

"Never mind," said our friend, "they'll turn up in the confounded morning."

CHAPTER V.

MORNING came, and with it a waiter to say that it had been snowing all night and freezing too.

"Never mind," said Birdseye, "let there be a good fire in the club-room; get me the same sort of breakfast I had yesterday, and the morning paper."

The waiter did not reply, but, having put his master's shaving things on the table, retreated.

Birdseye rose, shaved himself, looked anxiously at the colour of his shirt—his *only* shirt—collar, and rushed down stairs. "I say, landlord, how is this? Where are the sausages, and the hog's puddings, and ——"

"Sorry to say, sir, they are exhausted—eaten—gone. You had the last yesterday."

"But where is the morning paper?"

"The mail cannot travel, sir; all the roads are blocked up by the snow," said the landlord.

"What am I to do? I'll be off to town. Order me a post-chaise."

"I am sorry to say, sir, if the mail cart can't travel, nothing else can. We're blocked up, sir."

"What, am I to be shut up in this confounded town without even a paper, eh? Is there a library?"

"If you send to our clergyman he will lend you some books, sir, but we have no library."

"Well, send to him with my compliments, Mr. Barnsley Birdseye's compliments, and shall be glad of his company to dinner at *five*—mind *five*—to-day, and in the meanwhile should be glad if he could lend me a book or two."

The landlord went out to execute the order, and in a few minutes returned to say that the clergyman was very ill, and was sorry to say that he had nothing but works on divinity to offer as a loan to the polite gentleman at the inn.

"Never mind—never mind—I will jog on somehow. Is Slipsby, my man, arrived?"

"No chance of it I am afraid, sir; we're regularly blocked in by the snow," said the landlord, preparing to leave the room.

"Stop, stop, is there no confounded decent sort of man in the place that I can ask to dine with me?"

"No one, sir, I am sorry to say. Ours is a very poor place, and except little tradespeople and labourers we have nobody."

"Then you must dine with me yourself. I cannot go through a confounded day without books, newspapers, or company. Let us have a good dinner, and a repetition of that worthy squire's whiskey punch."

The landlord made a low bow, and put as good a dinner as he could on the table. He sat down to it with his guest, and made himself as agreeable as he could.

This lasted for five days amidst snow—snow—snow; our fat friend having got through one of the five by lying in bed whilst his linen was submitted to the action of soap and water. On the sixth the landlord announced—and a very unpleasant announcement it was—that nothing was left in his larder.

"Never mind," said Birdseye, "send to the butcher's for a confounded fine leg of Southdown mutton. I can put up with that."

"Ah! sir—he's regularly cleaned out—killed and sold every thing—the snow, sir, the snow."

"Hang me," said Birdseye, "what's to be done? Ham and eggs—bacon and eggs—any thing."

"Not an egg to be got, sir; and as ham and bacon, we're bankrupts—in the Gazette, sir."

Poor Birdseye having nothing else to do, and having the prospect of starvation before him unless he could survive on bread and cheese, he took to being ill.

It was a happy thought, for it put into his head to send for a medical man, and he wondered he had not thought of it before.

"I am dying, landlord,—I feel it,—but send for a doctor, and let me be killed in a legitimate manner. I do not wish to be sat upon."

"I'm sorry to say, sir, Spints, our apothecary, left Puddenwell just before the snow set in, and has not been back since."

"Then what am I to do?"

"I can't say, sir—take to your bed and water-gruel: we have plenty of Embden groats in the house, and as you have no change of linen here, have of sheets. I think it is the best plan I can recommend."

Birdseye took the advice given to him and took to his bed. At the end of a fortnight after his arrival—when he was reduced by

two stone and a half from his original weight—the landlrod of the Lion came in with joyful looks, to tell him that a rapid thaw had taken place during the night, and that they certainly would be able to course on the Monday following.

“Are the roads passable?” said Birdseye.

“Yes, sir; the mail-cart and the apothecary are arrived.”

“Then order out a confounded post-chaise for the Downham Station immediately. Let me have my bill.”

“The Secretary of the Club will furnish you with that, sir.”

“Curse the Club. Let me only once get fairly out of this place, and if ever I——. Tell the confounded post-boy I’ll give him a guinea if he takes me safely to Downham Station in time for the next up-train.”

“And your carpet-bag, and your servant, and your dogs?” said the landlord.

“I shall stop the former, and as to the latter, tell him to go up to Tattersalls as quick as he can with the greyhounds, for I shall have him and them knocked down together in one lot to the very first bidder.”

“And the Squire, sir, and the sausages, and the hog’s puddings, and the——”

“I’ll write to him for the recipes: but now, my dear Mr. Landlord, if you have a particle of feeling in your composition, get me out of this confounded town as soon as you can: I’ll stand godfather to your next boy if you will.”

There was no resisting this appeal. The chaise was brought to the door, and with a hop, skip, and a jump, poor Birdseye leapt into it. Away went the nags, and when they had cleared the town, he offered up a prayer as sincere as lips ever uttered, that he might never see it again. As the chaise wended its way slowly up a long hill, several carts and carriages passed him; he let down the front glass to ask his driver the meaning of such a sight.

“The dogs, sir, and all the gents going back to Puddenwell. The frost is broken up and they’ll course to-morrow. Shall I turn back?”

“Not for the world,” said Birdseye.

“Here comes the Squire, sir. It is all right, you may depend upon it.”

“Drive on,—drive on, or you will forfeit your confounded guinea,” said Birdseye, as he passed a fine, hale, handsome-looking man driving a powerful grey horse in a regular-built dog-cart.

He arrived safely at Downham Station, recovered his carpet-bag, and took his seat in the first up-train.

“Now,” said he, “for a confounded dinner at the Club with Tom Briggs, and to read up all the papers.”

He got safe to his Club, asked the waiter if his friend was going to dine, and was told he rather thought not, for that he had not been to the Club since his marriage with Miss Kitty Swallowly, which took place just before the FROST FOR A FORTNIGHT.

THE HERRING PIE.

It was a cold winter's evening: the rich banker Brounker had drawn his easy chair close into the corner of the stove, and sat smoking his long clay pipe with great complacency, while his intimate friend, Van Grote, employed in exactly the same manner, occupied the opposite corner. All was quiet in the house, for Brounker's wife and children were gone to a masked ball, and, secure from fear of interruption, the two friends indulged in a confidential conversation.

"I cannot think," said Van Grote, "why you should refuse your consent to the marriage. Berkenrode can give his daughter a good fortune, and you say that your son is desperately in love with her."

"I don't object to it," said Brounker. "It is my wife who will not hear of it."

"And what reason has she for refusing?"

• "One which I cannot tell you," said his friend, sinking his voice.

"Oh! a mystery.—Come, out with it. You know I have always been frank and open with you, even to giving you my opinion of your absurd jealousy of your wife."

"Jealous of my wife? nonsense! Have I not just sent her to a masked ball?"

"I don't wonder you boast of it. I should like to have seen you do as much when you were first married. To be sure, you had reason to look sharply after her, for she was the prettiest woman in Amsterdam. Unfortunately, she has taken such advantage of your love, that the grey mare has become the better horse, and you refuse an advantageous match for your son, to gratify her caprice."

"You are quite wrong, my good friend. I never allow any one to be master here but myself; and in the present instance I cannot blame Clotilda. The secret of her refusal lies in a herring pie."

"A herring pie!" exclaimed Van Grote.

"Yes, a herring pie. You may remember it was a favourite dainty of mine, and that my wife could not endure even the smell of it. Well, during the first years of my marriage, I must confess that I was a little—a very little—jealous of Clotilda. My situation obliged me to keep open house, and among the young sparks who visited us, none gave me so much uneasiness as the handsome Colonel Berkenrode. The reputation that he had already acquired for gallantry was enough to create alarm, and the marked attention he paid my wife convinced me it was well founded. What could I do? It was impossible to forbid him the house, for he had it in his power to deprive me of the government contracts; in other words, to ruin me. After pondering deeply on the subject, I decided on doing nothing, until the danger should become imminent; all that was necessary was to know how things really stood. Having just purchased this house, I caused a

secret closet to be made behind the stove here. It communicates with my private room, and from it I could overhear every thing that passed in this apartment without risk of being discovered. Thank God I have had no use for it for the last twenty years, and, indeed, I do not even know what has become of the key. Satisfied with this precaution, I did not hesitate to leave Clotilda when any of her admirers paid her a visit, though I promise you that some of the Colonel's gallant speeches made me wince."

"Upon my word," interrupted his friend, "you showed a most commendable patience. In your place I should have contented myself with forbidding my wife to receive his visits."

"There spoke the old bachelor. But as I did not want to drive her headlong into his arms, I went a different way to work. Day after day I was forced to listen to the insidious arguments of the seducer. My wife—I must own she made a stout defence—at one time tried ridicule, at another entreaty, to deter him from his pursuit of her. He began to lose hope in proportion as I gained it, till one day he bethought himself of threatening to blow out his brains if she would not show him some compassion. Moved at this proof of the strength of his passion, she burst into tears, and pleaded that she was not free—in short, she gave him to understand that I was the obstacle to his happiness. Berkenrode was too well skilled in the art of seduction not to see that he had gained a point. He raved, cursed me as the cause of his misery, and tried to obtain a promise from her in case she should become a widow. She stopped him peremptorily; but I never closed an eye that night, and Clotilda, though she did not know that I watched her, was as uneasy as myself. On the following day a circumstance occurred that increased her agitation. While at breakfast, a message came from the cook asking to see me alone. I desired him to come in (as I was not in the habit of interfering in domestic affairs) and communicate his business in my wife's presence. When the man entered he was as pale as a ghost, and scarcely seemed to know what he was about. At last he told me that he had received a packet containing a small bottle, three hundred guildens, and a note, in which he was requested to put the contents of the former into the first herring pie he should prepare for me. He was assured that he might do so without fear, as the contents of the bottle were quite harmless, and would give a delicious flavour to the pie. An additional reward was promised if he complied with the request and kept his own counsel. The honest fellow, who was much attached to me, said he was convinced there must be something wrong in the affair, and should not be happy till bottle and money were out of his hands. I poured a few drops of the liquid on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's lap-dog. It fell into convulsions, and died in a few minutes. The case was now plain; there had been an attempt to poison me. Never shall I forget Clotilda's pale face as she threw herself weeping into my arms—'Poison! A murderer!' she exclaimed; clasping me as if to shield me from danger; 'Merciful Heaven, protect us both!' I consoled her with the assurance that I was thankful to my unknown enemy, who was the means of showing me how much she loved me. That day Berkenrode came at the usual

hour; but in vain did I take my seat in my hiding-place, he was not admitted. I afterwards found that she had sent him a letter, threatening if ever he came again that her husband should be informed of all that had passed. He made many attempts to soften her resolution, but to no purpose, and a year afterwards he married. No acquaintance has ever existed between the families; and now you know why my wife refuses her consent to our son's marriage with Berkenrode's daughter."

"I cannot blame her," said Van Grote. "Who would have thought that Berkenrode, a soldier, and a man of honour, could have been capable of such a rascally deed?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Brounker; "and do you really think it was the general who sent the poison?"

"Why, who else?"

"Myself, to be sure! The whole was my own contrivance, and it cost me three hundred guildens in a present to my cook; but it was money well laid out, for I saved my wife, and got rid of her troublesome lap-dog at the same time."

"Do you know, Brounker, I think it was rather a shabby trick to leave Berkenrode under such an imputation; and now that your son's happiness depends on your wife's being undeceived ——"

"I am aware of all that, but to undeceive her now is not so easy as you think. How can I expect her to disbelieve a circumstance in which for the last twenty years she has put implicit faith."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Vrow Brounker. Her cheeks were flushed, and she saluted Van Grote rather stiffly.

"What! not at the ball, Clotilda?" asked her husband.

"No! I had a bad headache," she replied, "and Maurice has promised to take charge of his sisters. But I have come to tell you that I have been thinking over his marriage with Mina Berkenrode, and have altered my mind on that subject. In short, I shall withdraw my opposition to the match."

The friends looked at each other in astonishment.

"By the bye," she continued, "here is a key I found some time ago; I think it must belong to you."

"Well, Clotilda," said her husband, striving to hide his confusion as he took the key, "this is good news about the marriage ——"

"Suppose you and your friend celebrate it by a supper. There is a herring pie in the house, and you need not fear that it is poisoned."

She left the room. Brounker looked foolish, and Van Grote rubbed his hands as he exclaimed, "Caught in your own trap! He who digs a pit for his enemy shall fall into it himself."

"Nevertheless," replied Brounker, "I think I have got well out of mine."

REMINISCENCES OF TOULOUSE.

THE FLOWER FAIR. — CARNIVAL CUSTOMS. — THE STORY OF LAROLLES.

FEW, if any, of the larger French towns are less known to Englishmen and to foreigners in general, than the pleasant city of Toulouse. Situated at a considerable distance from the great lines of road between Paris and the frontier, it is rarely visited by strangers, unless when some stray invalid from Montpellier or Bagnères, or some Rambler in the Pyrenees, wanders out of his route to pass a day at what was formerly one of the most important cities in France. At various periods of French history, Toulouse has played a remarkable part, and the striking and frequently sanguinary scenes that have passed there have furnished abundant materials to writers of historical romance. Any political weight she may have boasted in turbulent and feudal days has long been lost, and her importance is now no greater than that of any other town, containing a population of ninety thousand souls, a large proportion of them wealthy and intelligent people, possessing a university, and a moderate share of inland commerce, and situated in one of the most fertile and smiling of French provinces. Celebrated for a considerable period as the abode of learning and the arts, she still strives hard to maintain her title of *la docte ville*. The public libraries are large and well stored, and there are annual prizes given for the best poems and paintings. Music also is much cultivated, and perhaps in no part of France does there exist more taste for that art.

The capital of Languedoc has long been a city of refuge for the royalist party in France. A large number of staunch adherents of the Bourbons, finding on their return from exile, in 1815, that their fidelity was likely to meet with little recompence at court, beyond a smile and a few fair words, retired to the provinces, and many of them came to Toulouse. The revolution of 1830 sent another reinforcement of legitimatists from the capital southwards. There is also a fair sprinkling of republicans, whose organs are one or two radical newspapers, through which, according to the fashion of that amiable party in France, they fulminate unlimited abuse of king and government, perfidious England, and tyrannical Russia—abuse which occasionally receives a check in the shape of a prosecution, fine, and imprisonment.

Toulouse may be considered the head quarters of French epicurism, or, we should rather say, the storehouse or granary whence the refined gastronomes and modern Luculli of Paris draw some of the most inestimable treasures known to the *bon-vivant* world. The poultry of Languedoc are the finest in France, game abundant, vegetables excellent, and in vast variety, melons, grapes, and all kinds of fruits, very fine, and of the most delicious flavour. Then the truffle, that *sine quâ*

non of the French *artiste en cuisine*; is plentiful as potatoes; Toulouse hams and *charcuterie* are renowned as those of Westphalia or Mayence, and, though last not least, it is in the department of the Garonne that the greatest perfection has been attained in the cruel art of fattening the livers of web-footed bipeds, until they become nearly as large as their whole bodies.

The country immediately around Toulouse is rather to be called pretty than picturesque. Of mountains there are none nearer than the Pyrenees, which may be seen rising some forty or fifty miles off, and forming a magnificent boundary to the horizon. There is, however, less than usual of that monotony commonly complained of in a flat country. Chateaux and country-houses are numerous, the peasants' cottages are surrounded by flower gardens, and embowered in vines, while the Garonne and its tributaries wind their silver streams through the most luxuriant corn fields and vineyards. No climate can be more delightful than that of this part of France. Winter is comparatively unknown there; a few slight frosts, tempered by a sun that sheds warmth even in January, being all that one usually experiences of that season. On the other hand, the summer usually lasts for five months of the twelve, the heat rarely too great to be agreeable, or at least bearable — very different from the African temperature of the neighbouring district of Provence, and tempered from time to time by refreshing storms and rains. If we add to the various advantages already enumerated, that of an opera, which in France deservedly ranks as one of the best out of Paris, we think we are justified in affirming Toulouse to be, as a residence, well worthy the attention of the numerous English who take up their abode upon the continent. As yet it is a terra incognita to our countrymen, and as recently as 1841 there were not twenty English residents in the place.

It would be worth the while of any person not particularly pressed for time, and who should be passing in the merry month of May within fifty miles of the capital of Languedoc, to go so much out of his way, were it only to witness the flower fair which takes place at Toulouse at that season of the year. It is no horticultural fête or brilliant flower-show; nothing of Chiswick or the Surrey Zoological about it; few plants designated by multisyllabic names, unpronounceable save by Scotch gardeners, few exotics, no peas as big as muskê balls, and a total absence of strawberries, of which two fill a pottle. All these attractions are lacking at the *foire aux fleurs* of Toulouse, which is nevertheless exceedingly to our taste, and must be, we are inclined to think, to the taste of all lovers of the picturesque and beautiful. The old street, known as the Rue du Taur, which extends for a quarter of a mile in nearly a straight line, assumes for the time the appearance of an avenue of flowers and verdure. The night before the fair, numbers of persons may be seen busied in erecting small stages and rows of planks, rising one above the other, upon which to place the plants. By two or three hours after daybreak the street is lined on either side, and the walls concealed, by a perfect mantle of flowers, which infringes in many instances upon the doors and windows, and scarcely leaves the needful allowance of light to the inhabitants. The quaint old buildings of the Rue du Taur upon the

stones of which may here and there be seen some carved device or time-worn blazon, overtop the flowering grove, which rises, however, in many instances to the first story, and seem to look down in astonishment at the beautiful array that contrasts so strangely with their grimy walls. The climate of Languedoc is particularly favourable to flowers, and the display on these occasions is magnificent, consisting not only of small plants, but of flowering bushes and trees, planted in tubs and boxes. Here is seen the pomegranate, with its blood-coloured blossoms, the rose, in every tint and variety, seringas, with their overpoweringly delicious odour, the lemon-scented verbenas, not scrubby little plants, twenty inches high, but noble fellows, rising five or six feet out of their solid wooden boxes, covered with blossoms like lilac feathers, and evidently considering themselves on a perfect equality with the orange and citron trees that are placed beside them, and that exhibit at one and the same time bud, flower, and fruit. Then the Floras who tend this temporary parterre are frequently by no means undeserving of notice; dark-eyed, black-haired damsels, glowing with health, and the ruddy hue of whose cheeks flushes through the coating of bronze with which the Languedocian sun has overlaid it; tight-bodiced wenches with short *jupons*, exhibiting neatly-turned ankles; broad-leafed straw hats, or handkerchiefs of brilliant colours, covering their heads. As the day advances the scene becomes more animated. Purchasers and loungers throng to the flower fair. All ranks and classes are to be seen there; and the fashionable dame, while purchasing the orange trees that are to shade her balcony, and exclude the summer heat from her silken boudoir, is elbowed by the poor but light-hearted grisette, cheapening the *pot de fleurs de dix sous*, which is to form the chief ornament of her humble attic. But let us pass on through this lane of blossoms, and arrive at the open *place* or square which terminates it. What a contrast is there! What a sudden passage from the beautiful and ornamental to the homely and useful! Scarcely are we out of scent of the heliotropes and geraniums, when our olfactories are assailed by odours of a very different description. We are in the middle of the *foire aux jambons*, which, for some inscrutable reason, is held at the same time as the flower fair, and behold! we are surrounded by several known and (to us) unknown parts of the pig. What mountains of hams and pyramids of pork, what sides of bacon, large as a dining-table, and strings of sausages, interminable in their longitude; what greasy fingers, keen knives, and equally keen buyers and sellers, are there to be seen! Truly there has been a mighty slaughtering of the unclean beast.

The countries in which the season of the carnival is celebrated with the greatest license and rejoicing, are usually those in which the ordinances of the Roman Catholic religion are most strictly observed. But although France has for many years past been daily becoming a less religious, or at any rate, a less bigotted country; although she has considerably abandoned the sackcloth and ashes, and entertains but a limited amount of respect for his holiness the Pope, she has not on that account abated much of her annual merrymakings. In few of the provincial towns is the carnival celebrated with greater glee

than at Toulouse. The public *redoutes*, as masked balls are called in the south of France, a gallicising of the Italian *ridotto*, are of great splendour and frequent occurrence; the private fêtes and parties innumerable; the consumption of racy wines and rich viands not to be calculated. Towards the close of the carnival the fun grows "fast and furious;" groups of masks parade the streets, and processions of various kinds take place. One of the latter is of a very peculiar nature. It is composed of fifty or sixty young men from certain parishes of the town, in various masquerading costumes, according to the fancy of the wearers, who mount on horseback and escort a huge car through the streets and suburbs. This car, which is drawn by eight horses, supports a sort of stage, raised about ten feet from the ground, and capable of containing twenty or thirty persons. Here is represented a court of justice, consisting of judges, counsellors, constables, witnesses, and prisoners. And woe betide the unfortunate individual who, during the preceding year, has rendered him or herself obnoxious to the Toulousains! The car stops before their houses, the tribunal sits in judgment upon them for the faults of which they have rendered themselves guilty, and amidst the shouts and laughter of the surrounding crowd, condemns them to some absurd and humiliating punishment. Intriguing wives, faithless husbands, scolds, coquettes, and sots, stand in special awe of the mock tribunal, which thus holds them up to the ridicule of their fellow-citizens. In some instances the offence itself, if of a burlesque or laughable nature, is represented upon the car previously to its being brought before the consideration of the court. Much harmless license, fun, and merriment, and usually great good humour, prevails upon these occasions.

It once happened, however, that the annual procession of the judges was applied by some of the actors to a graver purpose, and made the means of bringing to light a real crime. The circumstances under which this occurred are not without interest, and we will endeavour to relate them, as nearly as may be, in the terms in which they were told to us by an old inhabitant of Toulouse.

Towards the commencement of the present century, the Count Hector de Larolles, a Languedocian gentleman of ancient family, returned to Toulouse from the south of Italy, where he had been for some time resident, and took up his abode at his hotel in the Rue St. Marc. The count, who two years previously had left France as a widower, re-entered it as the husband of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a poor but honourable Neapolitan family. It was probably more her straitened circumstances, and the brilliant position offered her by a union with the count, than any very strong attachment to that nobleman, which had induced Donna Olivia to accept the hand of a man whose age tripled hers; and very shortly after their arrival at Toulouse, it became reported, among the more observant and scandal-loving portion of the society in which they mixed, that the count had already begun to taste the bitters of an ill-assorted union. His wife was affirmed to show him marked coldness and repugnance, and there were also some malicious persons who did not scruple to say that Monsieur de Larolles had cause for jealousy in

the attentions paid to the countess by an officer of the garrison, who was a frequent visitor at his house. This was a Swiss, from the Italian canton of Tesino, who had entered the French army at an early age, and was now a major in the service. His reputation was that of a soldier of fortune, brave as steel, but tolerably unscrupulous; his person was strikingly handsome, his age about thirty years. A friend of the count's, with whom Major Ruoli was intimate, had introduced him at the Hotel Larolles, where he had gradually become a constant visitor. For a long time his attentions to the countess, and the evident willingness with which she received them, escaped the notice of the unsuspicious count, who at last, however, had his attention directed to them by some more observant friend. A violent scene between Monsieur de Larolles and his wife was the consequence, and although the lady managed to exculpate herself to a certain extent, the result was that orders were given to the domestics not to admit Major Ruoli when he presented himself at the house. Ruoli called there repeatedly, but as, according to the statement of the porter, no one was ever at home, he at last seemed to take the hint as it was meant, and entirely ceased his visits.

This occurred towards the close of summer. About a month afterwards the Count de Larolles suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be obtained of him. He had left his hotel at dusk one evening, and had never returned. The countess had gone out to call upon a friend, and the count, on leaving the house, had not, as was sometimes his habit, mentioned to his valet de chambre where he was going. No one had observed what direction he had taken, nor had he been any where seen. Inquiry and search were alike in vain. The count was not to be found.

Madame de Larolles was apparently in despair at this sudden disappearance of her husband. Messengers were dispatched in every direction; friends, to whose houses he might possibly have betaken himself, were written to, pains and expense were lavished in order to discover him. For nearly two months the countess seemed to entertain hopes, and for nearly as long a time was the public interest kept alive concerning this singular and mysterious disappearance; but then the affair began to be thought less of, the countess seemed disheartened by the fruitlessness of her search, and relaxed its activity, or it should rather be said, nothing more remained to be done. The good people of Toulouse found something else to talk about, and before the new year arrived the occurrence seemed entirely forgotten.

The month of February commenced, and with it the Carnival, which passed with its customary gaiety and bustle. Towards its close there were, as usual, various processions and pageants, and at last came the closing day, the Mardi Gras, upon which the old mummer Carnival was to play his final gambols before yielding up the field to Dame Carême and her austerities. According to custom, the peregrinations of the judges drew together a mob which was kept continually on the grin by the farcical trials that took place in this peripatetic *lit de justice*, and by the comical verdicts rendered by the wigged and black-robed judges. Laughter, however, although said to fatten, does not keep off the attacks of hunger, and towards the close

of the afternoon, the car was turned into a court-yard, and judges, counsellors, and witnesses, repaired to a neighbouring hotel to refresh themselves. Of the crowd that had been following, one portion dispersed through the adjacent streets, and another lingered about in groups, waiting the re-appearance of the pageant that had afforded them so much amusement.

This re-appearance took place much sooner than was expected. Less than half an hour had elapsed since the car had entered the stable-yard, when the gates were again thrown open, the vehicle drove out and turned down a neighbouring street. There was a considerable change, however, in the manner in which it was occupied. The masked postilions were upon their horses, but no one appeared upon the car itself, which instead of being occupied by the tribunal, desks, and other apparatus of a court of justice, was now covered over by an ample green cloth, with the exception of one end, where a kind of small canvass tent or pavilion had been erected. The curiosity of the spectators was strongly stimulated by this unusual change, and they eagerly followed the vehicle as it proceeded through various streets and finally entered the spacious Rue St. Marc.

Although only in the middle of March, spring had fully set in at Toulouse; the trees were bursting into leaf, and the air was mild and balmy. As the car passed by, people leaned out of their open windows and gazed at the huge machine that lumbered along and seemed to shake the very ground under its wheels. On arriving near the middle of the Rue St. Marc, the postilions pulled up their horses opposite a house of stately appearance, along the ample façade of which ran long ranges of deep balconies, composed of iron work fancifully designed and richly gilt, and overshadowed by festooned awnings of striped linen. The tall-windows of the first floor were open, and from the opposite side of the street a glimpse might be obtained of the interior of a drawing-room, the inmates of which now approached the balcony, seemingly disposed to gratify their curiosity by a view of the car, at the same time that, to avoid the gaze of the throng, they kept themselves in some measure concealed behind the costly exotics that partially filled the balcony.

A minute or two elapsed without any change taking place in the appearance of the car. The crowd remained in mute expectation. Suddenly, however, by some invisible hand or machinery, the green covering was rolled aside, and a sort of mimic stage appeared, on which was represented a river and its bank. The water, skilfully imitated by painted paper or linen, seemed to flow tranquilly along, while the bank itself was covered with artificial turf and flowers and backed by a low hedge of shrubs and brushwood. This hedge, which was composed of pasteboard, arose suddenly out of the cart, in the manner that such things are frequently managed upon a theatre, and at the same time there appeared a small stone chapel, containing an image of the Virgin Mary, and surmounted by a cross. The effect of the whole representation was highly natural; and, to judge from the exclamations audible amongst the surrounding crowd, apparently recalled to their recollection some familiar scene. It was in fact a miniature but exact copy of a secluded and remarkably lovely spot on

the banks of the Garonne, and at the distance of a short half-league from Toulouse. This part of the river-side had once been a favourite resort of the towns-people, but a fatal and particularly savage duel, that had been fought there some years previously, and in memory of which the cross and chapel had been placed there, had attached unpleasant associations to it, and caused it, since that time, to be rather avoided than otherwise.

Scarcely had this scene been disclosed, when, from the small tent at one end of the cart, two actors appeared upon it. They were both masked, and one of them wore a blue military cloak and cap, while the other, a woman, was closely muffled in a dark silk cardinal, which nevertheless allowed the outline of a young and graceful figure to be distinguishable. At the slowest possible pace they walked along the bank of the simulated stream, apparently in earnest conversation, the female hanging familiarly on the arm of her companion, on whose face her eyes were rivetted. Before they had proceeded half the length of the truly Thespian stage on which they were exhibiting, they were followed out of the tent by a third figure, who approached them with stealthy step. This was a man whose hair was silvered and form slightly bowed by age, and on beholding whom a movement of surprise took place in the crowd, while the name "Count de Larolles!" passed from mouth to mouth. At the same time a half-stifled shriek was heard proceeding from the balcony of the magnificent hotel opposite to which the pageant was enacting.

The old man upon the cart arrived close to the figures of the officer and the lady, without their observing him. He seemed to listen for a moment; then fiercely grasped an arm of each. In the dumb show that ensued, it was evident that a violent discussion was going on between these three persons. The old man seemed much agitated, and was the most violent in his gesticulations. Once he grasped the officer by the collar, but the latter disengaged himself, and he then seemed to turn his anger upon the lady. Then, and as if moved to sudden anger by something the old man said, the officer seized him in his turn. There was a struggle, but the antagonists were too unequally matched for it to be a long one, and in a moment the grey-haired old man was hurled backwards into the river. The fictitious waters opened to receive him. Once only he arose, and seemed about to gain the bank, but the officer advanced closer to the water's edge, and, as the swimmer approached, drew his sword from under his cloak and dealt him a heavy blow upon the head. The next instant the old man disappeared, and the river flowed on, tranquil as before. The murderer and the lady gazed for an instant at the water, then at each other, and hurried off the stage. The postilions lashed their horses, and the car drove away at a smart pace. This time, however, none of the spectators followed it. The attention of all was rivetted on the house before which this scene had passed, and which was no other than the hotel Larolles.

On the balcony of that mansion a young and lovely woman now showed herself, uttering those thrilling and quick-repeated shrieks that, even in women, are only elicited by the most extreme agony of mind or body. She was attired in mourning garments, but of the most tasteful and coquettish materials and arrangement of which that de-

scription of apparel will admit, although her dress was now disordered by the violence with which she had pushed through the plants and thrown herself against the front of the balcony. Her beautiful features were convulsed and deadly pale, and she clutched the railing with both hands, while she struggled violently to extricate herself from the grasp of a very handsome man in a rich uniform, who strove by mingled force and entreaty to get her back into the house. The lady was the Countess de Larolles, the officer was Major Ruoli.

The broken sentences uttered, or rather screamed, by the Countess, who was apparently in a paroxysm of insanity, were distinctly audible to the persons in the street. She accused herself as the murderess of her husband, and Ruoli as her accomplice. The latter at last succeeded in dragging her into the room, of which the windows were immediately shut. It was only then that some of the crowd thought of following the moveable theatre upon which had been enacted the drama that had been followed by such an extraordinary scene of real life. Car and horses were found a short distance off, standing in a solitary corner behind a fragment of the old city wall; but the car was empty, and there was nobody with it. Even the postilions had disappeared.

That same evening Major Ruoli and the Countess de Larolles were arrested, by order of the authorities, on suspicion of the murder of the Count. The Countess was in a raging fever, unable to be moved, and for a long time her life was in danger; but on her recovery, she made a full avowal of the crime to which she had been an accessory. The truth of her confession, had there been any reason to doubt it, was confirmed by the discovery of the Count's body, which had floated down into a solitary nook of the river, several hundred yards below the spot where he had lost his life, and had remained concealed amongst rushes and alder trees. His features were unrecognisable, but his dress and various other particulars were abundant evidence to prove his identity. His skull was indented by the blow of Ruoli's sabre.

Finally, Ruoli was sent to the galleys, and the Countess sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. Fever and remorse, however, had played havoc with her constitution, and she died a few months afterwards.

Previously to the trial, which excited immense interest at the time, and of which we are informed that a curious account is to be found in the French papers of the year 1802 or 1803, every effort was made, but in vain, to discover the devisers and actors of the masquerade which had led to the detection of this crime. It appears that the car had been left in the stable-yard by the postilions while they went to dine, and that, when they returned, it had already disappeared; all that remained of it, being the chairs, table, and other apparatus of the judges, which had been thrown out upon the ground. An ostler had seen several persons busied about the car, but, from their being in masquerading attire, had concluded they were some of the party to whom it belonged. It was suspected, but could not be proved, that this man had been bribed to see as little as possible.

No plausible conjecture could be formed as to the motives of the person who had become acquainted with the commission of the

murder for not sooner, and in a more direct and open manner, bringing forward his evidence concerning it. Some supposed that having been a hidden eye-witness of the deed, he apprehended being himself liable to punishment for not having made an effort to prevent it; others supposed that he feared Major Ruoli, who was known to be violent and reckless; and a third conjecture was, that it was some person of indifferent character, who thought his unsupported testimony would not find credence when brought against people of rank and influence. Whatever the motives may have been, and although there were evidently at least five persons connected with the masquerade, the secret was well kept, and to this day the affair remains shrouded in mystery..

THE BELLE OF THE BURLINGTON ARCADE.

BY F. O. WARD.

"Detur pulcherrimæ."

It is partly, perhaps, the position of the Burlington Arcade, between my lodgings and my club, and partly also the sparkling attraction of its plate-glass and pretty faces, that determines my homeward footsteps almost daily through that brilliant avenue.

I find it very entertaining to study, as I pass along, the contents of the shop-windows on either side; filled as they are, for the most part, with those glittering inutilities that are supposed to add its finishing elegance to civilised existence. When I am in a merry humour, I stroll on with light foot and roving eye, well pleased with the blazing jewellery and piles of graven plate in the silversmith's window; with the waxen beauties of the hair-dresser next door; and the brilliant botany of the fair florist beyond; nor viewing with less satisfaction the toyman's crowded window—with its row of intensely wide-awake dolls, and, more attractive still, its populous Noah's ark, which sets the adult mind roaming at once over its own childhood and the world's—the equally romantic infancy of the Individual and the Species.

At other times, however, I pass through in a more cynical mood, and with less complacent eye; and then, alas! the vista's glories sadly shrink and dwindle; the silversmith's skin-deep magnificence turns out mere "best Sheffield plate;" the barber's pomatum and tortoiseshell show strong affinities, in aspect as in price, with lard and horn; the florist's lately glowing bouquets wither to crisped calico and tinsel; and even Noah's ark proves a dead take-in—with an impracticable window for the dove,—inconsonant fir-trees no taller than Noah himself,—the dog actually as big as the elephant! and fifty other outrages on the imagination, such as even the stupidest of the dolls

could hardly shut its eyes to. In such moments I note, too, with abhorrence, the barber's wigs, with their odious imitation of skin,—the luxuriant tresses of back hair,—and purchasable ringlets, ready fastened to combs, for implantation—and ah! one dreadful curl, bright with the very hue of that which Celia cut me off—both perhaps equally rootless! And how, thinking on Celia, can I view without a thrill the horrid revelations of the adjacent window—with its mysterious diagonal contrivances of woven horse-hair—its tapering crescents of inflated calico—and, worse than all, those sausage-like quadruple scrolls of wadding transversely piled below! . . . be such as these the bricks that build up Celia's beauty?

Wherefore, dear ladies, do you permit these 'reckless, unnecessary revelations? Can we be expected to admire so much those fascinating *tournures*, the dissected elements of which have been thus derisively exposed? or think you the low music of your rustling satin loses none of its charm in our ears, by this traitorous betrayal of the ugly scaffolding beneath? Suppress these shop-window museums, with their unseemly exposures and odious disenchantments. Grant us a comfortable ignorance. We have, indeed, a large faith in the beautiful—a longing aspiration after the true,—and the love in our hearts, though oftentimes cruelly baffled, is not yet extinct. Spare our fainting imagination any further trial. Let me forget the bladders that bear up Celia's flowing Cashmere; and the whalebone cage that holds her fluttering heart: let me toss her bright ringlet in the sunshine, and dance it against my cheek, without perpetual relapses into the poignant doubt, Is it authentic?

But it is only as a social physiologist that I allow myself to study these hideous dissections, and anatomical preparations, of the structure of civilized woman. I keep my lighter looks for more attractive windows: gazing wistfully on kerchiefs of impossible splendour; or earnestly debating the feasibility of dress-gloves at eighteen pence a pair. And sometimes, I confess, my venturesome glance penetrates between and beyond these superficial charms, to deeper beauties within. The fair young tenants of these little shops, I candidly avow, attract a large share of my attention and respectful sympathy. Their range of narrow cells, separated from the passengers only by a thin glass wall, which admits the public eye into every corner of the space within, reminds me of a menagerie; and the young girls, like birds of plumage in its cages, must endure the scrutiny of every spectator, however vulgar and pertinacious. It seems a tedious life too, sitting there for hours together, waiting, often vainly, for customers; obliged to attend with obsequious alacrity on all who come, however supercilious, troublesome, or unprofitable; and filling up every interval of this dreary occupation with the still more monotonous drudgery of the needle. Many of them are young and graceful. But they are all pale; and I seldom see them smile: indeed it is painful, passing daily, to see them stiff panned up, each on the very same stool, almost in the very same attitude; 'wearing away the bloom and freshness of life in that irksome captivity.'

But perhaps we, of Hood's, ought to leave this gloomy view of Arcadian life to the study of social reformers; and confine our bright-

lier regard to its more picturesque and attractive side. And certainly for such a purpose I should select a little shop (on the left-hand side as you come from Piccadilly) set out with remarkable taste, and kept by a very beautiful girl—decidedly the belle of the Arcade.

The window of this shop is filled with lace, embroidery, flowers, plumes, and bonnets; between which it is not easy to interfect a glance to the ruling beauty of the place. Sometimes spreading ostrich plumes, or clustered lilies of the valley will jealously intercept the rival paleness of her cheek;—sometimes your sequent gaze plunges, baffled, into the dark hollow of a bonnet—and you are lucky, through lace veils, and cloudlike muslins, to catch, for a moment, the dimmed outline of her face, and the massive sweep of her dark luxuriant hair.

It was, indeed, only by the fortunate sale of a cap two months ago, that I procured for the first time, a full view of her large and soft gray eyes: for my difficulties were increased by the necessity I felt under of keeping out of her view; in consequence of a certain displeasure that I found or fancied in the air, with which, whenever she caught me at gaze, she withdrew her eyes, and bent them again on her work. For this reason, I used generally to shoot my oblique glances from behind a jutting pilaster; and it was the same cause that created a certain shyness on my part—a doubt of the reception I should meet, which deterred me from entering to make some trivial purchase with a view to conversation and acquaintance. However, by the mere frequency of my passing, and the casual meeting of our eyes, a sort of acquaintance seemed to grow up between us. Her glance, if not less diffident, nor more permissive than before, seemed less directly forbidding: and though I continued to keep myself as much out of sight as ever, I ventured on longer peeps.

She was always busily engaged; indeed, I never once saw her idle. Sometimes she held in her hands smooth yellow rods of wood tipped with little balls of ivory, which she passed in out of a curious network in her lap, throwing coloured threads over and under the while, with surprising agility. I am afraid it will hardly be believed, but it is not the less true, that I have many times seen her continue these intricate evolutions, *with her eyes quite turned away*, governing the rapid threads, as it would seem, by the subtle perception of her finger-ends alone. Sometimes she worked, in a very similar way, with wires of shining steel, which flew between her hands like narrow lines of light, feeding with slender filaments the flowered meshes of a slowly-growing coil of lace. It was quite another sort of pleasure to observe her way of dealing with her lace when done: puckering it up, and taking in reefs all along one side; while the other scalloped edge fell into open flutes, each of which in succession she modelled and shaped on the round anvil of her inserted finger. But to see her darning a stocking was my chief delight after all,—to watch the blue needle gleaming in and out, like a snake creeping through snow; to see thread after thread thrown, like planks of a bridge, across the narrowing gap; while, now and then, the fingers within would be spread to try the fabric, and one of the five rosebud tips would peep suddenly out for a moment,—and then vanish, as suddenly withdrawn.

To a poor bachelor, "with no one to take care of his things" (as *Punch* feelingly expresses), the sight of a pretty girl darning brings half-wistful, half-pleasurable emotions; it sets him dreaming of linen drawers, nicely strown with lavender, instead of loose buttons; of a cheerful fireside, and paternal honours; and of a merry, tearful, intelligent, slightly superstitious, and bravely affectionate little wife—

• "A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food —" •

Well, well. — I hope it was not wrong to admire, unseen, the graceful arching of her downbent neck, as her clear eyes kept watch over her flying fingers; or the sidelong, bird-like glances with which from time to time, back-curving, she fastidiously surveyed her half accomplished work; changing this flower for that in coronal or bouquet; or bringing the cadence of a drooping plume into accordance with some ideal harmony of her mind. I hope there was no harm in repeating with my hidden smile behind the pillar, the smile with which, now and then, she greeted her sole companion — a little white angola cat that always sat demurely on the counter before her, watching with half-shut eyes the balls of coloured worsted jumping in her lap, and occasionally reproving some over-nimble dancer with a pat of her velvet paw. Prettily the young girl would bend towards her, with playfully-pouted lips, as if minded to kiss her; and prettily she would poke her with the knitting-needle to make her open her blue eyes, and to stir up her sleepy friendship. But the most ravishing thing of all was to see her in the early morning setting out her window, — her graceful figure revealed at full length, as she wound dexterously in and out amongst the flowers, now crouching to fill the vases below, — now raised on tiptoe, with white upcurved arms, perching her bonnets on the topmost pegs. But what fun it was, one morning, to see her knocking in some nails! How she poised her hammer, and bit her lip, and fixed her eye; and at last, when thoroughly satisfied with her aim, hit out violently — and missed every thing. And how she went at them again, nothing daunted; beginning with tenderer taps, and getting on by degrees to good, round, pugnacious, successful blows; so that in the course of an hour she had driven in a full dozen; and, panting, sat down to rest. It was an evidence of her loneliness, too (as I thought), which redoubled my interest for her, and made my inclination to go in almost irresistible. And yet there was an airy barrier in the open doorway, which seemed to shut me out: a consciousness that the outermost circle of acquaintanceship was the position assigned me by her reserve, which I could neither overcome nor disregard. I felt that to gain an unwilling reception, by pretending to buy flowers or lace, when my real object was to look at her, and learn her history, and compare hearts with her, would be taking an unfair advantage of her position; and I shrank from the unmannerly intrusion as much as if her shop had been a drawing-room.

One night a circumstance occurred which added the charm of a mystery to the other fascinations of this gray-eyed milliner. I was returning on foot from a party, and, as I passed the Piccadilly end of the Arcade, I observed the gate (usually locked at night)

to be standing ajar—some negligence doubtless of the porter's. Entering quietly beneath the archway, I saw a light in the little window over the fair milliner's shop; and, passing with noiseless step the grim beadle fast asleep in his chair, with his great brass truncheon leaning on his shoulder, I walked with beating heart to my accustomed place behind the pillar. As I approached I heard the sweet tones of a female voice mixed with the acidulous twangle of a guitar. The song was that touching one of Mrs. Norton's which bids us "Love not," and explains the reasons why; no longer a very new song, to be sure, but too full of simple beauty ever to grow old or be forgotten—and, at any rate, a great favourite of mine. The window was partly open, and I heard as plainly as if I had been in the room. The voice was rather weak, but had several sweet and vibrating notes; and at the words "The thing you love may change," I thought it seemed to tremble with emotion. Nor was I mistaken; for before the next couplet was finished the tones were interrupted; a pause ensued; and then a renewal of the strain; but the voice trembled again—broke down—and all was silent. As I stood, all ear, awaiting what might follow, I heard a heavy tread echoing up the Arcade, and, turning, saw the gleaming Beadle, slowly advancing towards me. He soon espied me; and, lifting up his voice in wrath, with wheezy objurgations drove me forth.

At twenty, I should have straightway fallen in love with this mysterious midnight songstress: her music would have found its way to my heart through the perforations made by her knitting-needle. But a seven years' apprenticeship to active life since then, has *realized* a good deal of my romance, and made me more frugal of my affections. I was intensely curious to learn a history, and to analyze a character; to fathom an eye, and probe a heart—*et voilà tout*. The interest I felt was not of a kind to put the fair milliner's discretion to any sort of proof.

Next morning, as I passed the shop, I noticed, for the first time, an article of masculine attire hanging in the window—an embroidered neckerchief, which, of course, I instantly conceived a great longing to possess. It was an article, too, which I felt I might *conscientiously* make the occasion of a visit;—taking my chance as to the sequel.

"Yes," said I, relaxing my pace as I passed the door, "this is a legitimate requirement, and no hollow pretext. This is a *bonâ fide* case in political economy; a genuine instance of Demand and Supply, with nothing sham about it. I am *A*, desiring to buy a cravat; she is *B*, willing to sell one. What can be more straightforward, single-minded, and strictly commercial?"

So saying, I turned back.

Human nature is strangely *double*. I had a latent consciousness all the while that it was really an hour's chat that I was after; and yet I entertained an equally definite conviction, as I approached the shop, that I was merely Demand paying a formal business-like visit to Supply.

When I was within a few yards of the door, I stopped, and cleared my throat,—and then, with hasty strides, and as it were at one plunge, went boldly in.

There we stood, Demand and Supply, face to face.

"How much is this?" said Demand, pointing to the kerchief.

"Fifteen shillings," said Supply, transferring the specified Commodity from the window to the counter.

Nothing could be more regular and scientific; not a sign of interest or even recognition on either side disturbed the economy of our position. Adam Smith might have looked down on us with a smile.

It was *my* next move. What was it that tempted me to stray from the guidance of the Commercial Phillidor? What sort of a greediness was this which the Wealth of Nations could not satisfy?

"Did you embroider it yourself?" I inquired, caressing the silk.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"It seems exceedingly cheap," I rejoined; "so many embroidered flowers for fifteen shillings." (Oh! Demand, Demand, what a bad move!)

"They were not worked for sale," she replied, "I make few things for gentlemen, and hardly know the prices."

[Now then, Demand, go in and win!—check-mate her! "She hardly knows the prices"—look sharp, and you'll get it for ten shillings—seven—five Alack! how much more inclined I felt to make it an even pound.]

"They were worked for a friend perhaps?" I rejoined, sounding the gray eyes with a deep-sea glance as I spoke.

The gray grew soft and humid.

"They were worked for my husband," she returned, with a sigh.

"I should like to know more of their history," said I.

I pointed at the Flowers as I spoke, but I confess I looked at the Eyes.

"I don't understand you," said she, naïvely. "What history can embroidery have?"

"The story of the embroidery is part of the story of the embroidery— which I would willingly ask if I might."

"I should have no reason for refusing to tell it you," she replied. "But mine is an old story, too painful and too common-place to interest a stranger."

"I am hardly a stranger . . . that is . . ." I stammered—

"You mean your passing so often?" she interposed. "I have seen you very frequently; and I, too, feel a sort of acquaintance with the faces that go by every day."

It was not flattering to be mixed in the mob of "faces that go by every day." But I consoled myself with the chance of learning her story; which very little pressing she consented to relate. Her language had a frankness and simplicity which are, I fear, as much lost in my transcription as the piquant touch of Irish brogue which lent it an additional charm.

"Seeing me a shop-woman here," she began, "you will perhaps, be surprised to hear that my father was a captain in the army, and that he left me his house in Dublin, and 700*L.* in the bank, at his death—which happened before I was born. I don't exactly know whether the money was entirely mine or between me and my mother; but we lived together very happily, leaving things of that sort to the

lawyer. Three years ago, when I was seventeen, a young wine-merchant who visited at my mother's house, paid his addresses to me. He was neither handsome nor clever; but he had a voice, both in speaking and singing, so exquisitely beautiful, that when I heard it I was completely fascinated; my heart filled with emotion; and I felt I could never love any one but only him.

"My mother set her face against my marrying him, for he had neither money nor prospects:—she was always reminding me of the insignificance of his stature, his mean features, and his dull apprehension. While she spoke I often hesitated: but his voice came afterwards, his beautiful musical voice, and I remembered nothing else but only love.

"One morning he met me walking alone; and he talked long and earnestly to me; I hardly minded the words that he said—it was the music I listened to most: so full of tremulous, passionate persuasion. It drew me and drew me, and I followed like one in a dream. He spoke of my mother's cruelty—of elopement—of a secret marriage—and alas! it all happened as he said. His sweet and deceitful voice calling me would have lured me over the brink of a precipice;—it *did* lure me to my ruin.

"My mother was exceedingly angry; but a week after our marriage she forgave me; and we came to live with her in the house. That very night, I awoke in the night, and found he was not by my side. I went down in alarm to seek for him, and met him on the kitchen stairs, coming up with a bottle of brandy in his hand. A horrible suspicion flashed through my mind—that I had married a drunkard! It soon turned out too true. Perhaps if I had not detected him that night, he might have still concealed and moderated his propensity: as it was, he gave himself up to it without limit or disguise; drove my mother, whom he hated, by insults from the house; and, before our honeymoon was over, had twice beaten me in his drunken fury, for refusing to bring him more liquor.

"At the end of seven months he had squandered the small patrimony I brought him, and we were beggars. His conduct then became, if possible, worse; he extorted money from my mother by covert threats of ill-usage to me, if it should be refused; and once when she *did* venture to deny him, he terribly kept his word:—but for his violence that dreadful night, I might now have possessed a child."

"But, good heavens!" I exclaimed, "why did you not separate at once from such a monster?"

"Because," she replied, "when he recovered from his drunken fits, he always implored my forgiveness in those tones of low music which I could not resist; and talked to me, and sang to me, till I wept and trembled with love—though I knew he would beat me perhaps the same night."

"But how could a mere Voice make you love such an execrable brute?" I cried.

"Alas! how can I tell?" she answered. "My love seemed to go by contraries. I never cared for him before our marriage half so much as I did after he had beaten and ruined me; and, of all his songs, it was when he sang 'Love not—love not,'—that I loved him the most."

The last night's mystery of music and tears was explained.

"Well, and what happened?" I said.

"One night he came home mad with wine, — beat me, kicked me, and at last turned me out into the street. It was pouring with rain. I ran to my mother's lodging, and she took me in. Next morning she applied to the magistrate; we were all summoned; and the day after appeared in court. My mother poured out a torrent of passionate complaint, which the magistrate at length checked, and called upon my husband for his defence. He rose up, and in his words of gentle music, declared to the magistrate that he loved me, and that I loved him; that we should be happy together but for my mother, who hated him, and bred quarrels between us. Then, oh! he painted in music the happiness we might enjoy; and as I stood trembling, with my heart full to overflowing, he suddenly turned to me and said, "Is it not true, Ellen, dearest Ellen, — do not you know that I love you, sweet Ellen, and do not you love me?"

"Alas! even while he spoke, I burst into tears, and fell into his arms."

"And how did the affair end?" I asked.

"I am almost ashamed to say. The magistrate instantly dismissed the case, and severely reprimanded my poor mother: — and then, still whispering his music into my ears, he carried me, unresisting, home."

"And your mother?"

"The people murmured against her; and she was very angry with me. But I told her that I could not help it, — and she kissed me, and cried, and forgave me."

"Afterwards?" said I, deeply interested,

"My husband grew worse and worse. All my money was gone, and more than half my mother's. At last she told me that if I would come and live with her she would keep me, but that to go on sending money for his extravagance would only bring us all to the streets. That night he turned me out of doors again. It rained hard; I ran again to my mother's house, and promised to stay with her as she had said. She cried for joy, and kept me in all the week, so that he got at me."

"Well?"

"On Sunday, of course, I went to church; and he came and waited at the church door. I did not see him as I came out; but, just after, I heard the whispers behind me — his beautiful whispers — "Ellen," he said, "dearest Ellen, I repent — I am very sorry; speak a little to me, Ellen — will you leave me all alone — all alone?" Oh, my heart filled in a moment. I followed the music — the low music — and again he carried me home in triumph; and the very next day treated me more cruelly than ever."

"And how long did this go on?"

"Till my mother's property was all spent, and the house sold, and all the furniture, and everything. Then, even his kind words ceased; there was no more music for me then, but only dreadful execrations and cruel blows. At last, to escape his persecutions, we fled, my

mother and I, to London; and with the little money she could collect we opened this shop."

"Is your mother, then, with you?" I asked.

"Alas!" she replied, "she is dead."

"And your husband?"

"He is still in Dublin, a pauper in — in ——"

"In the workhouse?"

"In a Lunatic Asylum," said she, shuddering.

"And you are left quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

I sat silent, looking at her with deep commiseration. Suddenly an anxious expression overspread her face, and she hastily resumed her work. In a few moments she laid it down again, and spread the embroidered kerchief before me. I took the hint, and directed my thoughts to business.

Feeling, however, that the completion of the purchase would be also the natural conclusion of the visit, which I was willing enough to prolong, I began to finger the fabric with the air of a connoisseur.

"I fear it is a flimsy texture," said I.

"As thick as a board, sir, I do assure you," she replied — "endless wear — and the price ruinously low."

What a change! The spell of months was broken; and the music-led dreamer had sunk, in a moment, into the retail shop-woman. There was the retail twang in her voice — the retail servility in her obsequious eye . . . Demand and Supply were themselves again! I was resolved, however, to play out my part; and, fidgeting with the frayed edge of the silk, returned to the attack.

"There is cotton in these ribs," said I, gravely.

"Not a grain, I do assure you," she replied, giving a professional tweak to the kerchief as she spoke, "every fibre is the richest silk. Besides," she added, quickly, as I drew forth a thick round thread of irrefragable cotton — "besides, sir, a *little* cotton improves the fabric."

I looked at her with astonishment; the gray eyes unflinchingly sustained my gaze. I passed the thread between my finger and thumb, striving with those accurate calipers to reduce my estimate of its thickness. But it would not do: there was not even an 'attenuating circumstance.'

"You audacious little cheat!" thought I to myself; drawing forth my purse. And yet how pretty she looked, as she wrapped it in rustling silver paper, tucking in neat and nimble corners —

"Any other article this morning?" —

Ugh! again that detestable twang!

I took up my five shillings, (what a triumph for Adam Smith!) and turned to quit the shop.

"When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed —"

thought I, looking at the muslin in the window. "I should have remained outside."

If, dear reader, you have a romantic, ideal, half-amorous, half-

Platonic attachment for some once-seen beauty — some unattainable coronetted *contessa*, for example, or bay-crowned poetess, be not hasty to "scatter the cloud." Dreamily enjoy "the desire of the moth for the star," and luxuriously prolong your

"devotion to something afar
From the sphere of your sorrow."

There are many perfumes that will not bear concentration; delicious only while dilute. I have known starry eyes, as well as stars, shine sweetliest through a cloud. The moth-like wings of love are oftener iced than burned: and not always do the bright mysteries of Elcuis survive the sudden tearing of the veil.*

I had already reached the door, when a sudden impulse prompted me to return.

"I have a question to ask you," said I, abruptly.

The gray eyes enlarged inquiringly.

"May I ask it?" said I.

"Certainly," said she.

"It is a question that will offend you."

"I am not very easily offended," she replied.

"Well, then — Why did you try to cheat me just now?"

"Sir!"

"Why did you try to cheat me?" I repeated, fixing my eyes on her intently.

The lids dropped for a moment; and then the clear gray shone at me again as steadily as ever. Could such a candid ray shine from deceitful orbs? I felt perplexed.

"How do you know I tried to cheat you?" she inquired.

"Because you said, first, that the silk had no cotton in it, — and afterwards that it had, and was improved by it."

"Did I? that was a slip."

"A slip!" I cried, resolved to try her to the very utmost. "Then you admit that you were willing to cheat me?"

"Is it cheating to pass off middling things as the best?" said she, "If so, I always cheat as much as I can."

"And pray," said I, puzzled more and more by the strange, cool candour of this explicit avowal, "how do you reconcile such a custom to your conscience?"

"Every one in the Arcade does the same," said she; "and if I did otherwise, I should not be able to pay my rent."

"But perhaps you never tried an honest plan?"

"Oh yes! I did at first," she answered. "For instance, I used to keep gloves, and when people asked for French, and I had only English, I used to say so; and they used often to go over the way, and I saw them served with gloves which I *knew* to be English, out of the opposite window. As for cotton," she added, "I lost pounds and pounds by confessing to cotton."

What between the Wealth of Nations, and the Whole Duty of Man, I own I was perplexed for a reply. It was necessary, however, to say something; so I took refuge in an apophthegm.

"Honesty is the best Policy in the Long Run" said I magisterially,

"and Integrity" I added (felicitously recollecting an old school-copy at the very nick of time), "secures the approval of Conscience."

Twelve lines of Round Text, rank and file, backed up my incisive delivery. I considered my position very strong; and kept a bold front to the enemy.

"Very true," she replied, "but the Long Run seldom comes round by quarter day; and unless your Landlord approves you, as well as your Conscience, what is to prevent your being turned into the street?"

My twelve ranks of Round Text retreated in confusion.

"I had a narrow escape the first quarter-day," she continued, following up her advantage; "for I scarcely made up two-thirds of the rent. If it had been a single pound less I should certainly have been turned out of doors. Next month I took the shoemaker's advice, next door, and altered my plan: and now, though I live poorly, still I *live*!"

I felt shamefully put to rout; but I gathered up my strength for one desperate onslaught—and invented a tremendous Copy on the spur of the moment.

"Hunger," said I, with an emphatic blow on the counter, "Hunger—ay, even Death, is preferable to Duplicity."

"For a young woman," she replied quietly, "turned out into the streets of a strange city, there are temptations more dangerous than Hunger, and worse than even Death."

I gave up the battle for lost; but still kept my face to the foe, and retreated skirmishing.

"But was it quite necessary to deceive a . . . that is . . . a . . . an acquaintance . . . a sort of friend?"

"To-morrow is the 25th of March—Quarter Day," she replied significantly. "And indeed," she added, while the anxious shade I had before observed passed again over her countenance, "I am very late with some work which *must* go in to-night, or I shall not get the money in time—and—and—"

I anticipated her meaning; and immediately bowing, bade her good morning, and withdrew.

Notwithstanding my defeat, I was glad I had turned back; for beneath the Shopkeeper I had once more seen the Woman.

"And what is this Arcade," thought I, walking homewards, "but a Microcosm of our trading community? a Working Model of that monstrous system which blanches so many cheeks, steals the bloom from so many young lives, and forces the terrible alternative of Dishonesty or Ruin on so many reluctant hearts? What is this pining girl but a unit in the countless legions that drag the Juggernaut Car of Trade, and fall crushed, by scores, beneath its wheels? And if so, what but a cruel mockery is this high-sounding 'Extension of Trade' which statesmen offer us as the sufficient panacea of our misery, and redress for all our wrongs? What is it but stone for bread, and the scorpion instead of an egg, thus to force on us 'extension' of the cause, in answer to our cry for alleviation of the already intolerable effects? Twice as much finery for me—twice as much toil for the jaded embroideress—twice as much gold for the wealthy merchant—twice as many rattling looms—

twice as many crowded towns—twice as many squalid cheeks—twice as many perverted hearts—oh! which of these doublings will double the sum of human happiness—or diminish, ever so little, our heavy totals of disease and misery? State doctors, lengthen your probe; search deeper our wounds; name a greater name than Adam Smith's; open a newer and nobler book than his; sacrifice no longer the WELL-BEING to the WEALTH of Nations; and learn from these tossed-up straws how sits the 'rushing mighty wind' which Western Europe is already beginning to feel—and which ere long shall 'fill the whole House where you sit.' Yes! Statesmen, ye——"

"Hallo, young man, I say! respect Authority, will yer?" said a plethoric wheezing voice——

Alack! as I mused with introverted vision, I had run full-butt against the Beadle!

THOMAS HOOD.

It is with a heavy and an aching heart that we darken these pages, that have so often reflected the brilliant wit of our beloved Editor, and the calmer lustre of his serious thoughts, with the sad tidings of his approaching Death; a Death long feared by his friends, long even distinctly foreseen, but not till now so rapidly approaching as to preclude *all* hope. His sufferings, which have lately undergone a terrible increase, have been, throughout, sustained with manly fortitude, and christian resignation. He is perfectly aware of his condition; and we have no longer any reason, nor any right, to speak ambiguously of a now too certain loss,—the loss of a GREAT WRITER; great, in the splendour of his copious imagery, in his rare faculty of terse incisive language, in his power and pregnancy of thought, and in his almost Shakspearian versatility of genius; great in the few, but noble works he leaves behind; greater still, perhaps, in those which he will carry unwritten to his early tomb. It is this indeed which principally afflicts him: the *Man* is content to die—he has taken leave of his friends, and forgiven his enemies (if any such he have), and "turned his face to the wall;" but the Poet still longs for a short reprieve, still

watches to snatch one last hour for his art; and will perhaps even yet, once more, floating towards the deep waters of eternity, pour out his soul in song.

In any case, this, the last number of his Magazine that he may live to see, shall not go forth without *some* impress of the Master's hand, — some parting rays of the Flame now flickering low in the socket. We have chosen for this purpose the beautiful conclusion of his "Ode to Melancholy," which those who know it will delight to read again, while for others it may help to solve the enigma of his many-sided genius, to account for the under-current of humour that often tintured his gravest productions, and to justify the latent touch of sadness that was apt to mingle in his most sportive sallies. Truly indeed, for the Poet's earnest heart,

"All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust ;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy !
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;
There's not a string attun'd to Mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy."

HOOD'S "ODE TO MELANCHOLY" (1827).

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

INTRODUCTION.

It is well known to those who have the opportunity of observing the actual condition and the opinions of various classes of society in this country that a dangerous notion is prevalent, among those especially where a misconception of the truth is most mischievous, that transportation to the penal colonies is not, as the law intends, a punishment, but rather a change of country to be desired, from the opportunity which it is supposed to afford for the rapid acquisition of large fortunes in many ways; and for the sake of the licentious liberty of action, which the wide wilderness holds forth the promise of, and which to restless minds presents so fascinating an attraction.

The publication, therefore, of the following narrative taken from the oral communication of the facts by the party principally concerned in the adventures to which they relate, may perhaps be useful at the present time in counteracting the pernicious tendency of the false ideas which prevail in respect to the penal arrangements of the Australian settlements; and the circulation of the history, inculcating the certain punishment and remorse which follow crime, may assist in repressing that morbid craving after notoriety which of late years has increased with such lamentable rapidity. With respect to the curious psychological phenomena developed by the peculiar condition of solitude to which the modern Cain, of which this history treats, was exposed, they cannot fail to interest deeply all those who think that

"The noblest study of mankind is Man."

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

It was on a fine spring morning in the month of September that a vessel was seen to thread her way through D'Entrecasteaux' channel, at the mouth of the River Derwent, on the southern side of Van Diemen's Land. The sky was clear and bright, its usual aspect in the early spring in those salubrious regions, and there was scarcely wind sufficient to fill the sails, so that the vessel was able to do little more than make headway against the tide, tantalising those on board with the sight of the land on either side, while the vessel remained provokingly stationary in mid-stream.

The passengers in the vessel, which was a small brig of not more than a hundred and twenty tons' burthen, were a gentleman, with his two daughters. Major Horton had resolved to mend his broken fortunes in a new world, where there was verge and scope enough for enterprise and exertion. It was the hardihood, perhaps, of his previous career as a military man, that had prompted him to dare in his humble bark, with a scanty crew, the dangers of the seas for a distance comprehending the half of the globe, and to approach fearlessly the coasts of a new country, of the points of which no seaman on board possessed any previous knowledge. His daughters were young girls of remarkable beauty, and with all the delicacy of appearance which, it might be supposed, would be impressed on them from a former life of ease and elegance, and from the habit of frequenting the high society in which they were born to move. They both partook of their father's adventurous spirit and of his courage, though their outward exhibition of those soldierly qualities was modified by their respective dispositions. Helen, the elder of the two, was tall and slight; strikingly handsome; of a mind bold and prompt to execute her resolves; full of ardour and enterprise; a fit heroine for a romance; fearless of danger, and confident in her own resources. Louisa, on the contrary, was mild and retiring; possessing almost the ideal perfection of that amiable softness of woman which poets love to fancy, and lovers fondly doat upon with affection the most abiding. Being only in her sixteenth year, and two years younger than her sister, the gentle Louisa had learned to look up to the more energetic Helen for advice and assistance on all matters relating to the difficulties to which their present course exposed them; and the love which the high-spirited Helen bore to the affectionate girl was increased by the feeling of the protection which her more masculine mind afforded to her less intrepid sister.

The only other passenger on board was a personage of a very different grade; and how he had come among them, and with what imaginable object he had set forth to brave an adventurous life in the Australian colonies, had more than once puzzled himself, as well as those with

whom he had become accidentally associated. This aspiring emigrant rejoiced in the name of Silliman, which singularly accorded with the character of the man; so that the name of Jeremiah Silliman seemed to have become attached to the individual by some mysterious process of elective attraction, exhibiting in his person an illustration of the harmonious principle of nature which ever strives to amalgamate together things congenial. This young gentleman had first seen the light, or rather the smoke, in Ironmonger Lane in the City; which fortunate circumstance, as he was sometimes inclined to boast, conferred on him by birth the rank and dignity of a citizen of London invested with various privileges and immunities, and with the inchoate right of exercising regal sway over that *imperium in imperio*; all of which advantages, however, he had sacrificed in his insatiable thirst of romantic adventures. Having already made frequent dangerous voyages to Putney, Richmond, and Gravesend, and on one occasion as far as Margate, he considered himself a finished sailor; and when he first appeared in a blue jacket and white trousers, and with an exceedingly diminutive round straw hat aboard the Nautilus before she set sail from the port of London, he quite imposed on the unsophisticated natures of the young ladies, who flattered themselves that they had the advantage of being accompanied by an accomplished mariner whose skill and daring would form a valuable addition to the small crew which had been engaged to navigate the vessel. It was true that the mate regarded him with an extraordinary and significant grimace when he appeared on deck at Gravesend in his sailor's rig; but it was not until the little vessel had reached the Downs that the false pretensions of the cockney were made manifest by his most urgent vociferations for the "steward." This little imperfection was overlooked, however, during the voyage, as he had immediately fallen in love with both the sisters, and as his services were found convenient by the ladies, in performing many little offices, which he did with inviolable goodnature, and with an intelligence, as Helen remarked to her sister, of a lap-dog who had been taught to fetch and carry.

The major, who had in his youth been a member of the yacht club, considered himself quite competent to take the general charge of the vessel, of which he was the owner, and over which he presided as captain, trusting to the mate, an excellent seaman, for the management of the vessel, and for assistance in its navigation. One boy for steward, and another as "the" boy, whose prescribed duty was to be perpetually in motion with an immense swab in his arms to sop up the water which the little vessel was continually taking in from the proximity of its deck to the surface of the water, and eight sailors, one of whom acted as the carpenter, formed the whole of the crew; but thus slenderly equipped the good little ship had arrived in safety over fifteen thousand miles of the ocean to the entrance of the channel which led to the promised land.

There was just sufficient wind to fill the sails and enable the vessel to stem the rapid current of the channel. The mate examined the chart; scrutinised the shore; heaved the lead; sounded the bottom; looked over the side, and took a sight at an object on land to ascer-

tain if they made any the least progress. But the vessel seemed rivetted to the spot, and presented the appearance of active motion without making the slightest advance.

"We shall have to anchor at last," said he to the major, who, with his daughters and the assiduous Mr. Silliman, were assembled on the deck surveying the new country of their adoption with eager interest; "there is seldom much wind, Horsman says, in the winter season in these parts,—except when it comes in squalls and gales—and what there is seems to be dying away. We had better hold our ground, and wait for the turn of the tide."

"We do hold our ground for the present," observed the major; "how far are we from the shore to the left here?"

"Larboard;—why, I should say about a couple of miles, not more."

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Silliman, who, on nautical matters, considered himself an authority in virtue of his sailor's jacket and trousers, and supported in his assumptions by his little round hat which had grown excessively tarry during the voyage, "it is my opinion that we had better send the boat on shore and examine the country; we may perhaps make some discoveries, or meet with some of the natives, or something. How I wish I could see a kangaroo!"

"I can see some smoke," said Helen, who was looking through the ship's glass, obsequiously held by Mr. Silliman, "just under that low hill yonder."

"Some of the natives, perhaps," said her father; "there are no settlers, I understand, so low down as this. I see;—I can see a curl of smoke quite plainly; but now it grows less; and now I can see no more of it. It seems to have been extinguished suddenly."

"We are making lee-way now," said the mate, "that's certain; the wind has quite gone down, and the sails stick to the masts. Shall we let go the anchor?"

"You know best, Mr. Northland; it is very annoying not to be able to get up before dark; but I suppose there's no danger in these parts; we are quite out of the way of pirates; and the natives don't know the use of boats, the books say."

"Pirates and natives, major; no fear of them; I wish there was nothing else to fear in this channel; you see it is very intricate, full of shoals and headlands; and if it was to come on to blow, it might be an awkward matter, weakly manned as we are."

Presently the grating of the cable against the davits informed all on board of the resolution that had been formed, and in a brief space the little vessel lay quietly at anchor in the stream.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLOT.

THE detention of the vessel, which gave rise to so much mortification on board, excited very different feelings in the minds of a party who were watching their proceedings from the land.

This party consisted of seven men; of whom six were clothed in the ordinary dress of convicts in suits of yellow; but the seventh appeared in the ordinary garb of a gentleman, or rather of a merchant or storekeeper; for there were too few idle gentlemen in those times to allow of the latter distinctive appellation. They sat round the remains of a fire which had been hastily kindled and as hastily extinguished, as if in fear that the smoke from the burning wood might betray their resting-place. The cause of their appearance in a spot so remote from the dwellings of the colonists may be best collected from the following conversation:—

“I wish we had some grub,” said one of the yellow jackets; “it’s poor fun being in the bush without any thing to eat; suppose we go aboard that brig and ask for some provisions? we can say we are shipwrecked seamen.”

“And get grabbed and strung up,” interposed another; “as if they would be taken in with that gammon! Haven’t we got our canary-bird feathers on us, and won’t that let ’em know what we are?”

“Curse on this livery!” said a third; “it doesn’t give a man a chance. If one does give the overseer the slip, these confounded rags that brand a man wherever he goes, betray us. I wish I could go about like a native, without clothes. By the bye, they say there are lots of natives down this way. What shall we do if we fall in with them? We have not so much as a pistol among us.”

“We must use our clubs; one white man is enough for half a dozen natives, any time.”

“But their spears, man? Why, they will riddle you through in no time! What can you do against long shots? And then, as to trying to come to close quarters, why, you might as well look for a needle in a haystack as hunt for a native in the bush.”

“You can’t tell the devils from the black stumps of the trees; but for my part, I don’t see what we are to do, now that we have got off, without arms, and without provisions——”

“But we have a boat,” said a strong deep voice, which had not hitherto joined in the conversation.

“And what’s the use of that? What’s the use of a boat like that to go to sea in? We can’t get back to England in a boat. I begin to think we have not got much by our venture.”

“We have liberty,” said the same voice which had checked the complainings of the men; “we have liberty; that’s worth all!”

“But what can we do with our liberty, Mark? We can’t live on gum and opossums like the natives! And we can’t eat the natives, neither, though they say they eat the white people when they can catch ’em; and that’s not such a pleasant thing to look forward to. I say, Mark, what’s to be the next move? As you’re our captain, it is for you to give us a lift out of the mess you have brought us into; and we want it bad enough; for my very inside seems stuck together with that lot of gum that I tucked in just now.”

“I’ve heard say,” said one of the party, “that the grubs of the white gum-tree are very good eating. I know the natives eat ’em.

They take them up by one end and let them fall down the throat, as we do oysters. A nice dinner for a gentleman—gum and caterpillars ! But I can't stand this ; we must do something. I say, Mark, what's to be done ?”

‘The man thus addressed said nothing, but pointed to the little brig riding quietly at anchor in the channel.

“ Ah, yes ; I see that craft plain enough ; but what's the use of it to us, unless they would give us something to eat, and better than that, something to drink ?”

“ Suppose we asked them ?” said their leader.

“ Ah ! and get some handcuffs for answer.”

“ Suppose we entreated them to give us food ?”

“ And suppose they wouldn't ?”

“ Suppose we took it ?” quietly replied their leader.

“ Eh !” said several voices at once ; “ suppose we took it ! why, you don't mean by force ?”

“ Why not ?”

“ Why ! what could seven unarmed men do against an armed vessel ?”

“ Nothing,” said their leader, “ by open force ; but when force cannot be used, we can use stratagem.”

“ I tell you what, Mark, you are a clever chap, no doubt of that ; and you have a tongue that would almost carry a jailor out of his keys — that's the truth — or you never would have talked us over to make our escape without arms and provisions. But if you will show us how to get some rum out of that vessel yonder, you will deserve to be captain of the island.”

“ I will do more than that.”

“ More !” cried out all, excited by their leader's air of calm and fixed determination.

“ I will get possession of that vessel,” said the leader, in a firm and resolute voice ; “ and in that vessel we will make our escape from this accursed place of shame and punishment.”

“ Well ! that beats all ! And how will you get possession of that tight little brig, captain ? Talk 'em over, and persuade them to make us a present of it ?”

“ May be so ; and if you are the man that I take you to be, and have coolness and courage, and will follow my directions implicitly I will show you how to set about it.”

“ What, without arms ?”

“ Yes, without arms.”

“ And without fighting ?”

“ Perhaps.”

“ Mark, you're a regular trump. Don't let us lose any time. Depend upon it that craft is as full of rum as an opossum of pepper-mint leaves ; settlers always think it the best investment they can bring out to pay their men with. Now, captain, what are we to do ?”

“ You see,” said the man who, by the common consent of his companions and by the force of his superior intellect, had been unanimously raised to the bad eminence of their leader ; — that the brig

is now lying at anchor becalmed, with the tide against her, and with little chance of wind till the sea breeze sets in, in the afternoon. She will not venture to float up with the tide in this dangerous channel; so that she will be there safe for some hours. Now, she would, no doubt, be glad of a pilot, and I dare say is now looking out for one."

"What's the use of that to us?"

"This use; I will be the pilot. Two of you shall go with me — only two of you, to avoid suspicion; those two will pass for my government men; that will account for their yellow dress. Fortunately, you see, my own dress may serve for a pilot's; and in this way I will get on board the vessel and look about me."

"And what's to become of us who remain behind?"

"We shall return for you on the pretence that more hands are wanted to work the vessel. My first visit will have disarmed suspicion of our real object. Besides, I can say that the governor has established a settlement on the other side of the hill, where the look-out is towards the sea, for the purpose of lending assistance to strange vessels; and — in short — leave the rest to me."

The band of desperadoes looked inquiringly at one another; each man tried to read in his fellow's countenance his secret thoughts; for on such occasions distrust, and suspicion, and jealousy, soon sow the seeds of disunion among them. Every man is in fear of the treachery of his neighbour; and, being conscious of his own individual selfishness and knavery, he naturally suspects their existence in others.

"Who are to be the two to go first?" asked one of them, with a doubtful air.

"You may cast lots for that," said their leader; "but they must be careful to act up to their characters, because it is likely that I shall have occasion to call them thieves and rascals, and perhaps worse. You will not mind that, I hope?"

"Not a bit; we're used to it: besides, hard words break no bones. But it's a bold scheme, Mark; if they suspect you, you're done."

"It is our only chance," replied Mark; "and fortunate it is for us that luck has thrown this opportunity in our way. Did I not tell you that brave men are sure to succeed when they stand by one another?"

"Hurrah!" cried the men, their courage and expectations raised by the animating words of their leader. "We will stand by one another to the death! Now, captain, get on with the work. Here are six rushes; the two that draw the shortest go first; the rest remain." The choice fell upon the grumbler of the party and another man who had not taken much part in the conversation, and who was of a meek and quiet look.

"Now, Jemmy," said the former, "let us see which can make himself look most like a government man."

"I could not compare with you, Roger, no way," replied Jem; "your father and mother have given you such a gallows hang-dog

look, there would be no mistaking you in the best long-tail's toggery that ever came out of store."

"Now," summoned Mark, "if you are ready, come along. And remember your characters."

"Ay, ay, your honor," said Jemmy, touching his hat with mock humility; "we will do the dodge as if we were convicts in earnest."

Roger laughed at this sally, and, the two worthies getting into the boat, Mark Brandon took his seat in the stern, and they left the shore.

In the mean time the party on board, when they caught sight of the boat on the smooth surface of the water proceeding heavily towards the brig, indulged in various speculations as to the character and intentions of their approaching visitors.

CHAPTER III.

FLATTERY.

It was still early in the forenoon when the boat containing Mark Brandon and his inferior confederates drew near to the motionless brig, on the deck of which the passengers and crew were assembled, to view the first appearance of the occupiers of the new world. Their surmises on its appearance were as various as their characters.

"There are three of them," said the major; "what can be their object?"

"It's a sweet boat," said the mate; "it floats on the water like a duck! But those are lubberly fellows in the yellow jackets; they don't seem much used to handle an oar, to my thinking."

"Gracious, what an odd way to dress in!" remarked Louisa; "they must be very fond of yellow."

"It's the livery, most likely, of the servants of the gentleman who sits in the stern of the boat," remarked the cockney (he always said stern instead of stern, because he thought the broader sound more nautical). "Perhaps it is the governor coming to visit us?"

"It's a pilot, no doubt," said the mate; "though he is but a rum-looking one, I see, by his coat flaps hanging over; but pilots' tails grow on this side of the earth. Well, perhaps he'll bring a wind with him. Stand by, there, and ship the handropes."

By the aid of these conveniences the supposed pilot swung himself up on board, and without betraying by a muscle of his countenance, his apprehension of the daring risk which he was running, should it happen that any one on board was acquainted with the persons of the true officials: he touched his hat in a respectful manner to the major, who seemed the principal person on board, nodded to the mate, took off his hat to the ladies, to the eldest of whom he presented a sprig of wild geranium, which he had plucked from a shrub on shore; and, having glanced at the sails and gear with a professional look, he asked the usual questions:—

"Where from?"

"London," replied the major.

"I suppose you're a pilot?" asked the mate.

The pilot nodded an affirmative.

"What sort of berth have we got here? bottom good?"

The pilot shook his head.

"Ah! very well," he replied, "if it doesn't come on to blow; but this is a dangerous channel. All well on board?"

"All well," replied the major. "You see the whole of us," he added; "our craft is but a small one."

"You don't seem to be strong-handed," remarked the pilot, carelessly.

"Only nine men with the mate, and the steward, and the boy, making, with myself, thirteen — that is, counting the boys — Oh! I forgot Mr. Silliman; he makes fourteen; and, with my two daughters, sixteen in all.

The pilot looked at Mr. Silliman with an expression that a close observer might have construed into an opinion, that he did not consider it of much importance whether that young gentleman was included in the number or not; but he examined the crew with more attention. It did not seem to him that there was much fight in them if it came to a struggle; but with the major, he saw in a moment, he had to deal with a man of determination and energy; and the mate, too, he thought, might prove an ugly customer. As for the rest, their air and appearance did not affect him with any particular uneasiness.

"What chance of a wind?" asked the mate, who, sailor-like, was always thinking of the wind or his sweetheart; "what chance of a wind? its dull work sticking here."

"Do you want wind?" asked the pilot.

"Want wind!" exclaimed the mate, surprised at such an unprofessional observation, "why, what else does any one want aboard ship but wind? — 'The wind that blows, and the ship that goes —'"

"And the lass that loves a sailor," chimed in the smiling Mr. Silliman, casting a sentimental look at both the sisters, which Louisa laughed at, but which Helen returned with a look of scorn that made the unfortunate cockney wish himself back within the sound of Bow Bells. The pilot observed the look, but gave no sign of noticing anything but the masts and sails of the vessel.

"I am afraid," he said with a serious air, "that you will soon have more wind than you can make use of. Has any one on board been in this part of the world before?"

"Not one of us," said the major, who began to be uneasy at the threat of a gale of wind from such an authority as the pilot, and in the midst of a channel that was imperfectly known. "Not a man on board has been in this country before, and we know nothing of the ways of the place."

So much the better, thought the pilot. "I am sorry for that," he said aloud; "however, the commandant will allow some of our men to lend you a hand, I dare say. There is no fear of the wind coming on before mid-day. First we shall have a dead calm, just as it is now;

and then there will come a burst from the Wellington Mountain that you see peering over those trees yonder, that will spin you round like a humming-top."

"Like a what?" said the mate.

"The land on the right-hand side there."

"The right hand side!" exclaimed the mate, again astonished at the fashion of the sea-lingo in the new world.

"I mean to starboard, mate," said the supposed pilot, recollecting himself; "but you know, mate, when we speak to ladies, we ought not to make use of our nautical jargon. And I can tell you what, my friend, the man that brought this tiny craft half across the globe safe and sound, as you have done, — and in sailor-like trim, too, — I say that such a man is a credit to the service, and I have no doubt the governor will make a public proclamation of the feat for the encouragement of all future navigators."

The honest mate, albeit that the language of the pilot was not of a description with which his rough ears had wont to be regaled among his hardy messmates of the sea, was hugely mollified by this well-timed compliment; and at once attributed the unseamanlike phraseology and bearing of the pilot to the transmogrifying qualities of the new country. The pilot then turned to the major —

"You must have had great experience, sir, and great courage, too, to take on yourself the charge of so small a vessel to this distant place. It is the smallest craft, I think, since the time of Captain Cook, that has visited these seas."

The major was excessively pleased at this flattering eulogium from so experienced a person.

"And as to these young ladies, they do honour, sir, to their country. Sir, they will be regarded by all Australia as the heroines (here Helen's eyes flashed, and Louisa shrunk back) — as the heroines of the new world. But you are short-handed, sir, very: — however, this gentleman was as good as an able seaman to you" (Jerry actually thrilled with delight to the very tips of his fingers, and he shook the pilot's hand cordially); "and you must have had a capital crew," he added, raising his voice, so as to be heard by those who were lingering within earshot to catch any information from the oracle of sailors in an unknown sea; "a capital crew, and every man of 'em a seaman — every inch of him, or you would never have succeeded in the exploit of bringing your vessel so far in safety and with so few hands; every hand must have been worth two, that's certain."

The official commendation of the pilot was immediately carried forward, and it was received by the crew with no less satisfaction than it had been devoured by their superiors.

"And now," he continued, after having noted every particular of the vessel into which he could find an excuse for prying, and, after having extravagantly praised the juvenile steward for the admirable order in which he kept the cabins and their appurtenances, wondering how they could contrive to find room for their arms in so confined a space, and the boy having replied that they were all stowed away in the lockers, the pilot took his leave "to make interest with the com-

mandant" to allow some of the best behaved men in the government employ and who could be trusted, to assist in securing the vessel from the coming storm. It was with great difficulty that he defended himself from the pressing offers of Mr. Silliman to accompany him, which he was enabled to parry only by judicious hints of the inconvenience which might arise to the vessel from the absence of so efficient a hand at the present time; but he gave the major reason to understand that as the commandant was stationed at an out-of-the-way place, to which it was difficult to convey supplies, a few bottles of brandy, &c., might be acceptable—a hint which was readily complied with. Thus provided, the pilot returned to the shore, and the parties on board hastened to pass their different opinions on his person and demeanour.

"A very-well spoken man," observed the major; "quite a superior man, indeed, to what one would expect; but perhaps, like the rest of us, he may have been better off in the old country."

"He has a very fine countenance," said Helen; "but there was something in his look that did not quite satisfy me; he seemed to me to be playing a part; but for what purpose, I'm sure I cannot imagine."

"I thought him a very nice man for a pilot," remarked Louisa; "but this little sprig of geranium which he gave to us has no smell;—what a deception, for a geranium to be without fragrance! A knavish Van Diemen's Land weed in the disguise of an honest flower."

"He was a very determined-looking fellow, that," said the mate, after some reflection, his mind dwelling with considerable satisfaction on the praise which had been artfully instilled into the unsuspecting ears of the honest seaman; "though I can't say he looked much like a sailor; but I suppose they are not so particular in these parts; and it's not to be supposed that a thorough-bred seaman who could do better, would be dodging about here after a stray vessel now and then. It wouldn't be worth his while. But he's not a bad chap, for all that."

"In my opinion," said Mr. Jeremiah Silliman, giving his little tarry hat a vigorous slap to set it the firmer on his head which he held considerably higher since the eulogistic observations on his nautical qualifications so judiciously administered by the stranger—"in my opinion that is the most sensible man I ever met with—the present company always excepted:—he knows what a sailor is, that man. None of your shore-going, conceited fellows, but a perfect sailor. I knew it directly; I saw through him, though he did wear a long-tailed coat; but I dare say that was because he couldn't get a regular jacket—like mine."

In the mean while the object of these self-satisfactory encomiums was making the best of his course to the shore, not disdaining to take an oar to make the better way, and in little more than half an hour he had rejoined his fellows.

"What news?" asked his famished confederates.

"Rum, biscuit, beef, and brandy."

"Hurrah! Mark for ever!"

The provisions were rapidly consumed with the avidity of hungry

men; but as they were afraid of making a fire lest the smoke should betray their whereabouts, they divided the uncooked meat with the remains of the bread into equal portions, of which each man took his share, to provide against an emergency.

But of the "drink" their leader insisted on their being sparing for the present, as the prize was too valuable to risk the loss of it for the sake of temporary indulgence in liquor which they could revel in on board in the event of their success. This argument prevailed against the strong desire to make the best use of their time in that respect; besides, they were aware of the difficulty of existing for any length of time in the bush, where they would be constantly exposed to danger from the natives on the one hand and from the parties of soldiers and constables who would be sent in pursuit of them on the other; and that their only hope of ultimate escape from the death to which their flight into the bush condemned them was some such chance as the present. The much-longed-for spirits therefore were placed in the custody of their leader, and the men, sober and steady, after having been perfectly instructed in the parts they were to act, rowed in a vigorous and orderly manner to the devoted brig.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGER.

THE appearance of so many yellow jackets, some of them in a condition of considerable dilapidation, and their wearers, for the most part, of most villanous aspect, rather surprised the people on board; but the persuasive pilot lost no time in making the major and his officer understand that their condition was the result of their exposure to the hardships and labours incident to a new location in the bush; where it was necessary to cut out roads, build huts, and clear away timber, without regard to the devastations or habits of roughness which such employments produced in the habiliments or manners of the working portion of the projectors. The present men, he assured them, "had been carefully selected by the commandant from nearly a hundred and fifty government servants working on their probation, and that seeing the great peril to which the brig was likely to be exposed, he would not allow the men to change their clothes, but had sent them off as they were, thinking the safety of the vessel and the security of those on board (whose skill and courage, he said, had filled the commandant with admiration) of much more importance than the appearance of the party despatched to assist them."

It would seem as if fortune favoured the conspirators in this subtle plot; for at the moment of their coming on board, a gentle play of wind came down the channel, slightly rippling the surface of the water, thus justifying the cautionary forebodings of the supposed pilot; at the same time that a gathering of light clouds was seen on the lofty summit of Mount Wellington in the distance. The whole of the scanty crew were gathered together in a body, curious to look at the new comers, so that their leader judged it would be too hazard-

ous to attempt a surprise at a time when all the male protectors of the vessel were on deck, and ready to defend themselves. He waited, therefore, for a more fitting occasion. The opportunity presently presented itself. The mate, after exchanging a word of approval with the major, without waiting for the authority of the pilot, went forward with the crew to weigh the anchor; for the tide was beginning to flow, and with wind enough to give the vessel steerage-way, it was desirable that not a moment should be lost in working the ship out of the dangerous channel in which they were confined.

The leader of the band at once seized the opportunity.

"Here, my lads," he cried out to his yellow-jackets, "take the capstan-bars in your hands, and work away cheerily; show the boys on board what you can do. These capstan-bars," he observed significantly, "would form good weapons in case of need."

His followers took the hint. They possessed themselves of the bars instantly, and looked to their leader. But Mark saw that it was not yet the time; the sailors were all on deck, as well as the major and the steward, who were in the stern of the vessel, and within reach of the hatchway of the cabin, in the lockers of which the arms were deposited. Besides, it was an important object with them to get the vessel speedily under weigh, and to contrive to put out to sea, for he calculated that the authorities at Hobart Town would not be long in ascertaining their escape from the barracks; and the boat, which would soon be missed, would make them aware of the object of the absconders. With these thoughts, he urged his men to put their strength to the work, and in a few minutes the anchor was apeak, and the vessel under sail.

"We shall be able to beat up now," said the mate, cheerfully, and rubbing his hands; "the wind is getting up, and soon we shall have a stiffish breeze if it holds on."

"We shall never be able to work up with the wind dead against us," said the pilot; revolving in his mind some expedient to get the vessel's head put the other way; "you have come in by the wrong passage; you ought to have gone round, and made your way up by Storm Bay."

"An ominous name," observed the major, "for an entrance into a new country!"

"You have plenty of sea-room there," said the pilot; "and if it does blow, you have elbow room; but in these narrow channels, what with the juttings out of land, and the shoals, and currents running in all sorts of directions where you least expect them, it is difficult to get through them with a fair wind—much less with a wind right in your teeth as this is."

"Perhaps it would save time to go back," said the major, "and make the other passage?"

"The tide would be against us," said the mate.

"But the wind is against you now," observed the pilot; "and that's worse, if it should come on to blow hard, and there's every appearance of it. You see Mount Wellington has put on his night-cap, and that's always a sign of a gale. But you are too good a seaman,"

he added to the mate, "not to know the advantage of having sea-room in a gale of wind. And it would be a sad thing," he continued, turning to the major, "for this little vessel to be lost after having come safely all the distance from the other side of the globe."

The major was struck with the apparent candour and justice of these observations, and looked at his officer inquiringly. But that clear-headed and plain-dealing son of the sea could not be made to understand that the nearest way to a port was to sail away from it. He sturdily resisted the proposition.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he said, "we can let go the anchor again, and that will hold us on; even though it should blow great guns, which, upon my word, looks likely, for the breeze is freshening up every minute, and I don't like the look of those mares' tails to windward yonder."

"And how will you get your anchor to hold?" pursued the pilot. "It's all very well thereabouts," pointing towards the spot from which the vessel was flying at a rapid rate; "but this channel has scarcely any anchorage ground, as every one knows; why, most parts of it are paved with rock as regular as the Strand in London! You would never get your anchor to bite — much less hold!"

"We might gain time, after all," said the major to the mate, "by trying the broader passage; this wind would soon take us out of this strait; and we should be at the same distance from Hobart Town as we are now, in a few hours, with a better chance of beating up. How long does the wind last in this quarter," he asked of the pilot, "when it blows this way?"

"Three days, always three days; it's as regular as a clock. Every inhabitant of the colony knows it; it's a sort of proverb among the towns-people to say, that a thing will last as long as a three days' spell from Mount Wellington."

"I think we had better take the pilot's advice," said the major; "he must know best."

"I can't gainsay that he ought to know best in these parts, which he understands the ways of, and I don't," replied the officer; "but I can never agree that the shortest way to a port is to go away from it; and as to this wind — why, it's nothing to what we have gone through before!" But at this moment, as if to belie the honest seaman's judgment, and to aid the iniquitous designs of the conspirators, a furious blast from the north called the attention of all on duty to the care of the vessel; and the pilot, profiting by the opportunity, immediately put her before the squall with her head towards the entrance of the channel. The squall passed over as quickly as it came, but the pilot still continued his outward course, though not without the expression of considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the mate, whose suspicions of the ignorance of the pilot became strengthened by a course of proceeding so contrary to the worthy officer's experience in the practice of navigation. But as his employer, the owner of the vessel, was an assenting party, he submitted, though with a very ill-grace, giving vent to his displeasure in a succession of grumbings much resembling the sound of the north wind, which was

roaring and increasing behind them. Nor were the crew of the vessel better pleased with the proceedings of the Australian pilot, who, they were not long in detecting, with that almost instinctive knowledge possessed by sailors of their brothers of the ocean, had very small pretensions to the name of a seaman. But as they were only humble subordinates on board, they had nothing to do but to obey, though the pilot saw by their looks that they were not in a humour to submit tamely to any overt aggression. He waited therefore patiently till an opportunity should occur to put his plan in execution; for it was not until the crew were below, and his own men conveniently disposed about the hatchway of the passengers' cabin that he could hope to get possession of the ship's arms, and be in a position to command success.

The retrograde course of the vessel, however, inspired a general gloom over all on board, except those interested in its execution and who were anxiously waiting for the signal of their leader to adopt measures more open and decisive. The sisters felt a vague presentiment of evil arising from the disappointment of being obliged to recede from the long-desired haven of their hopes and fears, the encompassing hills of which were in tantalising sight; nor could the major divest himself of a certain feeling of dissatisfaction with himself for having yielded to the authority of the pilot in opposition to the opinion of his officer. But the storm, which rapidly increased, seemed to justify the pilot's apprehensions, and the major felt ashamed to suspect the judgment of a man who had so clearly warned him of its coming. The mate, also, was almost shaken in his opinion; but as the gale increased, he had no thoughts for anything but the safety of the ship, which, urged by the furious north wind, made her way rapidly back to the entrance of the channel, and stood out towards the open sea.

CHAPTER V.

THE PURSUIT.

IN the mean time the flight of the prisoners had not escaped the vigilance of the authorities at head-quarters; but it was not until the discovery of the abstraction of the boat which had been left unguarded at the further end of Sandy Bay, which lies to the right as you look, from Hobart Town towards the sea, that the party made ready for the pursuit of the runaways could be put on the right scent.

Thus guided in their search, the pursuing party, consisting of two constables and a corporal's party of soldiers, embarked in a light boat made of the aromatic white pine, a wood of peculiar lightness, which is obtained chiefly by the labours of the convicts at Macquarie Harbour to the west of the Island of Van Diemen, and which is admirably adapted, from its lightness, elasticity, and toughness, for the construction of whale boats. They had four sailors from the government armed brig to use the oars, and the whole party was well armed, as

well to guard against any attack on the part of the natives, as to be in an efficient state to contend with the bushrangers, should they have been able to supply themselves with arms. It seemed that their business was considered in no ordinary degree of a serious nature, as the wife of one of the constables accompanied him to the jetty where the party was to embark, where she took leave of him with much appearance of affection :—

"You will be making a widow of me, one of these days," said she, "if you go on these dangerous expeditions; and Mark Brandon is not a man to be taken alive without a scrimmage."

"Never fear," said her considerate helpmate; "there's plenty of husbands to be got in Van Diemen's Land; that's some comfort for all of you. I'll be bound before the end of the week you'll have another."

"A week! you brute! Do you think I don't know what's decent for a respectable woman to conform to? A year, you mean; that's the regular mourning; or at the least, six months, as it's not a regular country, and only a colony. To be sure Kitty Flurriman did marry again one month after her poor man met with his misfortune;—it was a shame to hang such a good-looking man as he was: but to think that I would not do such a thing at the end of a month! or even two months." . . . What definite time the lady might have fixed as the *ne plus ultra* term of widowhood, it is impossible to say, as the boat was now out of hearing. The conversation, however, on Mark Brandon was continued in the boat.

"Who is this Mark Brandon?" asked the corporal, who was a sub-officer in the 'Bufs,' a battalion of which had recently arrived in the colony.

"Don't you know Mark Brandon?" said the constable with some surprise; "why, he's as well known here as Dick Turpin in the old country. He is the most famous bushranger that ever went out. He was pardoned by the governor only last year, when he was cast for death; but you see," said the constable, winking his eye, "there was a lady in the case."

"Oh, ho! handsome fellow, eh?"

"A clean-made and good-looking a fellow as ever you set eyes on. Here's a description of him in this paper." The constable read from the list :—

"'Mark Brandon, five feet eleven inches in height; broad-shouldered; waist slim; foot small; brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; his hands rather white and delicate.' Then here's the description of the others; 'Roger Slorech, James Sly ——'"

"Never mind them just now," said the corporal; "tell us about this Mark Brandon: what was he lagged for?"

"Smuggling;—at least so they say; but of course you can never get the truth of what they are sent out for from the prisoners; but I believe it's the truth in his case.

"That was nothing very bad," remarked the corporal.

"Bad! no: nobody thinks anything of it here. It's only when a fellow has done anything at home that's unfair and mean, such as

murders and robberies, and such like, that he's looked down on. But as for smuggling! bless your heart, nobody thinks the worse of a man here for that, nor at home neither, so far as I know. What is it? It's only giving the go-by to the government: Lord love you! what's the harm of that?"

"How was it, then, that they treated this Mark so bad as to drive him to take to the bush? Has he been doing anything wrong here?"

"Why, you see, he was assigned, when he came over, to a master up the country; and some of the settlers treat them government men dreadfully severe, and Mark couldn't stand it; and when his master threatened him with his cattle-whip one day, he knocked his master down. He might have got off if he had suffered himself to be taken before the magistrate, for the settlers are not allowed to strike their men. But Mark's blood was up, and he took to the bush—that was more than two year ago—and of course he robbed the settlers' houses of tea and sugar and ammunition, and things; but he never shed blood; only tied people neck and heels together, and things of that sort—very wrong of course—but not near so bad as some."

"Bad enough, to my thinking."

"Well; he was taken at last, as they all are, sooner or later, and cast for death; but somehow interest was made with the governor—and they all say a certain lady had taken a fancy to him—but that's no business of mine; and so the best was made of his case, how it was, through the tyranny of his master, that he was driven to take to the bush; and how sincere and polite he was to the settlers that he robbed, especially the ladies, and so he got off. But they made him work in chains, and that's what galled him, I dare say. He was not the chap to stand hurt any ways."

"And what sort of a man is he?" asked the corporal; "a lady's man?"

When he has a mind to it, they say, he is the most carrying desire that ever came over a woman. But he is a most determined fellow for all that. He will not be taken alive, you may depend on it; for he must know he has nothing to expect but to scrag for this last break-out."

"Of course not: then I suppose we may look out for a tussle." The soldiers at this mechanically handled their firelocks.

"Are the bushrangers armed?"

"We don't know; but it stands to reason that they never would start for the bush this way without arms and ammunition; for it's not like the interior, where they might get arms from the settlers; there are no inhabitants down the river but natives."

"There goes the signal up!" said the corporal; "some vessel in sight."

"I see," said the constable; "we may fall in with her, perhaps, when we get further down the river. But where to look for these fellows? that's the point! We think they made away with the boat last night, just after dark, so that they have a good start; but they can hardly do any thing with such a boat at sea, for she was but a small one, and had nothing in her but her oars. If they are after going

round the coast, they will take the western side, so as to avoid the track of vessels between this and Sydney ; and so we will keep away to the right towards the channel, and keep a sharp look-out as we go by."

With this view they hugged the shore on the west, and a breeze soon after springing up, with the assistance of the sail they made rapid progress down the river without seeing anything suspicious in their way. The constable, who had the direction of the party, as the most experienced among them, was inclined to make a stop after they had proceeded some way down the channel ; but at this moment, in turning round a projecting point of land, the steersman caught sight of a vessel in the distance, which was standing across the channel, and beating her way up under a stiff breeze on the larboard tack ; when suddenly the vessel, which was made out to be a brig, and of small burthen, was seen to change her course, and under a press of sail, make her way down the channel. This strange manœuvre roused the suspicion of the pursuers of the runaways, and as their boat was light and fast, they determined to endeavour to overtake the brig, not without some misgivings that the cleverness and the daring of the celebrated Mark Brandon had enabled him to get possession of the vessel.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

BY R. R. REINAGLE, ESQ. R. A.

It is necessary, and will be found exceedingly interesting, in the investigation of this subject, to trace the manifestation of the property of which this essay proposes to treat to the times of the ancient Etruscans, which is the earliest source from which it is possible to trace its origin. In following [this course, the subject naturally divides itself into three parts : those of the times of the revival of the Arts in Italy, and those of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, as the subject cannot be well understood without such division into parts, and it would become to the reader far too long if the whole were combined in one treatise. I feel myself compelled to trace the picturesque from its earliest appearance, which is mainly made known to us through the decorations on the vases conventionally termed Etruscan vases, in order to lead the reader progressively and certainly to final conclusions, by which his judgment may receive a lift, and thus invite him to go much further into the subject by means of his own observations. The age we live in is emphatically the picturesque ; but the world does not know it : even the artist acts upon this feeling, without a due consciousness of his own acts, or what it is which draws him

into the fashionable vortex. He works, designs, produces, repeats, accumulates by plagiarisms from others, yet is not aware that he is a manufacturer of the picturesque.

I say a manufacturer, and can be upheld in the adoption of the term, because, from each distinct atelier, proceeds a regular series of pictures, built, I may say, with the materials of the picturesque; and hence the popularity of old rooms, old furniture, old costumes, old dresses, quilted petticoats, strange boots and shoes, and crinkum crankum chairs, tables, cabinets, &c. abounding with myriads of other oddities, such as swarm in sundry shops of Wardour Street, and in modern pictures. We trace among the ancients no such degradations of the art. All they did united with every law of elegance. Ostade and Teniers, the princes of the picturesque art, delight us each in his way with their peculiar antiques; not from their forms, but from the exquisite tact of their pencils; and Ostade by the inimitable mellow-ness, modest richness, and full tones of his colours of garments, and the materials of his furniture. Art is here carried to a far higher degree than the moderns have usually attained. But of this class of the picturesque, I shall reserve comments for a future essay, and proceed to sketch, as briefly as I can, the introduction of the picturesque among the most ancient people, who excite to this day and hour our unqualified admiration. I feel compelled to trace their history to a certain moderate degree, that my readers may the more easily appreciate what is to follow. If my gun is to be loaded, I must put in the powder before the ball, in order to propel and carry the ball to its destined point. I must therefore (as the French say) *commence par le commencement*; that is, in other words, begin with the head and not with the tail.

I must trust to the accommodating good sense of those who will travel with me to the end of my historic walk, and apologise to those, who, being impatient, require rail-road speed and no stopping on the way, for the dilation of the subject, and my halting on the way to pick up materials. I could be comic, facetious, and assume the ridiculous; but I prefer another strain, and rather than act the caustic part, take the gentle and persuasive.

To think and talk of the ancients who have excelled in art, is a luxury for the polished mind:—thus I open my case. The nations of the earth which have fostered, encouraged, and cultivated the arts, called, *par excellence*, the Fine Arts, are those entitled to our greatest respect. Curiosity leads us to inquire into the history of all distant nations renowned for other qualities than the shedding of human blood, through savage and barbarous ignorance, and those which have attained any renown for perfection in the arts of design; I say design, because they have gained the largest amount of the world's admiration, and to this hour have never lost the appreciation, nor can they lose it, so long as civilisation lasts. This said curiosity leads us—I might almost say, drives us—to make every research. We ransack records, investigate legends, rake every place for manuscripts, to learn every particular that can throw a light, however small, upon our pursuit. I shall now treat of objects known more by

name than reality, Etruscan vases : and I blush for my fellow brethren of the divine profession of painting, that the majority should ignore the beauties contained in the ornamental designs of figures on these vases (all subjects from this people's mythology or history) to so great an extent as is the case. The elegancies left to the world undemolished, which are named Etruscan vases, present some of the most remarkable relics of art that are known. Our respect for this ancient people, the Etruscans, has given rise to numerous acute researches, to learn from the fragments of history all we can be told of a nation so polished and elegant. We are informed that long before Greece became cultivated as a nation, by emerging from aboriginal barbarism, the Etruscans practised every art. They were versed in architecture, engraving of stones — that is to say, the cutting cameos and intaglios, and the charms of poetry. These arts are said to have been in vigour long before this people had any communication with Greece in commerce or otherwise. They are of extremely remote antiquity, and the world must rest till better materials be found to establish their true origin. I can only observe, as Voltaire has done before me, that ere a people become polished in any refined art, or conversant with the requisite mechanic arts, ages upon ages must pass away.

We have had several modern writers, within the last forty years, *even*, who dispute the given fragmental history of the Etruscans ; their separation from the Greeks ; their being the actual authors of the painted vases named after them, and excavated from the very part of Italy this people inhabited, and ruled over almost supreme. As these vases are not found in Greece, let those who are fond of intricate disputation settle the matter. I shall be ruled by the old opinions, though I may be told I am wrong ; viz., that the Etruscans did not produce them, yet every vase has been found in central Italy, especially about Volterra, and not in Greece. It has been supposed that the Etruscans borrowed their arts from the Egyptians. This is founded only on surmise, for the want of sufficient data. Monsieur D'Hancarville says, "The same genius which inspired the Etruscans with poetry, put into their hands that precious thread which binds all the polite arts so intimately together, that it seems as if one was the consequence of the *precedent*, and the first cause of what was nearest to it ; so that altogether they are merely the links of one immense chain, which closely connects the sciences, mechanical arts, and the encyclopedian order, in which latter, all human knowledge centres." Some sparks of this genius of the Etruscans which have reached us enlighten still the little that remains of their history.

It is not by the *greatness of their actions* that they excite the curiosity we should have, of knowing them better, and the interest we take in them, but by the *monuments of art they have left us*, without which they would have remained buried in oblivion, in the same manner as the Ausones, the Enganians, the Opicians, and Aborigines. The history of these nations, almost as unknown as that of the people who composed them, has been a mixture of good and bad success ; of disasters and prosperities which succeeded one another alternately.

They have made war and peace: have had valiant, wise, and powerful men to govern them; but as there remains no testimony of their genius either in the arts or in the sciences, they have left behind them only *an almost unknown name*, and have disappeared from the face of the earth and become forgotten, like the days on which they existed.

If we have not as much light as we could wish on the means the Etruscans made use of, either to augment their power, or to perfect themselves in the arts, it is owing to the loss of their language, (which confounded itself with that of the Romans); of their writings, neglected by the barbarous people which succeeded them; and, lastly, the loss of all their public monuments; so that the Greeks most probably were not able to find memorials relative to them sufficient for the composition of a connected history. By medals has been discovered the remote antiquity of the Etruscans. At one time they were masters of all Italy, except one small tract inhabited by the Venetes. This was of short duration. I must trace the cause of the downfall of this once favoured and polished people, though it may seem irrelevant to the inquiry of the picturesque. But if I show that a certain feeling for the picturesque did exist among their artists, it becomes very curious to trace the high antiquity of the refined picturesque, traceable in all their decorated, fictile and *other* vases. To proceed with their mournful history, such as we have had handed down to us, we find that the decree of an oracle, detailed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, was the cause of the downfall of the nation. A terrible dearth happened, the consequence of an unparalleled drought, which carried desolation amongst every family, ravaged all the country, and caused the cattle to perish. It dried up even the fountain heads, and was followed by terrible sicknesses, which depopulated the whole country. It was in consequence of this melancholy and awful event that men, being struck with horror, had recourse to the oracle, to learn which was the God that had caused so many calamities; by what crime they had drawn upon themselves his anger, and by what means it could be appeased. The oracle answered, that they had broken their word with the Gods; that after having obtained, by their assistance, ~~what~~ they desired, they were still indebted to them for all those valuable presents they had promised. The Pelasgians, it is true, to procure a cessation of a ruinous famine, had engaged, by solemn vows, to offer to Jupiter, to Apollo, and the Cabires, the tenth part of all the gains they should afterwards accumulate; but after having their prayers granted, they thought they had acquitted themselves *sufficiently* of their engagements by offering to the Gods a tenth part of their fruits and flocks. However, the oracle being consulted, exacted a tenth part ~~of~~ the men. On the arrival of this answer, consternation spread itself in every mind; each apprehending for himself or for what was most dear to him, began to be diffident, which diffidence being augmented by fear, consternation soon became universal. In a short time the houses were abandoned and the towns deserted. The greatest part of the Pelasgians who had made this imprudent vow, and who still more

imprudently thought themselves obliged to accomplish it, took flight, and retired to Greece; thus avoiding decimation, the bloody decree, as history informs us, of monster priests. Thus the Etruscans, deprived of the assistance of their allies, found themselves in a state of weakness which did not allow them to maintain their possessions. Weighed down by so many evils, this great state fell to pieces in a moment, so to speak.

This miserable event happened about sixty years before the taking of Troy. There is no history of an interesting nature such as that of the Etruscans, (who descended, as it is generally allowed, from the Phenicians,) more completely clouded by obscurity. The vases found so largely in Italy made of the Pozzolane earth near Pozzuoli, Bay of Baja, are now considered to have been the works of Greek artists. Many modern authors have given themselves incredible trouble in the inquiry into the scattered history of the Etruscans. I pretend to no other light than the borrowed one from divers authors, ancient and modern. Various passages in different ancient authors give fair grounds for believing the Etruscans to have been the makers and the painters of the vases bearing that name. Others (moderns) find different reasons to conclude that they were the works of the Greeks. All the inscriptions on them, with one exception, are Greek.

Hope is still alive, that as a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics has been discovered, much having already been deciphered, some discovery may yet be made to comprehend the language of the Etruscans.

The late Mr. James Christie, auctioneer, of King Street, St. James's, a gentleman of considerable erudition, with whom I enjoyed great intimacy, among others, has diverted himself by a scrupulous search after the origin of this said Etruscan nation, and has bestowed much ability in his account of their vases. His work, though published, was confined to a very limited number of copies, and these have been chiefly bestowed as presents to his friends, who, like himself, have felt in earnest in the pursuit of this very interesting subject. He, like every other learned author who has penetrated into the obscure history of the Etruscans and their works, found obstacles and new difficulties at every step. He considered the talents of the Greek painters as weak, nay, very weak, in comparison with their sculptors; and that they did not understand composition; though we agree, he says, that they excelled in character and design. To attempt to judge of the higher excellence of the great painters of those times by the paintings on their pottery, is as unfair as to judge of the state of the Arts with ourselves by the paintings on our pottery. A greater absurdity could not be proposed. Nothing, as Monsieur D'Hancarville says, can be conceived of greater difficulty than to draw or paint upon such a rapidly absorbing surface as that of the Etruscan earthenware. If it were only the ability to overcome this by extraordinary dexterity and rapidity of pencil, it must exhibit their talents in glowing colours. The great freedom of the outline of the figures, draped or nude, would of itself demand that the surface to receive it should be free from any natural perplexity to the execution of the artist's pencil. But we find, that if the painters hesitated one moment, a blot ensued by the rapid

absorption of the black colour from the pencils they used for their outlines. Let us suppose they had all their designs ready before them, still they were compelled to copy at sight every thing; so that in forming the outline of a figure, if they began to trace the face, they were forced to go on with the following outline of the throat, arm, body, drapery, &c., until a proper resting place could be determined from whence to begin again. If the second or third rate painters were thus dexterous, and gave to the world such beautiful poetical, historical, and allegorical designs, emblematical and symbolical of the rites and mysteries of their religion, with divers others, as the Eleusinian Mysteries, we may fairly allow the greater artists to have left these painters of pottery as far behind as Raffaello does the pottery painted and called after his name.

I have to remark further, that the designs on the Greek or Etruscan vases demanded a very distinct and different treatment from any picture. They were *ornamental*, and intended to go *no further*; consequently, if they had materially deviated from this principle, they could not have yielded to the shape of the vessel as they do. The boundaries of the allotted space for the painting of the subject would have trespassed upon ornaments, as bands, and must have created confusion: whereas, by the occasional separation of figures, being of a delicate and pleasing red colour upon a brown black or a purply ground, the design is made free and decorative: the objects are seen with a clear and distinct precision, as if they were basso relievos. I now approach the account of their peculiar treatment of the picturesque, certainly the most ancient known in the world. The emblematical symbols that seem suspended here and there, above and between the figures, become so many feeders to the eye where a something is wanted to fill empty space; and again to serve as leaders, to amuse and divert the eye in tracing one object after another. Such dispersion of symbols would agree with the rest of the design, were it actually a picture, by converting them into other objects; as clouds, hills, trees, background, rocks, birds, architecture, &c. &c. &c. Here begins the picturesque, because, like most picturesque ingredients, they are, or they ought to be, associates, and not principals. Let the reader ponder here.

When the picturesque constitutes the whole theorem of a work of art, it is sure to descend in the scale from grandeur and elegance to one of the lowest degrees thereon. To criticise these ancient decorative paintings, requires that a man should be a sound, well-informed, and properly tutored artist, or connoisseur: and I fear not to say, that very very very few perceive these refinements, or even understand them. But how extraordinary is the charm, which men highly intellectual, men of deep learning in the lore of antiquity, feel in the contemplation of these superior elegancies, yet are unable to analyse the causes which charm them. In the time of Julius Cæsar, when Greek paintings existed, (when the modesty of their colouring, we might say almost the absence of colouring, as the Greeks used but four or five colours at most, was observed on), the noble Romans, who could indulge in purchasing portable pictures, remarked how fascinating

these simply coloured works were, in comparison with the highly-coloured pictures of the less refined and less philosophical gang, who, to recommend their works, used a profusion of fine colours. Encaustic must have been the art alluded to. Had Mr. James Christie seen, as I have, the very ancient pictures, rather small, and four in number, now in the Royal Museum at Portici, near Naples, which were dug out of Herculaneum, he would never have committed so gross an error as to deny the very ancient and the Greeks of the age of Pericles (that most noble and sublimely gifted mind) to be deficient in a knowledge of composition, or any knowledge required for, I will say a Raffaele. Winkelman justly speaks of these precious relics of ages unknown as the most exhilarating, the most delightful. If I go back to Italy, I declare that the greatest delight I shall experience will be to gaze, enjoy, and I might say, though especially vulgar, wallow in delight over these most precious paintings. It would be a feast of gluttony; and perhaps this extreme relish can only be felt by a well-trained artist. In painting they resemble Titian. They are almost colourless, purple, but of so overweening a fascination, that words are inadequate to convey what a man of real high feeling experiences in contemplating them.

To accuse the Greeks of inferiority in the art of painting, is a gross mistake — a foul aspersion. The very circumstance of the Greek senate decreeing that the art of painting should stand first in the range of arts, suffices to prove the artists had achieved marvels.

I will now proceed. It is by painting we are made acquainted with the early forms of religion of the Chinese, Japanese, the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, &c. The symbols and allegories employed by these various nations, enable us to trace, with some solid foundation to accuracy, their rites and creeds; and to view the origin of many of their mythological fables. The opinion of Lanzi and Visconti respecting the vases themselves is, that they belonged to those who had won prizes in horse-racing, or other athletic exercises; as, throwing the torch at a horse-race, or a musical composition, or a galley-race off Cape Sunium, who were bound to preserve the vases won by them; for those vases found in tombs were painted expressly for the dead, and is so declared by Aristophanes.

The manufacture of the pottery, and the shapes, differ according to the places or parts of Etruria or Magna Grecia (Lower Italy) they were made at. The very earliest of these sort of vases are said to be of Carthaginian manufacture. These have purple figures, and purple lines of ornament. The symbols I have previously hinted at are very numerous. Not a single ornament on any of these vases, let them be what they may, but had a purport and a meaning to the same end as the vase itself. The usual shapes of these vases must be ranged under the denomination of the elegant picturesque.

Mr. James Christie considered the vases to have obtained their forms from the figure of the water plant called the Lotus (water-lily) of different kinds, and to represent water and humid nature, or the creation of terrestrial objects from water. Bacchus was the representative of the general system of nature. All belonging to him as sym-

bols is of the picturesque, because not formal or severe. A lamp with a light within it, was the symbol of the body and the soul. The ball of wool in the hands of females, denoted the thread of life not yet spun.

The pomegranate denoted a vivifying gift, because the contents were supposed to represent the seeds of existence. The hearts seem to have represented the pith of the plant called the feryle; and they denoted the Promethean fire. Ivy denotes the shades, and is an emblem of Bacchus. The cheese and corn cake were symbolical of generation and life. The poppy-head was similar; and it also denoted quiescence, from its somniferous qualities. The hoop and whirligig seemed to denote revolution. The fleece had the same meaning as the ball of wool.

The cherishing power of the Deity is generally expressed on vases by a vine springing from the breast, or from between the shoulders of the great Pan. Thin dotted lines entangling the figures, mean the tendrils, and imply the same as the vine — divine cherishing power.

All these are treated, in their dispersion, with a true feeling for the picturesque; and they become so *mal-grés, bon-grés*. The mythological Bacchus represented the day and the night; that is, the sun or the darkness, according to his visit to either hemisphere. A shield with a dove upon it was the symbol of the Deity, and his creating power, which has been laid hold of by some as the germ of another symbol. An arm upon the shield denoted the upper hemisphere, and an anchor the lower.

There were many other symbols of the attributes of the Deity, as the kid, the Hesperian fruit; wings, expressive of life; and the serpent, of renovation. Pegasus and Saliant figures were allusive to the pervading power, &c. The inert state of man was typed by figures asleep, resting in reclining postures, or much embarrassed by clothing. All these possessed a degree of the picturesque, because all formality and stiffness was avoided. I will go to the end of these explanations, as they will serve the reader for a higher relish when they see the best kind of Etruscan pottery decorated, and enable them to understand, that nothing whatsoever was introduced by these ingenious artists which had not intention and a meaning.

Youths with their hands beneath the chlamys, a sort of toga or robe, denotes their being unentitled to a vote or voice in public assemblies, and is symbolical of the silence imposed on them with respect to the mysteries. A figure draped and hooded, with the finger to the mouth, implies that the mysterious allegories represented on the side of that vessel it is painted on are not to be incautiously revealed.

Figures draped and naked, purport the inert and the resuscitated state of life: they are on opposite sides of the same vase, or separated by a tree or a column. A water-fowl with a fish in its mouth denotes the same idea. Old age, it appears, was a religious allegory of a state of bondage and inertion. Wine offered to them denotes the invigorating principle. Wine offered by hooded dioscursi, or agents of the lower region, to a griffin, or an eagle, purports the same allegory. There are some others which it will be tedious to

name. Those who desire a more intimate initiation into the interesting features of these painted vases, must consult those authors who have indulged themselves, at a vast expense of time, patience, and laborious reading, to understand and to explain all the mystical subjects found on them. It was the Chaldean theologians who imparted their mystic emblems to Egypt and Greece; and, to this day, there are ceremonies observed at the courts of the Birman Buddhistical kings in every respect similar to the allegories depicted on Greek vases. Such as, that these kings appear at court only from a window, while in the hall of audience below are the people; which hall is decorated with umbrellas. The palace of the king of Siam is covered with seven roofs. The king resides under the seventh, nor does any mortal dare to climb or walk above his head. This roof, with its seven divisions, is the same as the ladder of *Métempsychosis* with its seven steps. His courtiers are all below, and this denotes, through emblematical allusion, his nearer approach to perfection and heaven: and those below, to being vile, or closer to hell. The narratives of Colonel Symes and Captain Turner give ample details of these singularities. There were vases of different values, and widely different degrees of excellence. All these had their first origin in the uses to which they would be applied. Then they varied their forms and sought beauty; but never out of the pale of primary utility. Very many of these earthen vessels are so thin, so delicate and light, that it is almost incredible any should exist now, after so great a lapse of ages, and the numerous vicissitudes they have been subject to. The potters used red, black, and white clay in the manufacture of their vases. These ancients formed urns and vases of a multitude of other materials besides clay; such as wood, horns of animals, ivory, amber, brass, lead, silver, and iron. Some were made of glass, which they could control as they pleased; either by making it opaque, or thick, or of divers colours: as the late unfortunate Portland vase. They used also oriental alabaster, granite, and even that excessively hard marble called porphyry. They also contrived to cut agate, onyx, the sardonix, chalcedony, and carnelian.

The clay vases called *ficile*, were no doubt by very far the most common; and to the perpetual work going on in this cheap material, they perfected their system and theory of forms, which, in more expensive materials (being far less in demand), could scarcely have been done. To continue: the vases were made, as it would appear, for three different purposes, and not all for the dead, as some authors have imagined. Those uses were such as appertained to sacred things, those that belonged to public ceremonies, and that class devoted to domestic purposes. Some were used as ornaments to temples; some in the sacrifices and pomps to their gods; and others, as I have said, to their tombs. Hence the variety of the painted decorations; their rarity, or their abundance in numbers. The artists deposited some of earthenware in temples, as a proof of their ability. Vast numbers were votive vases, and dedicated to different gods, containing, at the due seasons, flowers, fruits, or wine, as a mark of the gratitude of the people.

These vases are known by being painted only on *one* side; or, if on both, one side is slovenly done, because it would rarely be seen when placed in their temples. The side best painted was the side intended to be viewed. A part of their temples were called *lariaries*, and were like the chapels of large Roman Catholic churches. There the images of the gods being small, all the votive vases were diminutive; and that accounts for the small and minute ones so frequent. Some of these urns contained the ashes of the dead; as the Etruscans and Romans had two different customs, that of burial, and that of burning the body.

Some contained liquors, and even provisions, as offerings to the dead. Others were employed for holy water, both for public and for private use. Some were called *lacrymals*, for holding tears; some for incense, and many other adaptations. The ingenuity displayed in decorating and painting these various and numerous large and small vases, urns, beakers, and jugs, is almost incredible. The ornament called the honeysuckle is that which is most frequent. It is accompanied and aided in the effect by associating curved forms, which display the genius and taste of the painters to a surprising degree. There is one singular system I have noticed (perhaps discovered the first) in these decorations, that they generally follow the shape of the vase; and when viewed opposite to the handles on either side, the extremities of the flowering ornament preserve the exact contour of the external shape of the vase itself. A sort of picturesque irregularity is visible in the bold touches of the pencil, which has described the separate petals or tubes of the honeysuckle ornament. This I have tried by experiment to improve, if it were capable of being done, by observing a more mathematical exactness in the proportions, and greater exactitude in the order of the features of the ornament, and I found it did not look near so well as their irregularity, which on a first view, appears quite regular and formal, but is not so in fact, when we examine the works duly. Even the square fret, called the Greek fret, as a decoration is disagreeable to our eye, if too true in painting. Mr. Wedgwood failed in his admirable imitations of these Etruscan vases, by the too great exactness of the decorative part. It is just the same in carved wood as French frames; the imitations, by being almost mathematically correct in design, have a rigid cast-iron resemblance, and lose all appearance of true carving, which has its irregularities.

In the association of some touches of ornament, like dismembered tubes or petals of the honeysuckle as aiding to a figure or figures, I have constantly found and remarked, that the abstract forms left upon the ground by part of the figure and the nearest ornament, was a beautiful shape. This principle will be found to pervade nearly all the painted decorations of these interesting vases; and it is my firm opinion, after intense study, that this was intentional on the part of the artists, and not accidental or fortuitous. Those who accuse these ancient decorative painters as being ignorant of composition, betray their own blindness to principles these men followed unerringly. Their aim was, as I have before mentioned, to ornament that which

is an ornament of itself, and not to seek to make a picture on a surface totally unfit to receive one. Our taste of the present day in this respect is pitiable. Nothing is ornamental if crowded together : separation is the soul of fine composition : behold the cartoons of Raffaele and his frescoes in general. Entanglement produces confusion. If these principles were not so, we should have had scarcely anything handed down to us deserving regard from the ancients or Raffaele. Whoever would study the principles of ornament, let it belong to what object or subject it may, must confine themselves to simplicity and openness to the view, if they would triumph. The poetical treatment of the greater part of the mythological subjects found on these vases is beyond all belief until fully investigated. There are many vases which exhibit scenes from their plays expressive of some particular sentiment or custom.

All their gods are found depicted and symbolised. Jupiter and Apollo often appear on the scene of action. Juno and Minerva, Pallas, Mercury, with most of the other gods or goddesses who took part in human affairs, according to their fables. When we reflect that such men as Raffaele and Julio Romano, John de Udine and Poussin, Canova and Flaxman, all drew the richest store of information and poetical inspiration from the study and long contemplation of these paintings ; let us pause before we pass them by as mere curiosities. Locked up as the greatest portion of these astonishing works are, in cabinets, in museums, or in dark cases of private individuals, the world lose one of the fountain-heads of study, for grace, beauty, and high poetical conception. The finer and larger vases, painted perhaps by men of greater ability than the common class of decorators, being rare from the difficulty of manufacture, and still more difficult to paint and embellish, were for a length of time in such great request in ancient Rome and Naples, that as much as 2000*l.* has been paid for one only ; and that price was very often obtained for the larger ones.

The ancient Romans were passionately fond of their poets. They used to indulge of an evening in hearing recited parts of poems, which furnished conversation. This feeling prepared the patricians to estimate the poetical treatment of the painted decorations on the Etruscan vases ; and in proportion to the beauty and perfection of the executive department, so was the estimate of the object established. Much more could be said upon this interesting subject, but I shall conclude this division of the inquiry into the picturesque of remote ages, and terminate by observing, that I hope while taste is cultivated in our country, there will never be wanting generous champions to uphold and proclaim the extraordinary merits of the Greeks.

We owe to them all the best taste of the day. They continue to furnish us with models for our most elegant cabinet ornamental vases. All the elegant alabaster vases, and even numbers of the common vessels in daily use ; every carving, every fret-work ; all the elegant volutes and tendril scroll foliage ; all the serpentine flowing lines of ivy and vine branches or leaves ; garlands of olive branches, the beautiful honeysuckle ornament, varied in fifty dif-

ferent manners, with many other elegancies that might perhaps weary by the detail, could be added. I hope in putting together these otherwise scattered pieces of information, that this essay may prove interesting to many; and it is to artists, my brother labourers in the Divine Art, that I address these pages, as well as to the world of taste in general. Could our artists be invited and persuaded to study these relics as Canova and Flaxman did, I feel persuaded they would derive incredible benefit. If to these eminent sculptors I add Raffaello, who became inspired on studying the lore of riches found on Etruscan vases, I add a name *all* would follow and all wish to follow. Let them dip deep into the same pure fountain, and then hope may be alive to expect English Raffaellés, provided they will make philosophy their guide. Without philosophy Raffaello would have been but an imitator. Philosophy made the Greeks what they were in all the distinguished walks of man. Let us copy such fine models. The present German School of Art is going back to study the earliest models of German and Italian Art. They have mistaken the road. They cannot avoid plagiaristic resemblances. However, their method of going to their own first flowing fountains has caused a considerable advance, which none of us can compete with. If all the royal powers of Europe possessed an elevated view of art, as Leo the Tenth and Julian the Second evinced, the Ferdinands of Spain, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and other noble characters, we should not find the public taste debased into regarding the highest perfection of Art to consist in the daubing of canvass with the portraits of figured silks and quilted petticoats! O tempora! O mores!

THE SWORD OF ZUNIGA.

A LEGEND OF LOWER HUNGARY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CASTLE.

IN all the wide province of Lower Hungary, no fairer valley is to be found than that known as the Granthal, which derives its name from the river Gran, one of the tributaries of the mighty Danube. Taking its rise in the Carpathian chain, the Gran flows southwards, watering on its way a district of which the picturesque beauty enchants every beholder. The mountains that bound its valley on either side, during nearly the whole of the river's course, although not sufficiently lofty to give a severe character to the landscape, are abundantly so to convey the idea of peaceful seclusion. There is nothing narrow or cramped in the aspect of the scenery; on the contrary, the plain spreads out broad and spacious, varied by hill and forest, enriched with verdant pastures and productive corn-fields, through which the bright waters of the Gran flow cheerily on in manifold and fantastic windings.

On a rising ground, about midway through this valley, there may be seen at the present day the remains of the old castle of Revistyei, its shattered walls and crumbling battlements still frowning, mementos of wars and usages long gone by, over the blooming country that surrounds it. During the prolonged peace that the district in question has enjoyed, and now that for many generations no sword has been drawn in enmity in that tranquil and happy valley, Revistyei, like other fortresses of its class, has been allowed to crumble into ruins. Far different was its condition in those troublous days when Hungary was encompassed and pressed on all sides by the fierce Ottoman, the eastern wolf that was ever striving with claws and teeth to overcome the valiant resistance offered him by the weakened but unconquered Hungarians.

It was soon after the middle of the 17th century, a period when the Turks were masters of a large portion of Hungary, and towards the close of a warm spring day, that three men were assembled outside the gates of the ancient fortress of Revistyei. The elder of the three, a weather-beaten old officer, belonged to the garrison of the castle; as did also one of his companions, a young man some five-and-twenty years of age. The third of the persons composing the group was a fair-haired and handsome youth of a noble family in Germany, who had lately come to Hungary and taken service with the Burgrave

of Schemnitz. Despatched with letters from his lord to the Count of Revistyei, he had reached the castle during a temporary absence of its owner, whose hourly-expected return he was now impatiently awaiting.

"I trust," said the young German, whose name was Oswald, to one of the two officers who bore him company; "I trust that the Count will speedily be here. When the noble Burgrave sent me on this mission, he bade me use haste, and that I should bear him the answer by to-morrow's morn."

"Do you fear, then, to ride by night?" asked the younger of his companions with a slight smile.

"Not so," returned the messenger, quickly; "but I would fain be punctual in my service."

"'Tis well," said Stephan, the older of the officers, and who was one of the Count's most trusted lieutenants. "The moon shines bright, and the distance is short. If you start after the evening meal, you may still be at your journey's end when the first sunbeams gild the mountains. As to the Count's return, you may reckon on it. He promised to be back within three days; this is the third of his absence, and his word is sacred for small things as for great. Be under no uneasiness, but make the most of your time, you who are a stranger in the land, and gaze your fill at the pleasant scenes around you. Trust me, for many a long day you will remember with pleasure the smiling valley of the Gran."

The German looked out upon the beautiful and varied landscape by which he was surrounded, and his two companions, whose eyes at first mechanically followed the direction of his, soon gave themselves up to the never-diminishing fascination which fine scenery possesses. Silent and pensive they suffered their glances to roam along the windings of the stream, and so great is the charm of that valley, that even the old warrior, who had been born and passed half his life in it, felt his heart soften and his eyes grow moist with pleasure as he gazed at the well-known but ever charming scenery.

"I have wandered through most parts of Hungary," cried the young officer at last, "but nowhere have I seen so delicious a spot. I would wish to die here, for surely it must be pleasant lying amid such heavenly scenes and under so flowery a sward."

"Or on it, you had better have said," replied Stephan. "A soldier can scarce reckon upon burial. He should be well content if it be granted him to die with his feet on his native soil, and fighting for a fair cause. And truly 'tis for a fair cause we fight, whether it be for our country or for our noble lady."

"Who and whence is your lady?" asked Oswald; "and how comes she to be the cause of strife?"

"Have you not heard the tale?" cried the young officer. "It is easy to see that you have not been long in Hungary. Our lady, you must know, is the sister of Hassan, the Turkish Pacha who commands the frontier fortress of Lewenz. When first she accompanied him thither, and although no man had ever seen her unveiled,

the report of her wonderful beauty spread through the whole country, even as a rose concealed amidst brambles perfumes the surrounding air with its surpassing fragrance. Amongst others, Count Revistyei heard of its fame, but thought little of it; for our Hungarian maidens are fair to look upon, and we need not to seek for beauty amongst the daughters of the accursed infidel. It so chanced, however, that an old retainer of the Revistyeis was taken prisoner by Hassan, and, although a large ransom was offered for him, the Turk, in order to vex the Count, whom he saw was desirous of his follower's release, obstinately refused to give him up. This came to the ears of Zelmira, Hassan's lovely sister, and she besought her brother to make her a gift of the prisoner. He did so; for the affection he bore his sister was so great, that he could refuse her nothing. She had the captive brought before her, and questioned him concerning the Lord of Revistyei; but, strange to say, the Count's deeds of chivalry and arms were already known to her. She related them, and the prisoner had only to confirm their truth. She then set him at liberty: he returned to the castle, and told the Count all that occurred to him."

"Greatly surprised and touched on learning the interest the beautiful Turk had shown in his actions, the Count pondered on the means of getting to sight and speech of her. At last he hit upon a plan. Hassan had got together from the adjacent country several hundred labourers to work at the fortifications of Lewenz. The Count disguised himself as one of them, and by this means was enabled to enter the town. How he managed to see Zelmira and speak with her, I know not; but see her he did, wooed her, and won her, and she agreed to fly with him from her brother's power. A peasant woman who was amongst the labourers at Lewenz brought orders for two men, with led horses, to conceal themselves on a given evening in the neighbourhood of that town, and at midnight the Count joined them, bringing with him Zelmira, disguised in the coarse garb of a peasant girl. They sprang upon their horses, and reached the castle in safety."

"Two months have elapsed since then, and the infidel sister of Hassan has become the Christian wife of Revistyei's lord. She was baptised by the name of Rosa, but her husband loves best to call her by her former one of Zelmira."

"And is she really so beautiful a dame as report declared her to be?" inquired Oswald, when the young officer concluded his narrative.

"Truly is she," was the reply. "Do you see yonder moon lifting its bright disc above the dark pine wood? Its rays silver the mountain tops and fill the whole valley; the river seems to flow more joyously in its light, and even the grey walls of our old castle appear to grow younger under its mild influence. Even so do all things look brighter and gladder when Zelmira appears."

"And Hassan has not attacked the castle?" asked Oswald, interrupting the young officer's rhapsody.

"Not yet," said Stephan; "but doubt not that ere long he will seek to revenge himself and to recover his sister."

"Let him come!" cried the impetuous young soldier; "let him come! One never fights better than in defence of beauty."

"There is little to fear," said his comrade. "With the sword of Zuniga in his good right hand the Count is certain of victory."

"The sword of Zuniga," repeated the German; "what may that be?"

"There is a long story concerning it," replied Stephan, "which at some other moment I may perhaps have leisure to tell and you to listen to. But now, time is wanting; for I hear the Count approaching."

As he uttered these words, the clatter of horses' feet upon the road leading up to the castle became audible, and presently the Count of Revistyei, followed by a small party of men-at-arms, galloped up to the gate, at the same moment that Zelmira issued from her apartment and advanced in joyful haste to meet her husband. Revistyei sprang from his horse and clasped her to his breast; his three days' absence had seemed three centuries to his impatient love; but his friends and retainers now crowded round to welcome him, and his blushing bride extricated herself from his embrace. The Count had a kind word for every one, and presently, when the first greetings were over, Stephan presented to him the Burgrave's envoy. While Revistyei was reading the letter which the young German presented to him, the latter had abundant leisure to admire the wonderful beauty of Zelmira, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband with an expression of joy and confiding love that lent a fresh charm to her enchanting countenance. Nature seemed to have taxed her utmost skill to produce in the Countess that most admirable of her works—a perfectly lovely woman.

"I have already," said Revistyei, after reading the letter, "written to the Burgrave with the information for which he asks me. It is therefore needless for you to hurry back, Sir Envoy, and it would look neither hospitable of me, nor friendly of you, if you were to leave the castle at this late hour. To-night, you must abide within my walls. By daybreak, if you wish it, you can journey hence."

And after speaking a few words to Stephan, the Count withdrew with his lady to her apartments.

"For to-night, at least, boys," cried old Stephan, when his lord had disappeared, "we will be jovial and happy, come what may to-morrow. And you," added he to the German, "shall give us proof whether your countrymen be such valiant flagon-cmptiers as report describes them."

Presently, tables were spread in front of the castle, casks rolled out of the cellar, and fires lighted, at which a copious supper was prepared; mirth and merriment, feasting and carousing, were the order of the night. Dancing and music succeeded in their turn, and the wild melody of the national airs rang through the soft moonlight atmosphere, while here and there a group might be seen listening attentively to old tales of the Turkish wars and of feats of Magyar valour, related to them by some scarred and grey-haired veteran. The stars were growing dim, and the eastern sky was lighting up, before

the last of the revellers, whose noise and numbers had been, however, for some time diminishing, finally departed; and, as is the case after most human pleasures, nought remained but the ashes of the extinguished festival fires, to announce to the passer-by that men had there been gathered together in rejoicing.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHALLENGE.

"It was mid-day when Revistyei, standing on the balcony of his castle, received Oswald's adieus.

"Tell the Burgrave," said he, "that he may do the Countess and myself an exceeding great pleasure, if he be so minded, by honouring this poor house with his presence. For yourself, my young friend, you will not refuse the trifling gift which I now offer you. In these unsettled times a man's life may depend each day on the quality of his weapons, and these you will find excellent."

So saying, the Count presented his departing guest with a pair of Turkish pistols, of rare workmanship and richly inlaid with silver.

"They were the arms of a brave man," continued Revistyei; "the much-dreaded Achmet Aga wore them at his girdle till the day that he fell beneath my sword. The last shot which he fired with them was aimed at me, but it scarce grazed the skin, and at the same moment my blade pierced his heart."

After expressing in fitting terms his thanks and his farewell, the gratified envoy was about to depart, when an officer approached the Count, and informed him that a Turk from the fortress of Lewenz demanded an audience. Revistyei gave orders for his immediate admittance, and requested Oswald to delay his departure a brief space, in case the Turk should say aught worthy of being communicated to the Burgrave. The next instant the folding-doors of the apartment were thrown open, and a tall figure entered.

The broad shoulders, short neck, bushy black beard, and deeply-marked features of the new comer, caused him to be immediately recognised, by the majority of those present, as Moktar, one of the Turkish commanders at Lewenz. With an air of bold defiance he approached Revistyei.

"Sir Count," said he, "Hassan, Pacha of Lewenz, sends me to thee, the unbelieving lord of Revistyei. By fraud and cunning hast thou stolen away his sister, and he has resolved to punish thee for the deed with his own hand. Although thou art no better than a common thief, he will condescend to meet thee in fair and open field, and in eight days will repair hither to fight thee. Zelmira is to be the prize of the conqueror. As the horse in the desert thirsteth for the cool fountain, and his rider for the shade of the palm trees, so doth Hassan crave after the day of battle. His blade, which has so often drunk the blood of unbelievers, shall be dyed a yet deeper red in thine."

The brow of Revistyei grew dark, and his eyes flashed lightning,

at this insolent speech, but he restrained his wrath, and his reply was calm though stern.

"Tell thy chief," said he, "that in eight days I shall expect him. Though his blade be red with Christian blood, my sword Zuniga shall not flinch from crossing it. It was true to my ancestors, and will not fail me. Thou hast thy answer. Begone!"

"And you," continued the valiant Count, turning to Oswald, "tell the Burgrave that I now beseech him earnestly to come this same week to my castle, and act as umpire in the approaching combat."

Moktar cast a glance of scorn and defiance at Revistyei; Oswald bowed low, and respectfully pressed the hand which the Count offered to him, and then the two envoys descended the stairs, side by side, but stern and silent. As they were getting to horse in the castle yard, Zelmira came out of the chapel.

"Moktar!" cried she, "how fares my brother?"

"In eight days he is to fight with your husband, and on your account," replied the Turk, sullenly, as he threw himself into the saddle, and, without vouchsafing another word, dashed through the gateway.

"Victory will be for the noble Count!" cried Oswald, spurring his steed, and following the Moslem out of the court. But the word of consolation was unheard by Zelmira, who was already hanging round her husband's neck.

"You are to fight with Hassan?" she cried: "with my brother?"

"Either that, or resign you," replied Revistyei, tenderly. "You see that the combat is unavoidable."

"O God!" exclaimed Zelmira, "and if you perish! My brother is a skilled and hardy warrior."

"Have no fear," replied the Count. "Many a worse danger have I passed in safety."

"If you fall, I will not survive you," cried Zelmira, in accents of resolute decision."

"I shall not fall," said Revistyei. "The good sword Zuniga is a sure safeguard."

"What sword is that, in which you thus confide?" asked the Countess. "Show it to me, and explain your reasons for such reliance on its power."

Revistyei passed an arm round the slender waist of his tearful wife, and led her away in the direction of the castle armoury.

Meanwhile Moktar had returned to Lewenz, and, after reporting to Hassan the acceptance of his challenge, had again left his presence. The Pacha remained alone with Ibrahim the Renegade.

"My lord," said the latter, "you are lost, if you fight with this Revistyei; it is in vain to strive against his sword Zuniga. I have often heard speak of that famous weapon, when I dwelt among the Christians, before the light of the Koran had shone upon me."

"What virtue then resides in this sword," cried Hassan, proudly, "that my practised arm and keen scimitar may not withstand?"

"Let my lord listen," replied Ibrahim, "to the history of that marvellous blade. When the great Soliman, after the fight of Mohacs, threatened Germany with his invincible legions, all the warriors

of Christendom collected together to resist his farther progress, and amongst them was a certain Spaniard, by name Alonzo de Zuniga. This Spaniard contracted a close friendship with a Hungarian noble, Andox Revistyei, the ancestor of thy foe. When the campaign was brought to an end, and the Spanish troops were summoned away by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Zuniga sought out Revistyei, and spoke to him thus:—

“ ‘ We shall probably,’ said he, ‘ never meet again in this life, and when we die, no one will remember our friendship, which is nevertheless as firm and as true a thing as any in the world. Give me then a token which may pass from father to son, and be useful to each who possesses it; and I will give you a like pledge. In that manner the memory of our friendship will be carried down to the remotest generations, and be held sacred by our descendants.’ ”

“ Thereupon Revistyei drew from his breast a ring, which he always carried suspended round his neck by a triple chain of gold, and gave it to Zuniga.

“ ‘ This,’ said he, ‘ is the ring of Fidelity: whoever possesses it is certain that his ladye-love will never break her faith, but be true to him to her dying hour. Take it, dear friend, and may it evermore rest upon the heart of a Zuniga.’ ”

“ Then the Spaniard produced a Moorish sabre, and buckled it round his friend's waist.

“ ‘ This weapon,’ he said, ‘ was wrested from an Arab emir by one of my forefathers. On the blade is an inscription signifying that whoever wields it to defend or avenge what he loves best in the world is certain to slay his opponent. Let it go down as an heirloom in the family of Revistyei, and be used by its possessor to guard what his heart holds dearest.’ ”

“ ‘ As you have said, so shall it be,’ replied Andox Revistyei, ‘ and from this day forward shall the sword be known by the name of Zuniga.’ ”

“ The friends embraced each other, and then rode forth, one east and the other west. The Revistyeis have kept their word, and many a foe has bit the dust before the good blade of Zuniga. And such, alas! my lord, will inevitably be your fate.”

Hassan paced uneasily up and down the apartment; pride and the love of life waging a fierce contest in his breast. Repressing a malicious smile, Ibrahim resumed:

“ One consolation remains,” said he, “ to the man who exposes himself to the blows of this unerring sword. Although his own death is unavoidable, there is a chance of his mortally wounding his antagonist. The sword slays those opposed to it, but does not ensure the safety of its bearer.”

“ Wretched scoffer!” fiercely interrupted Hassan; “ since you know no safeguard against this infernal weapon, why cripple my courage by such tales?”

Ibrahim shrunk back, abashed at the anger of his chief, and remained for a while plunged in reflection.

“ There is one way,” he said at last, “ and only one, of extricating

your life and honour from this peril. I will venture in disguise to the castle of Revistyei, and watch my opportunity to poison your foe. In eight days, when you present yourself to do him battle, he will be dead."

"So be it, then," said Hassan; "but hasten."

"I risk much in this undertaking," said Ibrahim; "and my reward should be proportionably great."

"Name it yourself," replied the Pacha.

"The half of your treasure, and your sister's hand," said Ibrahim, after a moment's hesitation.

"Both shall be yours," answered Hassan. "But hasten."

Ibrahim folded his hands on his breast in token of obedience, and left the room. The Pacha gazed scornfully after him.

"Presumptuous fool!" said he, half aloud, "thinkest thou to mingle the filthy puddle that flows in thy renegade veins with the blood of Hassan? My gold I might give thee; but Zelmira, never! Let thy work be done, and thou diest the death."

CHAPTER III.

THE COMBAT.

"AND did you yourself see him swallow the poison?" said the Pacha to Ibrahim, as the latter was assisting him to arm, on the morning of the day appointed for the combat.

"I did, my lord," replied the renegade, "with my own eyes did I see it; and rest assured that when you arrive beneath the battlements of Revistyei, it will be to witness your enemy's funeral, and listen to the wailings of his retainers. Amidst the general grief and confusion, it will be easy to storm the fort and carry off your sister."

Fully convinced and rendered confident by these assurances, Hassan mounted his steed, and, followed by a strong squadron of picked men, ascended the banks of the Gran. The river came rushing and murmuring to meet him, but the snow on the higher peaks of the Carpathians was fast melting, and its waters were swollen and discoloured.

"Soon," thought Hassan, as he rode along, "shall this strong current bear down with it the fragments of that proud castle of which the lofty battlements are now reflected in its waves."

"The tears of Revistyei's retainers have troubled the waters," said the renegade, guessing at the thoughts of his chief, and chiming in with them accordingly. "Yonder mists that brood upon the mountain top betoken the sadness of the Christian. There will they remain till Hassan's victorious hand plants the glittering crescent upon the pinnacles of his enemy's fortress."

Thus discoursing; and in full persuasion of the success of their enterprise, they arrived opposite to the castle of Revistyei, which was on the farther side of the river. On the bridge over the latter, a small party of Hungarian horsemen were halted.

"Can yonder fools be thinking to oppose our progress?" said the Pacha, contemptuously.

"They come doubtless to treat for the surrender of the fort," answered the smooth-tongued renegade.

"Ask them what they want," said Hassan to one of his officers. "If they choose to deliver up my sister, and burn down their robbers' nest, they may depart without opposition, and take with them the body of their chief and whatever else belongs to them."

The Turk pushed his horse in the direction of the enemy, and as he did so, two of the latter advanced to meet him. At the same time the little troop opened its ranks, and the Burgrave of Schemnitz, splendidly armed and mounted, appeared in the midst of the horsemen. The Turk returned to Hassan, accompanied by the two Hungarians, one of whom immediately addressed the Pacha.

"The Burgrave," said he, "out of friendship for our lord the Count of Revistyei, will make the necessary arrangements for the combat, in concert with such one of your officers as you may please to appoint. When all is in readiness, the Count will come forth to the fight. Your countenance is hateful to him; and he has no wish to see it till he can strike at it."

The Pacha cast a keen stern glance at the renegade, who, although evidently startled and agitated, speedily recovered himself.

"Is the Count well?" said he to the Hungarian. "My Lord Pacha will willingly grant him time, should he be in any way indisposed."

"He needs it not," replied the other. "He is well, and eager for the fight." Whilst the two Christians, with Moktar and a small party of Turks, returned to the Burgrave, who began to mark out the ground and make the needful preparations for the combat, Hassan turned to Ibrahim, mistrust, doubt, anxiety, and ill-suppressed fury depicted on his dark countenance.

"If thou hast deceived me," said he, from between his set teeth, "and if he lives to ride out to the combat, rest assured that the first flash of Zuniga's sword shall be the signal of thy death. I know thy ambitious dreams, and that, in the hope of succeeding me, thou wouldst gladly behold my fall. Therefore hast thou brought me into this strait. But beware! for the pit thou hast dug for me shall receive us both."

And he clutched Ibrahim's arm with an iron gripe, as though fearful of his escape.

"He cannot live, my lord," replied the terrified renegade; "it is not possible. I myself administered to him a deadly drug."

Meanwhile the place for the duel was marked out. There were no lists or barriers erected, the breadth and length of the ground being merely indicated by four little groups of Turks and Hungarians, stationed at the four corners. It was further agreed that the two combatants should neither see nor speak to each other before engaging, but that Revistyei should ride over the bridge and at once attack Hassan. Sword and dagger were the only weapons to be used.

When all was ready, the Burgrave took up the station appointed to him as umpire. Three shots, fired by his order, served as a signal that all was in readiness, and, at the sound, the castle gates opened, and

a gallant train of horsemen issued forth. Hassan and the renegade strained their eyes to distinguish who it was that rode at their head. By the coal-black charger that paced proudly along, champing the bit and spotting his jetty coat with flakes of foam, by the snow-white plume that nodded on his steel cap, and the colours of his ancient house displayed upon his breast, they recognised Revistyei. The sword of Zuniga glittered in his grasp as his horse's hoofs thundered across the bridge.

"'Tis he," exclaimed Hassan, rage choking his voice. "Die, dog!" he added, as he drove his keen dagger into the heart of the pale traitor who rode trembling beside him, and then, with the courage of despair, he set spurs to his steed, and galloped forward to encounter Revistyei.

Scarcely had their swords clashed together when that of the Turk was shivered to the hilt. With certain death before his eyes, Hassan still thought of revenge, and plucking from its sheath the dagger that yet reeked with the blood of his betrayer, he hurled it with almost superhuman force at his opponent. The blow took effect, the Count dropped his sword and fell from his horse, which galloped riderless across the plain.

With a shout of exultation, Hassan sprang from his steed, and snatching up the much-dreaded sword, hastened to the fallen man, to feed his hatred with the expiring agonies of his foe. But as he bent over the prostrate form, what features met his view! Far different were they to the detested Revistyei, and, alas! far better known. The head-piece had fallen off; the false beard had become displaced: the lovely though pallid countenance, the beauteous eyes, now fast glazing in death, were those of Zelmira.

For one moment Hassan stood gazing vacantly on her face, seeming scarce to understand what had occurred; then the whole extent of his crime and misfortune appeared to flash upon and overpower him. He turned the sword of Zuniga against himself, and fell lifeless beside the body of his beloved sister.

Almost at the same instant a funeral train was seen issuing slowly from the open gates of the castle. It was bearing the Count of Revistyei to the tomb of his ancestors. As thought awed by the solemnity of the scene and the mournful tragedy they had witnessed, Turks and Christians took up their dead and separated in peace.

To this day there is no more popular tradition among the peasants of the Granthal, than that of the beautiful Zelmira and the last Count of Revistyei.

THE DAWN O'ERCAST.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

1.

Too radiant child, those sportings wild,
Those lilies, roses in thy hair :
Those tearful drops to diamonds smiled,
Show earthly life too heavenly fair.

2.

Those locks so lightly backward thrown —
Those severed lips with laughter shrill :
Thy every happy look and tone,
All hearts but ours with gladness fill.

3.

A Peri, sylph, too purely bright,
We deem thee, though a form of clay :
Or seraph, from its home of light,
Amongst earth's humbler flowers astray.

4.

A breeze that sports along the lawn —
A flower amongst the flowers art thou :
Yet all too glorious is thy dawn,
And tempest-gloom is gathering now.

5.

Dark clouds assail our hopeful east,
Dim mists o'er orient prospects chill :
The lark his matin song has ceased —
All earth is sad, all heaven is still.

6.

Our sighs are sadly breathed apart
For cheeks which like the morning glow ;
And vacancy usurps the heart,
As thou wert gone, — for thou must go.

7.

For this the tortured bosom aches,
And prayers arise, and eyes are dim :
From God thou cam'st, who gives and takes, —
And briefly thou must go to Him.

CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

No. I.

THE unusual announcement of the sale of a prison a short time since attracted the attention of many speculators, and among others that of a friend of mine fond of employing his time and his money in attempts to ameliorate the condition of the labouring poor. It was a notion of his that the building might be converted into a vast lodging-house for artizans and others of the like class, according to the plan described by Eugène Sue in his celebrated romance of the "Wandering Jew."

My friend showed me many calculations to prove that his scheme might be made not only a source of great benefit to those who might have the good fortune to be included within its action, but that it would be also a profitable investment of capital on the part of the speculator. He talked much of the advantages of co-operation, and of the economy which might be practised by a number of families living together, with a common kitchen, dining-hall, and sitting-room ; arguing, that the same heat which warmed a single apartment might be made, by scientific contrivance, to warm a whole house ; that the artificial light which was necessary for the convenience of one person might serve the same purpose for scores of persons ; and that the same utensils — instancing cooking utensils as an example — which at present had to be bought by each individual at his separate expense would be sufficient, by arrangement, for numerous families ; with many arguments of the like nature. He commented also on the saving in respect to provisions, clothes, fuel, and other necessities which would result from the combined efforts of an organised community of families ; and he insisted that the same wages which are inadequate to the decent subsistence of a poor family compelled to make its purchases at the enhanced price of retail dealing, would be sufficient to procure comforts, and even luxuries, by the joining together of their separate means, and by purchasing at wholesale prices in the cheapest markets. Nor was he less earnest in dwelling on the many moral advantages which would result in such an economic

community. He spoke of the good effect of providing for the labouring man a comfortable home where he could enjoy society, so necessary to the gregarious longings of his nature, without being obliged to seek it at the public-house — the only place of reunion which the poor possess — in which social intercourse is made the stepping-stone to dissipation.

My friend grew so warm in his advocacy of his favourite principle of "co-operation," that he insisted on taking me down to the place, to prove to me by ocular inspection the adaptability of the building for the purpose which he described. I confess I was by no means inclined to agree with him in opinion in this instance; thinking that the painful associations attached to a prison, although only a prison for debt, could not fail to have a prejudicial moral effect on the minds of those who, he proposed, should inhabit it. But he was so urgent in his desire that I should accompany him, that I consented, and we set out on our walk from the West End towards the City.

The circumstance of the possible demolition of the Fleet Prison naturally brought on the subject of the purpose for which it had been used; and we admired the changes and improvements which had taken place within the last few years in our social and political institutions; and my friend indulged in many fanciful speculations as to the probable condition of society in a century to come. He rapidly ran over the events of the last sixty or seventy years. "To begin at no earlier period," he observed, "than the French Revolution: how vast and extraordinary have been the political events even in our own time! Two great revolutions in France; the capital of Austria twice occupied by the victorious troops of a soldier of fortune, and saved from dismemberment only by the propitiatory sacrifice of the daughter of a line of kings; Prussia twice conquered; Russia invaded, and her capital burnt to save it from the occupation of the enemy; Paris, the city of warriors, twice taken; Portugal, Belgium, Greece, and the whole of South America, revolutionised; Spain revolutionised half a dozen times. To come nearer home: our own country," he continued, "may be said to have undergone two revolutions within the last sixteen years: The admission of the Roman Catholics to parliamentary and other rights,—a concession undisguisedly declared by its Conservative proposers to be unavoidable to save the nation from civil war and dismemberment; and the Reform of Parliament in 1832, than which no more remarkable revolution has taken place in history,—the triumph of the national will over the hereditary possessors of parliamentary power. We are too near to the events," he said, "to understand fully their extent or their results."

"Do not forget," said I, "the *social* changes and improvements of the last few years,—steam navigation and railways; and take into account also the wonderful diffusion of information which has taken place during the last half century, in the multiplication of books, and newspapers, and all sorts of cheap publications."

"It is impossible," said my friend, with much earnestness, "in considering all these political and social advances and developements, to come to any other conclusion than this,—that society is on the eve of

some greater change than has ever occurred on earth. The spreading of information among the labouring classes, and the wonderful facilities which exist for the diffusion of knowledge, cannot fail, in a short time, to have a prodigious effect on the masses. With the moral power of intelligence added to the physical power of numbers, it would be idiotic fatuity to suppose that they would consent to exist in the state of wretchedness in which they now are;—then the change will come, but whether by some means of social re-organisation which we cannot yet clearly see, or by some terrible social and political revolution, wilder and more devastating than the world has ever witnessed, is beyond the reach of human wisdom to divine.” As he said this, we found ourselves in the broadway of Farringdon, opposite the edifice which was the object of our visit. On the outside nothing was visible but a high wall with revolving spikes at the top. The wall, being unbroken by windows or other openings, had a gloomy, forbidding appearance; and the more so, perhaps, from the very circumstance of our being conscious that beyond them was a solitude, and that no living creature breathed within their circuit. I could not help regarding it as a mighty sepulchre of buried griefs. While my friend was measuring its extent with his eye, and revolving the means of making it available for the purpose that he meditated, I felt my thoughts wandering to the contemplation of the scenes of misery which must have taken place within its walls.

“How many sorrows,” I said, “has that sad place been witness to! If its silent walls could give to the world the tales of suffering, of cruelty, and of crime which have taken place within them, how strange, and how interesting, would be their revelations!”

“The thought that strikes me most powerfully at this moment,” said my friend, “is the fact that, in a civilised community, such a prison should have been allowed to exist. This country has always, until lately, treated debt as a criminal offence, to be punished; and—strange anomaly in legal codes!—it placed the power of the punishment in the hands of the angered party.”

“But the debtor,” said I, wishing to provoke my friend into talking on a subject which he was fond of discussing, “is, *primâ facie*, a wrong-doer, inasmuch as he does not pay to his creditor that which he owes to him.”

“You are taking for granted,” said my friend, “that the debtor really has the money which he owes to his debtor, and that, having it, he withholds it; that is not a case of mere indebtedment, but a case of robbery; and your debtor, in such case, ought to be punished for the appropriating to himself his creditor’s money as for a fraud, which it is; but he ought to be punished not *quâ* debtor but *quâ* cheat.”

“I know,” said I, “that you are opposed to imprisonment for debt.”

“How any man with any experience can be in favour of it,” said he, “is to me a matter of amazement. What good does it do? That is the first enquiry. I put out of the question the cases of fraudulent debtors; I speak only of those who are put in prison to pay the money which they have not got to pay, and which money—the im-

prisoned debtor being debarred from the exercise of profitable occupations—it is impossible for him to obtain: can any thing be more absurd?"

"I confess," said I, "that it seems a useless practice."

"Useless!" said my friend, with some vivacity; "can any thing be more cruel than to confine a man in prison for being unfortunate? A creditor actually has the power of confining his debtor in prison for life! He may make use of the power which the law gives him as the instrument of a mental torture to which the bodily torture of the old Spanish Inquisition is not to be compared. Horrible as the cruelty of this law is, if it produced the desired effect something might be gained by it. Society might suffer in its generality, from the pernicious effects of the barbarous enactment; but still, if the creditor got his money, that would be something. But he does not get his money by it; and why? Because, as the witnesses, whose evidence is given in the Parliamentary Reports, prove, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the man who goes to prison for debt has no money to pay with. What, then, is the law good for? As a punishment? Is it a compensation to a man who loses his money by the misfortunes of his debtor, to put his debtor in gaol? How does that serve him? It may gratify his revenge; but is that a passion for Christian laws to foster? Laws are for punishment, not for revenge. If the debtor, in accordance with the law of more barbarous times, were to be assigned to his creditor as his slave, to be punished at discretion with stripes, if he did not work hard enough for his master, there would be some sense in that:—but as it is, imprisonment for debt is profitless cruelty."

"You forget," said I, "that arrest for debt on mesne process is abolished."

"I do not refer to that," said my friend. "I am speaking of arrest for debt after the proof of the debt has been established by a confession, or by a verdict. That evil still exists. The public mind still requires to be enlightened, and roused to a sense of the mischiefs which arise from this remaining part of a barbarous system of legislation. The idea is still prevalent, that an individual requires coercion to pay his debts; no idea is more false. It is quite the contrary principle that prevails; there is no individual—don't talk to me of exceptions, they only prove the rule;—I say there is not a single individual who is not anxious to pay his debts; it is the ruling principle of every human being, whether in a savage or civilised state. In the very prisons where debtors are confined, the greatest reproach that can be incurred is not to pay your debts when you are able. But society still continues to act as if the contrary principle prevailed. The misfortune, from unforeseen losses, of not being able to pay your debts, and the rascality of not paying them when you can, are still confounded together, and every debtor is regarded as a criminal."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is because the greatest of crimes in this country is poverty."

While my friend was expatiating on a subject on which he felt warmly, and on which I was glad sometimes to excite him to talk,

because he was master of the subject, and often gave expression to forcible ideas and novel combinations of thought, I had observed an old man, of peculiar appearance, pacing backwards and forwards on the pavement before the building. He took "short turns," as the sailors call them, as if he had been used to walk the deck of a ship; but there was nothing nautical in his air, and I thought he did not use his legs like a sailor—he rather shuffled than walked; and I missed that characteristic bearing of a man accustomed to balance himself in his walk, to counteract the heaving motion of a vessel undulated by the waves. I pointed him out to my friend, for I am fond of studying character, and we remained looking at him for a brief space, both of us wondering what could be the reason of his remarkable movement in the open street. On examining him more closely, I perceived that he was far advanced in years, and that his face presented the most extraordinary ramification of wrinkles I had ever beheld. He was dressed in a fashion long since obsolete. On his back he wore a brown coat with long broad tails, reaching nearly to the ground, and which I ascertained, on close inspection (which did not seem to offend him), to be held together by innumerable patches and darnings with threads of all sorts of colours. His waistcoat was of a dark colour with red stripes, and to all appearance as old as his coat. I thought at first that those indispensable parts of his dress which provided for the middle regions of the person, and which reached no farther than the knees, had been cut out from one of those counterpanes called patchwork; but they proved to be an original pair of knee-breeches, which had been so frequently mended with bits of odd cloth of divers sorts and colours that they had become a veritable curiosity. I remarked especially that the knees shone with the accumulated grease of generations. A pair of grey worsted stockings and thick shoes, with buckles, formed the rest of his apparel, and a strange sort of cap of a hairy, leathery look completed the singularity of his appearance.

It seems that our outward examination of the walls of the prison, and our continued stay at the same spot, had attracted the old man's attention; for he began an abrupt conversation on the subject which seemed to occupy his thoughts, as it did our own. For some time it was rather a succession of brief observations than a conversation—thrown in by a few words at a time, as the course of his walk backwards and forwards brought him sufficiently close to be heard. His first intimation of sympathy with us was by a shake of the head. He looked at the building, and then looked at us, and shook his head in a sharp abrupt way: I forgot to say that he wore a wig, which, from the character of the parts that were visible, seem to have been ingeniously contrived from the materials of an old door-mat. In a short time the feelings which were intimated by expressive shakes of the head found expression in words; but more as if the old man was speaking to himself aloud than holding colloquy with others.

"Going to be pulled down," he said, and turned away. . . .

"Time it was;" (another turn. . . .)

"Well! that I should live to see it!" (back again). . . .

"Oh! the villainies of that place!"

He continued his broken exclamations, giving utterance to his thoughts in unconnected sentences as he approached, and discontinuing as he changed his walk and turned his back to us:—

"If all was known!"

"Starved and rotted!"

"The wretchedness!"

"The crimes!"

"The cruelty!"

"Oppressions!"

"Lawyers!"

"Murders!"

"Fun too, sometimes!"

"Plenty of fun!"

"Lots of fun!"

"Mirth and Misery!"

"If it was only known!"

"I could tell them!"

"The writing people would be glad of it!"

"Make their fortunes!"

"No romance—all true!"

"I've got all the papers!"

"I could tell 'em all about it!"

The words which the old man flung at us after this fashion excited my friend's curiosity, as indeed they did mine, and we were eager to know what he meant by his "papers," and his exclamation of "I could tell them;" but first we looked about for some one who could tell us something about the old man. We quickly found one, for it seemed that he was well known in the neighbourhood, as indeed was natural; for the circumstance of a person dressed in the antiquated garb of other days, and persevering in pacing up and down before the prison—it was on the opposite side of the way—could not fail to attract attention and excite enquiry.

"The poor old man is crazy," said a benevolent-looking apple-woman whose barrow was standing near, "that is, not quite crazy, but just a little bit cracked; he was confined in the prison over there," pointing with her finger to the frowning walls of the Fleet, "for thirty-seven years."

"For thirty-seven years!" exclaimed my friend.

"So they say, your honour; but when they moved all the prisoners away, the old man was set free, I didn't know why; but ever since he has walked up and down here in the way you see. They do say he was a rich man once. You needn't be afraid of him, gentlemen," observing that we looked towards him in a hesitating manner, "he's very gentle, and quite harmless."

Thus encouraged, we approached the old man, who, it seemed, had fulfilled the course of his daily whim or habit, and was proceeding to leave the place of his exercise. My friend, who rather piques himself on his tact of making acquaintance with strangers, and of "drawing them out," as he terms it, accosted him in an easy manner.

"You seem to know that building," pointing to the Fleet.

"I think I ought," replied the old man.

"And why so?" asked my friend.

"I was confined in it for seven-and-thirty years," said he. "For seven-and-thirty years that prison was my home. But it's not a prison now; they say it is to be pulled down; and right enough to do it; it ought to have been pulled down long ago — long ago."

"I dare say," said my friend, "that you could tell a great many curious stories of what has passed within those prison walls during your long experience?"

"I am old," said he, "and my memory fails me; and sometimes, I think," — and here he stopped, and pressed his head between his two hands, which he took from behind his coat-tails for that purpose: "sometimes I think, God help me! — that my mind wanders a little; but you shall have the papers if you will make a good use of them."

"What papers?" said I, eagerly.

"Why, the papers that I told you of: did I not tell you that I had the papers that the poor man gave me that died in my arms, in one of the rooms of yonder place." He stopped, as he spoke, and, in turning round, threw his arms towards the spot where the Fleet Prison was situated, for we had now nearly reached the end of the street, and were about to turn up Holborn Hill.

"I should like very much," said I, "to see those papers that you speak of. Do they relate to events that have taken place in the Fleet Prison?"

"To be sure they do," said he, quickly: "what else should they relate to? Didn't he collect all the stories of all the things that ever were done there, and write them down on sheets of paper, and give them to me?"

"Who is the person you speak of?" said I: "some one, I suppose, who was confined in the prison with you?"

"Ah, I see," he said, "I forget; you didn't know him. He was what you call an author; a man that wrote books; — so of course he got into prison — he was not the only one I've seen there, by many. But he's dead, now, poor fellow. Poor fellow! ah! he was the man to make you laugh or cry — and both in a breath, so that the one jostled the other in your throat, and made you choke again! But he's dead now; dead! — and the prison's to be pulled down. Well, I'm glad of it; it never did any good, and many a heart have I seen broken in it!"

"But the papers?" said I, wishing to bring him back to the point that most interested me; "I should like to see them."

"Are you an author?" asked the old man. "No: I see, you are not. Your forehead ought to be all in wrinkles, and your eye sunk and sad. You look too plump," he said, "for an author; I know, the marks of those poor creatures well: they all look as if they were not sure of getting a meal on the morrow."

"But the papers?" said I.

"Well, well; you shall have them. But you must promise me to

print them, and let all the world know what has taken place in that horrid place yonder. Come up with me."

By this time we had reached the door of a mean-looking house in a bye-lane leading from Holborn. He entered; and we followed him down a long passage, at the end of which was a humble room, containing a bed with tables and chairs. The room was well enough, and had rather an air of comfort about it than otherwise. At one end was an ancient chest, which the old man unlocked, and without preface or ceremony placed a bundle of papers in my hands, tied up with some attempt at regularity, and tolerably well preserved from the dust.

"I am old," said the ancient inhabitant of the Fleet; "and every day I find my infirmities coming faster upon me;—and my mind is getting weak. — I have studied the human face for thirty-seven years in a place where every variety of human deception and of human suffering has been daily offered to my view. I like your countenance: it is the countenance of an honest man." (I bowed; but the old man made a gesture of impatience, and continued.) "All that I ask is, that you will print these papers, and make them known to the world." (I promised.) "They contain records of events — some of a most extraordinary character — which the world knows nothing of. It is to do good that I would have everybody read them," the old man, continued with great earnestness; "and that these histories of 'man's inhumanity to man' may make the rich, and the powerful, and those who have the government of society in their hands, blush for the cruelties and enormities which they have suffered, and still suffer, to be committed — under the name of the 'law.'"

"If I might offer any assistance to you," my friend and I said together, "we should be glad to render you more comfortable. . . ."

"I have enough now for my wants," said the old man, "and those are not many now. Keep your money for those who are worse off than I am."

We called a cab; and, as my house was the nearest, we got out there, being very curious to know the contents of the papers which had so strangely come to our hands, and which promised to be so interesting. Untying the bundle, and taking up the first packet which offered itself, we found that it was a most romantic history under the title of

"THE RUINED MERCHANT."

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLAGIARISM.

"That's my Thunder." — *Dennis*.

MAN is an imitative animal; and, in this sense, Plagiarism is the noblest exercise of humanity. Such being the fact, we listen, with curiously uplifted eyebrows, to the indignation of critics, when they detect any one in the lawful act of stealing ideas. We say lawful act; should we not rather say inevitable act?

Theft, rightly considered, is the first principle of human nature. Is this a paradox? Truth generally is — at first. Theft, we repeat, is the first principle of human existence. Skillful appropriation of that which lies at hand: this — this is the *primum mobile*.

To the proof: The body lives, and is fed only by the appropriation of animal and vegetable substances, the fit portions of which are skillfully assimilated. As the body lives, the mind lives; as the body feeds, the mind feeds. Facts and ideas are the materials constantly assimilated by the mind. On perpetual theft both mind and body fatten.

Nevertheless there is a distinction recognised by the moral law (or at any rate by the police) between Honest Theft and Dishonest Theft. To appropriate the food which as a guest you find on the table is not quite the same as to appropriate the food which you, unbidden, find in the larder of a neighbour.

So also there are two kinds of mental appropriation. In the one case it is called Erudition, Information, Imitation: in the other case it is called Plagiarism. The law of the land very easily distinguishes between honest and dishonest appropriation in the case of material goods; but the laws of literature are too unsettled to afford at present the same facility.

For example: In questions of literary Theft, how are we to decide upon honest and dishonest procedures? If we steal thoughts from the ancients, it has been said, the theft is cried up as erudition; if we steal them from the moderns, it is cried down as plagiarism. On what grounds? Gentlemen of the jury, on what grounds?

While the reader meditates an answer, we will lay before him some of the celebrated cases of imitation, appropriation, or plagiarism which have distinguished Literature and Art. Observe, however, that no great writer ever grumbles at being robbed. It is only the tribe of Dennis who exclaim "that's my thunder," at every fancied resemblance to their own trash. It is only rejected Magazine writers who are afraid lest editors and others should "steal their ideas"

To begin our series of plagiarists with the Greeks, we may confess that we cannot convict Homer, because we do not happen to possess the works of his predecessors. But what a banquet he has been to

others! Banquet is the word, 'tis the very one used by Æschylus, who, according to Athenæus, was wont to declare that his tragedies were but scraps from Homer's mighty banquets (*τέμαχῃ τῶν Ὀμήρου μεγάλων δείπνων*). True: there is a "cut and come again" about real poets which admits of inexhaustible theft: "age cannot wither nor *plagiarism* stale their infinite variety." It is your sickly creatures of two or three ideas who see ruin in the slightest depredation, Homer has fattened many poets. Yet you see he has lost no ounce of his immortal substance. Every thief has been the richer; Homer none the poorer. Not to mention the obligations of Sophocles and Euripides, let us only pause a moment to dwell on those of the Æneid.

Virgil was a poet, a very great poet, and an immeasurable thief. He copies Homer in the conduct, incidents, descriptions, and similes of his poem. Every school-boy knows how copious an Autolycus was Virgil, therefore we need enter into no details to establish it. Let us only remark, that many of his reputed plagiarisms are merely absurd fancies of commentators and critics. Thus the simile in the Æneid, (B. II. v. 305-8),

In segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus Austris
Incidit; aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit agros, sternit sata læta boumque labores;

has ridiculously been declared to be a copy of the one in the Iliad, (B. II. v. 455-9),

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds arise
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies.

Thus Pope: but as his version is not very accurate, and in a case of this kind verbal accuracy is important, we beg to subjoin the original:

ἦντε πῦρ αἰθέλων ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὄλην
οὔρεος ἐν κορυφῇ, ἔκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγὴ,
ὥς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ δεσπεσίοιο
αἰγλή παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἵκεν.

Observe that the *only* point of resemblance is that both use the word fire! It seems at first inconceivable that such far-fetched cases as this should ever be entertained, much more that they should be repeated. Yet we have a similar instance in the frequent assertion that Byron stole the opening of his *Bride of Abydos* from Mignon's song in Wilhelm Meister. Göthe wrote:

Knowst thou the land where the gold oranges bloom?

Byron opens with:

Knowst thou the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of all that are known in that clime?

Here the similarity is confined absolutely to the words "Knowst thou the land." On such grounds every poem is a plagiarism.

To return to Virgil, nobody ever thinks of denying his poetical genius, because he stole from Homer. The same may be said of Ovid : whose stories bear their Greek parentage written on every feature. Catullus is perhaps still more Greek than Ovid ; certainly more Greek than Roman. Horace liberally availed himself of Alcæus, and doubtless of as many other poets as lay in his way. Phædrus is a feeble copy of Æsop ; everything in him is plagiarised . . . except Æsop's genius. Terence, we are told, did little more than adapt the plays of Menander ; and Lucretius glories in his obligations to the Greeks.

At the revival of letters it was honourable to pillage the ancients ; we will therefore say nothing of the Italian poets. But only reflect what a plagiarist was Shakspeare. He stole plots, situations, many characters, many speeches, and endless images. Not one of his stories is original. Editors have raked up thousands of his imitations of other poets : some of these no doubt are purely fanciful, many accidental, but very many downright plagiarisms. Yet nobody pretends to admire Shakspeare the less because he plagiarised. No one laughs the less at Molière because he took whatever he could make use of in Terence, Plautus, Lope de Vega, and the Spanish dramatists generally. Gil Blas and the Diable Boiteux are made up from a number of Spanish novels which have long since perished, while the works of Le Sage are immortal. Corneille took the plot, characters, and situations of his Cid from Guillen de Castro. Our old dramatists stole all their plots and situations from the Spaniards. Our dramatists at the Restoration were equal thieves : pillaging France as well as Spain. To express the amount of Milton's plagiarisms would be an endless task.

Raphael has been guilty of some extraordinary thefts. He has transplanted figures from Massaccio and Fra Bartolomeo with almost lineal fidelity. Mozart took the grand music which he gave to the Statue in "Don Juan" from an opera of Gluck ; while his celebrated march in *Il Flauto Magico* is an obvious imitation of the one in the *Alceste*. Meyerbeer has transplanted Luther's Hymn into his Huguenots, as well as an old Huguenot hymn, of which he has availed himself.

We should never cease, did we attempt enumerating all the plagiarisms of which poets, painters, and musicians have been guilty. Let the above suffice. Now, on what grounds are the above-mentioned thieves to be acquitted ? Wherein constitutes their innocence ? They were Thieves, but they were not Swindlers. They stole prodigally ; but they obtained nothing "under false pretences." They took what they wanted, and used it for proper purposes ; they stole nothing that they did not want ; they used nothing for improper purposes. They *assimilated* the food they stole ; they did not merely steal. The body grows by assimilation, not, by aggregation. The tree robs both earth and air of materials for its support, whatever it can grasp and assimilate, that it is entitled to by the law of its organisation. So may the mind claim as its own whatever it can devour and digest. Whatever passes into its body, and is there assimilated, *that*

it may lawfully call its own ; but nothing else. A man is strong in proportion as he assimilates, not as he eats ; so with the mind.

The poet, therefore, who can digest the thoughts of others, making them his own, who can take a brick here and a brick there, and supplying his own mortar (*callida junctura*), build a house, that poet may be a thief, but he is no swindler ; let us not call his act vile plagiarism : " *convey* the wise it call ! "

But that unhappy wretch who, taking a room here and a window there, without bringing any mortar of his own to build a habitable house with, is a Plagiarist, a Swindler obtaining property under false pretences.

The purpose of the former is noble, and his means are ennobled thereby. He wishes to benefit mankind. The purpose of the other is despicable. He wishes only to feed a sickly vanity ; to parade his Jackdaw form, decked with a few stray feathers, before the world of Peacocks among whom he hopes to be confounded.

In judging a case of Plagiarism, therefore, we must ascertain whether the plagiarist has any lawful purpose, whether he has any divine right of stealing, whether, in short, he has made the stolen property his own. No one will dispute Shakspeare's title to all the property he " conveyed." No one will deny that Molière, in " conveying " goods from Plautus and Lope de Vega, converted into gold what he found as copper ; and that, therefore, he became the lawful owner. For it must never be forgotten that no man can be original in the vulgar sense of originality : no man can draw solely from his own resources. " Sir," said Dr. Johnson, " man can coin guineas only as he has gold." This is the point. Give the poet materials, he will fashion them : give him rough gold, and he will return you guineas. This is the meaning of *ποιητης*, a maker. " The greatest genius," said Göthe, " will never be worth much if he pretends to draw exclusively from his own resources. What is genius but the faculty of seizing and turning to account every thing that strikes us ; of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves ; of taking here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them. The most original young painter who thinks he owes every thing to his invention cannot, if he really has genius, come into the room in which I am now sitting, and look around at the drawings with which it is hung without going out a different man from what he came in, and with a new supply of ideas. What should I be — what would remain to me if this art of appropriation were considered as derogatory to genius ? What have I done ? I have collected, and turned to account all that I have seen, heard, and observed. ' I have put into requisition the works of nature and of man. Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things : the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience : often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature — it bears the name of ' Göthe.' "

This remarkable passage fully bears out what we have said. It

shows also the meaning of the word *Vates*, applied to the poet. The poet is a *Vates*, because he must always have his eyes open, ready to peer into every thing; a *ποιητης*, because he is a maker ready to fashion everything that he can lay hold of.

To conclude, we may say that Plagiarism *quâ* Plagiarism is a thing lawful, inevitable, commendable; but that Plagiarism *quâ* Vanity is unlawful, despicable. Men must plagiarise; but honestly and for worthy purposes. Originality is not to be sought in the material, but in the form: not in the facts or ideas, but in the fashioning of them. To owe nothing to others is to be an Original Fool: so runs the epigram of Göthe:—

Ein Quidam sagt: "Ich bin von keiner Schule;
Kein Meister lebt, mißdem ich buhle;
Auch bin ich weit davon entfernt,
Dass ich von Todten was gelernt."
Das heisst, wenn ich ihm recht verstand:
Ich bin ein Narr auf eigne Hand."

Which for the benefit of the now Teutonic we may render thus:—

Friend Crassus boasting said: "I follow none;
I owe my wisdom to myself alone.
To neither ancient nor to modern sage
Am I indebted for a single page."
To view the matter in its proper light:
Friend Crassus is — A FOOL IN HIS OWN RIGHT.

THE PEASANT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

It was on a cold winter's night towards the middle of the last century, that a gentle knock was heard at the door of a hut situated among the mountains of Christiania, in Norway. The summons was answered by the master of the hovel, and a traveller asked shelter for the night. Hospitality is willingly exercised in those wild regions; the stranger was welcomed to a seat on the bundle of chamois skins that lay before the hearth, where a few embers still smouldered, and to a share of the supper prepared for the family.

The only inmates of the hut were a peasant named Eric and his daughter; the latter was remarkable for her beauty, and for a natural grace far superior to what might have been looked for in that wild region. The traveller, after gazing at her for some moments, inquired of his host if the fair maiden were his daughter.

"She is," replied the old man. "She and my rifle are my only treasures; and one of them I should not have kept so long if Margaret would have listened to any of the suitors who would fain have robbed me of her; but though she is now four-and-twenty, she prefers staying with her father, to whom her whole heart is devoted."

The traveller, drawing his cloak around him, complained of cold, and, at her father's command, Margaret threw some additional logs on the fire. As she fanned it, a bright blaze filled the little apartment, and threw its light on the person of the stranger. He appeared to be young and handsome, and as, under the kindly influence of the warmth, he loosened his cloak, and laid aside his slouched hat, Eric perceived that he was richly dressed. His surprise that a person of such apparent rank and opulence should be wandering alone in that inclement season prevented him from noticing the strong emotion evinced by his daughter as she caught sight of his features. With clasped hands, and her eyes fixed on his face, she seemed uncertain whether to address him. The new comer made a sign to her as if to enjoin caution. Whatever its import, she understood it, and, with tears rolling down her cheeks, seemed to be addressing a silent prayer to heaven. The supper, consisting of a platter of boiled potatoes and a jug of cold water, was now placed on the table.

"My honoured guest," said Eric, "it is useless to apologise for our humble fare: throughout these mountains you will find little better."

"Your excuses are unnecessary, my good friend," returned the other. "Many a time would such a supper as this have been more welcome to me than gold. I have known poverty, and now that I may call myself rich, my greatest pleasure is to relieve those who are as poor as I once was. Your supper shall bring you a price that will amply repay your hospitality."

Taking a potato from the dish, he dropped a pearl in its place. As it rolled into the coarse platter, Eric looked earnestly at his guest.

"Do you know what these are?" asked the latter, dropping another and another of the same jewels. "For these, men dive to the bottom of the ocean, where they remain till the gushing blood forces them to return to the surface for a moment's breath: to gain these, they are content to injure health, and risk life. They are pearls; and of such price that a few of them will make a poor peasant as rich as his lord. Take them, my good father; they are yours in requital of your kindness to a stranger."

"Dost thou hear, Margaret?" said the old man, whose eyes glistened with delight. "All these precious things are ours! We are rich, child!"

"I hear, father," replied she. "Praised be the Almighty, who has protected the traveller!" A look of intelligence passed between her and the new comer; but Eric was too much occupied in the contemplation of his newly-acquired treasures to observe it.

"And who are you, that thus deign to shower riches on a poor peasant?" said he to the stranger. "I fear we have been too free." He made a movement as if to throw himself at his feet, but the other preventing him said:—

"You mistake my rank, my good friend. Like yourself, I was born a peasant, and my early years were passed on the other side of these mountains. I was a goatherd; but while guarding my flock my thoughts wandered to things beyond my sphere. Many a beating I got for suffering my charge to stray while I watched the sun and stars, or sat pondering over a bunch of field flowers. In time my love for plants became a passion; I noted their seasons for blossoming, and all the peculiarities of their formation; but, at the age of eighteen, new ideas began to mingle with those that had hitherto occupied me. In my wandering life I had become acquainted with the daughter of a peasant whose abode was at some distance from mine: her beauty as far surpassed that of her companions as my thoughts were elevated above those of the shepherd lads among whom my lot was cast. I loved her, and Margaret (she bore the same name as your daughter) returned my affection; but her youth and my poverty forbade the hope that her father would consent to our marriage. I proposed to seek my fortune elsewhere, and, with many tears and sad forebodings, she consented to my departure. At that time I fancied that dreams of enriching *her* alone prompted my wish to roam; but I have since known that ambition mingled with my zeal for her welfare. Even in our remote mountains stories were related of those who, having visited other lands, had returned home enriched, and I believed I had only to try my fortune to be equally successful. Margaret promised to be faithful till my return —"

"And you may be sure she has kept her promise," interrupted the peasant's daughter.

The stranger looked tenderly at her as he continued. "I shall not dwell on the hardships that a poor lad without friends or money was likely to encounter. Yet I must not be ungrateful. I was not quite without money; for round my neck hung a small silver coin, of no great value, but sufficient to have helped me in my necessity. It had been placed there by my Margaret, and not for worlds would I have parted with it. It hangs there now." Again he paused, overcome by some secret emotion, or interrupted by the noise of a violent storm which had commenced since his arrival. The rain and sleet beat furiously against the windows, and the wind blew in gusts that shook the little tenement to its foundation, then died away in howls and moans that sounded like the voices of complaining spirits.

"It is a fearful night," said he, at length; "and I ought to be doubly thankful that I am with you, my good friends."

Eric paid little attention to what was said; for avarice, a passion till then unknown to him, had taken possession of his mind. Seeing that while recounting his history, his guest discontinued dropping the pearls, he said —

"Surely you have not given me all your treasures?"

"You have the last, my friend," said the traveller. "This, indeed, I have still," added he, opening a small red case, and showing a string of the same costly materials; "but it is a necklace for my betrothed."

The old peasant seemed each moment to become more uneasy.

"It is hardly safe," he muttered, "to travel with such valuable property; but of course you are armed?"

"Not I," returned the other. "Against whom should I arm myself — against our good Norwegian peasants?"

"And yet those pearls," said the old man.

"Those pearls," returned the other, "are the least part of my riches: the contents of my pocket-book are a hundred times more valuable."

"A hundred times," repeated Eric, looking round, and he unconsciously grasped his long knife. He approached the casement, and, in trying to open it, broke one of the small panes of glass. The wind rushed through the aperture with a shrill noise that startled the traveller and Margaret from their seats.

"It is the voice of the demon of the storm!" said Eric, staring wildly about him.

"It is the wind rushing through the broken glass," replied the stranger, smiling. "Be composed, my good friend: why do you handle your knife? Had it been the demon you feared it was, your weapon would no more have availed against him than against the wind itself." He hung his cloak before the broken window, and resumed his story. "Sometimes working, sometimes begging, it was many weeks before I arrived at Stockholm. The capital once reached, I fancied my difficulties over. Alas! they were but beginning. It was there, father Eric, that on many a long night, when I lay sleepless from hunger, such a supper as yours would indeed have been precious to me. At length my fortune changed. A learned man of the name of Linnæus employed me to execute some commissions for him. My diligence pleased him, and he took me into his service. I found that, like myself, he had a passion for flowers, and was then employed in classing those of our northern regions. Seeing the attention with which I observed him, he asked me some questions, and, emboldened by his condescension, I showed him a collection of dried plants I had brought with me from Norway. There were some among them that he had not been able to procure, and the circumstance gave him so much satisfaction that he interested himself in my story. I told him of my love for Margaret, and the hopes with which I had left home; and my kind master, for ever honoured be his name! from that moment became my friend. By his advice I learned reading and writing, and I then remained for two years in his house pursuing my studies. At the end of that time he recommended me to the captain of a vessel bound for the island of Ceylon. We arrived on the very day that the pearl fishery commenced. It was a beautiful morning in the month of February, and the waters of Condatchy Bay sparkled in the sun as though millions of precious stones were floating on their surface. The shore was covered with huts, crowded with inmates of every land and of every religion. Goldsmiths, jewellers, and merchants, were driving their bargains at the very edge of the sea. The wives and daughters of the pearl-fishers greeted with songs the return of the successful barks, which were gaily decked out with flags, and crowds pressed round the fortunate divers to barter for their precious freight

—‘The dew of Heaven,’ as they term them.* Among the crowd an old Indian woman particularly attracted my attention. She was poorly clad, and I saw her weeping as she gazed on the animated scene around her. My interpreter informed me that a few months previously she had lost both husband and son; who, it was supposed, had been devoured by some of the monstrous fish that are so often fatal to the divers. Since that time the poor woman was thought to have become deranged, for she wandered about, repeating continually—‘Had they but returned that day, they would have been rich for life!’

“As my interpreter concluded his tale, the subject of it approached us, and addressed him.

“‘She is quite mad,’ he continued, ‘and insists that her husband had discovered a secret by which he could cause pearls to grow in the common oyster.’

“My imagination had been greatly excited by the novelty of the scene, and all that night I dreamed of nothing else. The Indian woman’s assertion that her husband could *grow* pearls recurred to my mind as a possibility, and as I formerly studied flowers, so I now studied pearls. For years I laboured to discover the secret: at length I succeeded; and here,” he added, taking out a pocket-book, “is what will purchase me lands, castles, and titles; but first I have returned to ask my Margaret if she will accompany me to the country where our riches must be gained.”

He was again silent: the storm raged more furiously than before. The peasant’s daughter had sunk on her knees, and with hands and eyes raised seemed lost in prayer.

“What are you doing, Margaret?” said Eric, angrily. “Choose a better moment for your devotions. Our guest is tired; make your bed here, while I conduct him to the sleeping room.”

The traveller cast one look of tenderness at the maiden, and then followed his host into the next apartment.

Margaret remained sitting by the fire till she fell asleep. Some time had elapsed, when, starting from a disturbed dream, she saw her father with a lantern in his hand examining a paper packet, on which was a large seal: at the same moment she heard a moan, and her name repeated in a faint voice. The old man turned, and met his daughter’s eyes fixed on him. Springing from her seat, she exclaimed—

“Father! what means that knife? Gracious God! blood is dropping from the blade. Where is the stranger?”

“Be silent!” he said. “We are rich. Lands, castles, titles—all will now be ours!”

“Merciful Heaven!” cried she, “where is my betrothed? I am the Margaret of whom he spoke.”

Without attending to her words Eric tore open the packet. It con-

* The Indians have an erroneous idea that the pearl muscle rises every morning to the surface of the water, and opens its shell to imbibe the dew, which, falling like a liquid pearl between the shells, there hardens.

tained nothing but a written paper. "Is this the treasure he talked of," said he. "Was it for this I killed him?"

"Killed him!" shrieked his daughter, as her lover, deathly pale, staggered into the room, and sank at her feet. Terror-struck at what he supposed to be the ghost of his victim, Eric dropped the paper, and rushed from the cottage. The dying man tried to speak, but the murderer's knife had struck too truly, and blood choked his utterance. "Linnæus!" was the only word she could make out as she supported him in her arms: with a last effort he took the red case from his bosom, and opening it, placed the pearl necklace in her hand; his head sank on her shoulder, and in a few moments he ceased to breathe.

On the following morning the mangled body of Eric was found at the bottom of a precipice.

In accordance with the supposed wish of her deceased lover, Margaret resolved to go to Stockholm. As she performed the journey on foot, it was some time before Linnæus learned the fate of his *protégé*. In taking possession of his papers, and among them, of the precious one containing the secret of making pearls, which Eric had dropped on the night of the murder, he was not unmindful of Margaret's interest. She was received into his house, and treated by him as a daughter.

In the year 1761, Linnæus announced that he had discovered a method of breeding pearls in the common muscle; but seeing that the Swedish government was not inclined to profit by his invention, he sold the secret to a private individual for a considerable sum of money. Many years afterwards, it was again offered for sale by the heirs of this person, but it does not appear to be known into whose hands it then passed.

It is said that Linnæus had letters of nobility granted him in consequence of his discovery; and it is certain that he was in the habit of showing a number of pearls which he said had been created by his art.

PARODIES.

BY JOHN LITTLEBODY.

THE POET'S SOLILOQUY.

To write, or not to write?—that is the question.—
 Whether 'tis better, day by day, to suffer
 The weariness of dull obscurity,
 Or dip one's pen in ink; that sea of troubles—
 And, by composing, end it? To write—compose—
 No more; and by a book to say I end
 The heart-ache of the thousand unpaid bills
 Authors are heir to!—"Tis a publication
 Devoutly to be wished! To write—compose—
 My readers perhaps to sleep! ah! there's the rub:
 For in that sleep of dullness duns may wake,
 Whom we had shuffled off with mortal toil
 To give us pause.—And that's the reason why
 The untried writer dreads to "show" in print.
 For who would bear—stuck in a "two-pair back"—
 The landlady's tongue, the "broker's" contumely,
 The thread-bare coat, burst boots, the hat's decay,
 The insolence of bakers, and the taps
 Which authors from unworthy bailiffs take,
 When he might fame, and friends, and money make
 By a mere pamphlet? Who would chaw tough steaks
 And drink dull stout under a chop-house life,
 But that the fear of something after publishing!—
 The merciless reviewers, from whose claws
 No author can escape, palsies the will,
 And makes us rather talk prose all our lives,
 Than try at poetry we know not of?
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all:
 And thus the youthful poet's resolution
 Is chilled all o'er with that one horrid thought:
 And epic poems of great point and merit
 With this regard, their verses limp awry,
 And lose the stamp of genius.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS, OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. XI.

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

THE vision beheld by the French medical student noticed in the last chapter seems to have been one of those visitations where a dream is the parent of the hallucination, as it was in the case of the distinguished physician who, harassed by the fatigue and worn out by the anxiety arising from the illness of one of his children, dropped asleep in his chair.

He started from his troubled rest — awaking from a fearful dream during which a gigantic baboon was unceasingly present — arose, and walked to a table in the middle of the apartment. He was now wide awake, and recognised all the familiar objects around him; but near the wall at the end of the room, he distinctly saw the enormous ape grinning horribly at him, as he had seen it in his dream. This apparition was visible for half a minute. The waking hallucination had, here, been carried on from the dream; and doubtless a very strong analogy exists between the two states of mind, the principal difference being in the intensity and endurance of the impression made on the senses. The sensations of the dreamer, particularly at night, are generally weaker than those of the individual who is the subject of hallucination in his waking hours during the day; and the reason of this may be, that to produce the true wide-awake hallucinations, unconnected with any dream, the activity of thought must be carried to a very high degree; whilst, on the contrary, during sleep, a very slight stimulus communicated to the dormant faculties is sufficient to beget the light and airy phenomena of a dream. The hallucinations of the man who is awake differ for the most part from the visions which arise in a dream, in the greater vividness of the former, although the conceptions that arise in the mind during dreams are almost always accepted as realities, however absurd such a notion would be in our waking moments, when the imagination is directed by reason; whereas our belief in the reality of the monstrous appearances manifested during sleep is not, generally speaking, rectified by

a submission of them to our judgment, and never by a comparison with external objects.

Still, there are exceptions to the general rule. The impressions made on the dreamer are not always feeble, nor freed from the domination of the judgment. On the contrary, instances will occur to every one who has considered the subject, of a connection of ideas, and a facility of the exercise of thought during sleep, which the dreamer had in vain sought when he was awake. The celebrated sonata of Tartini was one of these exceptions, and so was "Kubla Khan*", although in the latter case the charm was most unfortunately broken before it could be completely wound up. Condorcet, after passing many hours in making difficult calculations which he was obliged to leave unfinished, found the work, more than once, spontaneously and accurately terminated in his dreams; and the political combinations that had puzzled Dr. Franklin when awake, were frequently unravelled and made clear during his sleep.

If the romantic "Passages in the last days of the Maréchal de Biron," stated to have been taken from an unpublished M.S. said to have originally belonged to the Counts de Fuentes†, be authentic, they exhibit interesting examples of illusion and hallucination, supposing that the visions experienced were not supernatural. The author, who is supposed to have been Hébert, the secretary of the duke, evidently believed that they were.

The apparition of Caveney, whom the duke had killed in a duel some twenty years before, and whose face he saw among the people gathered round the door of his lodging at Fontainebleau, was probably an illusion founded on features suddenly turned upon the duke, and bearing sufficient resemblance to those of the slain to call up the likeness. Illusion must also have been at work when Biron saw the ghastly smile that played upon the lips of the severed head of the Earl of Essex, and its closed eyes open and look keenly into his own upon the utterance of his ill-timed scoff in the presence of the exposed relic, when he was in England. The apparition of the earl in the chambers of the commander of the guards, on the night of the maréchal's arrest, must have been an hallucination which may be easily accounted for, so far as the duke was concerned. But the spectre was seen by the secretary to pass through the ante-chamber into that occupied by the duke; so that if the record be true, here is another instance of a ghost seen by two persons nearly at the same moment.

The noise of the wild chase and the appearance of the *grand veneur* clad in black as the maréchal and his party rode in the evening through the forest on his fatal journey to the king, may have been a pious fraud contrived by his sister and his friends in the forlorn hope of deterring him at the eleventh hour from proceeding to his destruction.

At a period when solitary confinement is so much in vogue, a few words illustrative of its effect upon the human mind may not be out of season. We have seen how liable poets and philosophers, who

* Vol. I. p. 230.

† Heath's "Book of Beauty," 1841.

have lived much alone, have been to attacks of hallucination ; nor are there wanting similar instances at the present time. London is seldom without some man of science or letters troubled with these thick-coming fancies as he walks through our crowded streets. How then must the unbroken silence and oppressive solitude of the cell affect the soul of an imaginative being ! The secrets of the prison-house where such a punishment has been inflicted in all its severity would, if told, afford a terrible answer.

Let me not be misunderstood. No one can view with greater disgust the morbid sympathy with criminals, the indecent anxiety to gaze at them, and the greedy desire to read or hear every passage in their foul lives than the humble writer of these pages. The offender must undergo the pains prescribed by the law for his offence ; it is but just that he should suffer them. If the penalty awarded be imprisonment, the penalty must be fully paid. But in awarding that punishment, the legislature never could have contemplated a sentence of death, or worse than death, on the mind. How would every human being shudder at hearing a judge tell a convict from the judgment seat that the interests of society required that he should expiate his crime by MADNESS ! Yet such has been the frequent result of an unbending execution of an award of protracted solitary imprisonment ! We want some Sterne to arise and make us look into the dungeon of the lonely captive immured by modern philanthropy and justice. The noble poet who sounded the depths of human suffering conveys some notion of the state of such a victim through the lips of Bonnivard—the good Bonnivard—after the death of his brethren : —

“ What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey ;
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath,
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! ”*

We have the account of the hallucinations with which Benvenuto Cellini was visited, during his imprisonment at Rome, by the order of the Pope, from his own pen. His was a fiery soul—one of those

spirits that can neither be bent nor broken ; and he accordingly determined to take refuge from the horrors of his silent and solitary cell in the arms of death. The hallucinations that commenced when he had wrought himself up to the commission of suicide received their colouring, as is most frequently the case, from the temper of the times.

Determined to put an end to feelings too racking to be longer borne, Benvenuto, one day, after many efforts, succeeded in suspending an enormous piece of wood which would have crushed him. As he advanced his hand to cause its fall, he felt himself arrested, and pushed back four paces from the spot by invisible agency. He then reflected on the cause that had prevented him from being his own executioner, and came to the conclusion that its origin was divine.

During the night a young man of wonderful beauty appeared to Benvenuto in a dream, and with an air of reproof said to him, "Thou knowest who gave thee life, and thou wishest to quit it before the appointed time."

It seemed to Benvenuto that he answered and said, "I acknowledge all God's benefits."

"Why, then," replied the beautiful youth, "dost thou wish to destroy them? Suffer thyself to be guided, and abandon not thy trust in his divine goodness."

The governor of the prison became harsher than ever to poor Benvenuto. The youth that had prevented him from committing self-murder again approached him, but invisibly this time, and said in a very clear tone, "My dear Benvenuto, come, come, make thy prayer to God, and cry loudly."

Benvenuto threw himself upon his knees in terror, and recited his prayers. The same voice then said, "Go, repose thyself at present, and be without fear."

Tormented with a longing for a sight of that glorious luminary, only to be felt by those fast bound in misery and iron, Benvenuto besought his benevolent invisible spirit to enable him to see the sun : it was the object of all his thoughts, and he was earnest in prayer to his Saviour, imploring for this blessing, which his eyes desired above all things, and vowing, if he obtained it, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Benvenuto made this prayer with more than ordinary fervour, on the 2d of October, 1539. Awaking on the following morning before day, and wrapping himself in a poor garment which he had, as some protection from the cold, he again began his prayers, supplicating HIM who died on the cross to impart to his distressed servant, by inspiration at least, if he was deemed unworthy to see the sun, for what sin he was condemned to such cruel penance.

"Scarcely had I concluded," writes Benvenuto, "when I was carried, as by a blast of wind, by my invisible spirit, into a chamber, where he appeared to me under the figure of a young man, beautiful indeed, but with an air of austerity diffused over his whole person. Then, pointing to a multitude of personages, he said to me, 'All these men whom thou seest are born and dead at this moment.'

"I besought him to explain to me his motive for acting thus. 'Come with me,' said he, 'and thou shalt see.'

"I had in my hand a small poniard, and I wore my coat of mail. Having proceeded onwards, I saw, in an immense hall, those men, who went in a crowd hither and thither. Then, the spirit having made me advance by a narrow gallery, I found myself in a moment disarmed, bareheaded, clad in a white garment, and walking on his right hand. I was in a state of wonder mingled with surprise, such as I had never before experienced; for all the places through which he made me pass were unknown to me. I lifted up mine eyes, and beheld a wall whereon the sunbeams shone, but I could not see the sun itself. 'My friend,' said I to my guide, 'how can I raise myself so as to see the sun?' He showed me a small ladder: 'Mount,' said he. I mounted the ladder backwards: I began to see the sun; mounting higher I saw his orb entire! The power of his rays made me cast down my eyes, but I took courage, and looking fixedly at his centre — 'O Sun,' said I, 'whom I have so earnestly desired to see, I wish to contemplate nothing but thee, even if thy fires should deprive me of sight!'

"And there I stood before the sun with a firm visage. Soon his rays were darted on the right, and his orb entirely stripped of them, which threw me into an ecstasy impossible to be expressed.

"'What favour hath God shown me,' said I; 'how great is his power!' The sun was to my eyes as it were a circle of the purest gold. On a sudden I saw it swell, and out of it came a Christ on the cross, formed of the same material: no pencil could imitate the goodness and grace of its divine expression. Whilst I was crying, 'Oh miracle! oh miracle! with what joy am I this morning overwhelmed!' the Christ turned to that side where shone the rays of the sun, which swelled as on the first occasion, and out of it came the Virgin, all lovely, holding her son in her arms, and smiling most sweetly on me. Two angels were at her sides, and a pontiff was kneeling before her. I saw all these admirable objects with a clear and well-defined view, and ceased not to glorify God with a loud voice. When I had enjoyed this marvellous spectacle for half a quarter of an hour, I was suddenly carried back to my prison, where I continued to render thanks to the Almighty, saying, 'God hath, at length, made me worthy of seeing that which no mortal hath yet seen.'"

These hallucinations were angelic visitations compared to those that Silvio Pellico and some of his companions in misfortune experienced. The horrors felt by Silvio seem to have settled down upon him as the day faded, and to have existed in all their intensity at night, as is most frequently the case. He has thus described them:—

"During these horrible nights my imagination was raised to such a pitch that, although I was awake, it seemed to me that I heard in my prison sometimes groans, sometimes smothered laughter. In my childhood I never believed in sorcerers and spirits; but now this laughter and these groans terrified me. I knew not how to explain this, and I was compelled to ask myself, if I was not the sport of mysterious and malignant powers.

"Many a time have I taken up my lamp with a trembling hand, and looked under my bed to see whether some one was not there concealed. Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that my dress was twitched; sometimes that an unseen hand pushed my book, which I saw fall to the ground; sometimes that one stole behind me to blow out my light. Then I rose hastily — looked around me — walked about in doubt and dread — and asked myself whether I was in my senses or MAD!

"Every morning the phantoms vanished, and, as long as the light of day endured, I felt my heart fortified against these terrors, which I thought would harass me no more. But, at sunset, I again began to shudder, and each night brought back the extravagant visions of the nights that had preceded it.

"These nocturnal apparitions, which, by day, I called silly illusions, became at night fearful realities to me."

He who is in this state; in other words, he who has constantly-recurring hallucinations, whether like Benvenuto he believes in them, or like Silvio is aware at some periods that they are mere delusions, is walking on the brink of a precipice. The gulf of insanity lies below.

Have we, then, a right, in our attempts to suppress or punish crime, to tamper with the mysteries of the brain?

True it is that the perpetrators of great crimes are frequently punished by the loss of reason without the intervention of man; but that most awful of all punishments should be left to the vengeance of Heaven. Madness is not unfrequently the result of remorse; and Nemesis is no fabled deity. Semiramis saw everywhere the pale figure of Ninus. The solitary hours of Charles the Ninth were rendered horrible by the cries and shrieks that had pierced his ears during the massacre of St. Barthélemy.

But the death of Manoury, the surgeon, is one of the most striking instances of this just retribution.

Manoury, who was the implacable enemy of the unhappy Urbain Grandier, was chosen*, with a cruel selection, to examine whether, as it had been declared, the accused had a part of his body which was insensible. Manoury performed this fiendish task with the greatest barbarity. To go into the details would be to inflict intense pain on every good mind; let it suffice that the agonies of the wretched sufferer cannot even be thought of without a shudder.

One night, about ten o'clock, Manoury was returning from a visit to a patient, when he cried with a sudden start, "Ah! there is Grandier: what do you want of me?" and he fell into a trembling and frenzy, from which two men who accompanied him were unable to rouse him. They conducted him to his house, speaking incessantly to Grandier, whom he thought he had before his eyes, and placed him in bed, still under the domination of the same fear and trembling. During the few days that he lived, his condition underwent no change. He died, believing that Grandier was constantly in his

* 26th April, 1634.

sight, endeavouring to push him away and avoid his approach, and uttering the most terrible words.

The dreadfully vivid pictures of the visions and sounds that haunted the *Maitre d'Ecole*, and of the maddening hallucinations and illusions that formed part of the infernal torments of *Jacques Fernand*, are not overcharged.*

Hallucinations not unfrequently became epidemic. Such was the *Vaudoisie*, as it was called, with which the city of Arras was infected in 1459. The whole country rang with the account of certain men and women who by the power of the devil were transported by night from their dwelling-places, and suddenly found themselves in woods and desert wildernesses, where they found an immense multitude of both sexes, and Satan in the form of a man. They never saw his face, but he read or pronounced to them his commandments and ordinances, instructed them how to worship and serve him with certain ceremonies, concerning which we care not to be particular, and then handed to each a small sum of money. A feast with abundance of viands and wines followed; the revelry was loud and long; then the lights were extinguished, and a general *melée* followed, after which all the guests found themselves in the place whence they had been transported.

For this offence some citizens of note and others of low degree were imprisoned, and according to the stupid and wicked method of the time were put to such cruel tortures that they not only confessed their own sins, but declared that they had seen at these infernal festivals many persons of rank,—prelates, *seigneurs*, and others—governors of bailiwicks and cities,—not without suspicion that the names of these unfortunates were put into the mouths of the tortured by their judges, who thus gratified their personal hatred and avarice. As soon as a person was named, he was seized, tortured, and at last confessed. The burnings and other capital punishments fell principally to the lot of the humbler classes; the rich for the most part were allowed to buy themselves off. But though this *Vaudoisie* was made the stalking-horse to gratify vindictive feelings, and fill the pockets of base informers and still baser judges, there is no doubt that in its origin many persuaded themselves that they had really been conveyed to and from their homes, and had there participated in the indescribable revels of the meeting.

The "possession," as it was termed, of the nuns of Loudun was another of these epidemics, the result of which was the condemnation of the hapless Urbain Grandier, who was burned alive on Friday, the 18th of August, 1634, and whose spectre, as we have seen, pursued the wretch Manoury to his grave.

There are other well-authenticated instances of epidemic hallucinations. So late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, vampirism reigned triumphant in many parts of Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Lorraine. It was not confined to rural districts. Visions of vampires frightened the whole town of Pesth into a firm belief of

* Les Mystères de Paris.

the attacks made on the living by the blood-thirsty tenants of the tomb. *M. le Docteur Parent* relates a hardly less remarkable modern instance of a body of men simultaneously affected.

The Doctor states that the first battalion of the regiment of Latour d'Arvergne, of which he was surgeon-major, when in garrison at Primi, in Calabria, received a marching order at midnight, to move as quickly as possible to Tropea for the purpose of opposing the debarkation of a hostile flotilla that menaced those coasts. It was in the month of June, and the troops had to march near forty miles. They set out at midnight, and did not arrive at their destination till about seven o'clock on the following evening, having, halted but a short time and suffered considerably from the heat of the sun. The soldier on his arrival found his *soupe* ready and his lodging prepared.

As the battalion had come from the most distant point, and had arrived the last, the worst *caserne* was assigned to it, and eight hundred men were lodged in a place which, under ordinary circumstances, would not have accommodated half that number. They were huddled together on the ground upon straw, without covering, and consequently could not pull off their clothes. The place was an ancient abandoned abbey.

The inhabitants forewarned the officers that the battalion would get no rest in this lodging, because it was haunted every night by spirits, as other regiments had already unhappily found. The officers of course laughed at the credulity of their informants; but what was their surprise, on hearing at midnight fearful cries resounding at the same time from every corner of the *caserne*, and seeing the soldiers precipitating themselves from the scene and flying in terror!

Dr. Parent interrogated them himself upon the subject of their fear. All replied that the devil inhabited the abbey, and they had seen him enter by an aperture of the door of their chamber, under the form of a very large dog with long black hair, which fled upon them, passed over their breasts with the rapidity of lightning, and disappeared at the side opposite to that where he had entered.

The officers ridiculed the panic fright of the men, and endeavoured to prove to them that this phenomenon depended upon a simple and natural cause, and was only the effect of their deluded imagination. But they failed to persuade them, nor could they induce them to re-enter the abbey; and the soldiers passed the night dispersed about the sea-shore and in all the corners of the city. In the morning Dr. Parent again interrogated the serjeants and the oldest of the soldiers. They assured me that they were inaccessible to any kind of fear; that they believed neither in spirits nor ghosts; and appeared to the Doctor to be persuaded that the scene of the previous night was no effect of the imagination, but a reality. According to them, they had not yet gone to sleep when the dog entered; they saw it distinctly, and had been all but suffocated by it, at the moment when it leaped upon their breasts.

Dr. Parent goes on to state that they sojourned the whole day at Tropea, and the city being full of troops, were forced to put up with

the same lodging ; but the officers could not prevail upon the soldiers to lie in the abbey without promising to pass the night with them.

"Accordingly," says Dr. Parent, "I came there at half-past eleven at night, with the *chef de bataillon*. The officers, stimulated by curiosity, were dispersed in each *chambrière*. We hardly expected a renewal of the scene of the former night. The soldiers, re-assured by the presence of their officers, who watched, had given themselves up to sleep, when, about one in the morning, and in all the chambers at once, the cries of the previous night were renewed, and the men, who had seen the same dog leap upon their breasts, dreading to be suffocated by it, left the abbey to return to it no more. We were up, broad awake, and on the watch for anything that might happen, and, as may be easily supposed, *we* saw nothing appear.

"The enemy's flotilla having stood out to sea again, we returned next morning to Palmi. We have, since this event, over-run the kingdom of Naples in all directions and at all seasons ; our soldiers have often been huddled together in the same manner, and this phenomenon has never been reproduced."

THE FAT OX. — A FABLE.

BY ÆSOP.

ONCE upon a time there was a Fat Ox ; his body was very big and his back was very broad, and he was very fat, very fat indeed. And all the countries round about wondered how the creature was in such good condition ; for the ox did more work, besides getting so fat, than all the other oxen of all the world ; and whenever a nation wanted help to be dragged out of a ditch, or to be pulled over a stile, or whatever it was, they always asked the fat ox to help them. And the fat ox always helped them : he dragged them out of deep ditches, and he pulled them over ugly stiles, and carried them on his broad back ; and the Portuguese people, and the Spanish people, and the Russian people, and the Prussians, and the Austrians, and the Dutch (the Dutch were very fat, but not so fat as the ox), and I don't know how many more besides, used to ask the owner of the fat ox to help them out of their difficulties ; and the quantities of things that were sent to them is beyond all belief, they were so great. Hay and straw, and oats and beans, and barley and other provender, and heaps of gold and silver money, which was very curious, were sent to all the people I have told you of ; and although some said that if so much of the things that the ox fed upon and wanted for himself was given to other people, he would grow thin, and thinner, and thinner, till he was starved ; he wasn't ; but, in spite of all that was sent away, the ox grew fatter and fatter, to the amazement of his owner and of all the neighbouring nations, who wondered very much to see such a prodigy.

And a great many writers, that is, people who make black marks on paper, which is made on purpose for them, and which very often spoils the paper, wrote books and pamphlets; and other people, who could not write, but who could talk, made speeches in a large house, where they were used to meet, about the extraordinary fatness of the fat ox; and they said that the thing was against all rule that an ox should be so fat; and one man — he made dreadfully long speeches, but most of the others didn't listen to them, so it didn't much matter, because, as they said, they could sleep as well there as at home, — well, that man said the fat ox was in a state of "unnatural prosperity;" those were his very words; and that he, that is the ox, was not in a "wholesome state," and that it was a shameful thing that an ox should be made so fat in a way that he disapproved of. But others said that so long as the beast was fat, what did it matter: the great point was, that he should be fat; and seeing that the ox was in such good case, they thought it was best to leave him alone. And then one said this, and another said that; and at last they agreed to get a doctor to see into and to give them his opinion. And the doctor said Very well, only he would not give advice without a fee, which was proper, as nobody likes to do anything for nothing; so they gave the doctor his fee, and then he went to the man that had the ox, and he was a plain farming man, that man, who didn't understand how to write books and make speeches, but just tried to do his best, and did it; and the doctor said to him: —

"Fat ox that, my man."

"Yes," said the farmer; "he be a tidyship beast;" and the farmer looked at his ox affectionately, and the ox looked at him with his mild quiet eyes, and put out his tongue, and rubbed his nose against the farmer's hand, and the farmer patted him on his great broad back, and it was quite a pleasant sight to see, the ox was so fat, and the farmer was so glad in his heart to look on him.

Then the doctor said to the farmer, "Friend," said he, "your ox is monstrous fat, but ——" and with one hand hoisting up his coat-tails, and with the other looking at the ox through his glasses, which made the ox look bigger and fatter than ever, the doctor shook his head.

"What dost thee shake thee head for at my ox," said the farmer, a little angrily.

"Farmer," said the doctor, "did you ever read Dr. Sawdust's work on political economy?"

"Noa," said the farmer, "nor my ox ne'ther."

"Pray," said the doctor, "what do you feed your ox on?"

"Look at un," said the farmer, "do'ee think he doan't ha' enough? Isn't he a beauty? Lord love him!"

"Friend," said the doctor, "it is the opinion of some very learned persons, who have studied the principles of political economy, that you do not feed your ox on wholesome food."

"Look at un," repeated the farmer.

"It's all very well," replied the doctor, gravely, "to say that; but it is doubted, as I say, by those learned persons, and it is my own

deliberate conviction that they are right, whether your ox is really fat, or only seems so : it is my duty to inquire how you feed him ? ”

“ This is the food I give him,” said the farmer, pointing to a heap of it lying in the yard.

“ What ! ” exclaimed the doctor, “ do you feed him on such flimsy stuff as this ? Why it looks for all the world like bits of paper ! Your ox never can fatten on this ? ”

“ Feel his ribs,” replied the farmer.

“ I say,” repeated the doctor, in a tone of commiseration, “ that it is wrong to treat the poor beast in such a manner. How could you expect him to get fat on such horrid, unnatural, unwholesome rags as these ? ”

“ But he is fat,” said the farmer.

“ But I tell you,” replied the doctor, “ that he ought not to be fat ; it is a wrong system altogether, and can only lead to the most disastrous consequences. An ox fed in this way must be always ailing, and getting leaner every day, and die he must at last ! ”

“ I don’t know,” said the farmer, “ ever since I’ve fed him on these things — bless his honest heart — he has got sleeker, and plumper, and fatter and fatter, every day ; and what’s more, he can do a better day’s work than all the foreign oxen that ever were yoked ; and foreign people come far and near to borrow him to help ’em thro’ their work ; and the more work he does, the fatter he gets ; that’s all I know about it.”

“ But it is a wrong system,” repeated the doctor ; “ your ox is fat by an unnatural and unwholesome process, and I tell you it cannot be allowed to continue. Very learned persons have written books against it, and they have determined that there shall be a return to a wholesome and natural state of food ; and, in short, the managers of the national farm who meet in a sainted place, and who never speak anything but truth and wisdom, have discussed the condition of the ox, and they have pledged themselves to put an end to your paper-rag system ; and they mean to pass a law to prevent you from feeding your ox on any other food than that which they have described in their books of political economy.”

“ What ! ” exclaimed the farmer in astonishment ; “ may I not feed my ox in my own way, so long as I make him fat ? ”

“ No,” said the doctor, “ you may not ; you must feed him only according to the principles laid down by Horner, Liverpool, Ricardo, and myself, who are the only persons in the world who understand the subject.”

“ But suppose,” asked the farmer, “ there should not be enough of the food that these great folks talk of, what’s to be done then ? ”

“ That can’t be helped,” replied the doctor. “ If there is not enough your ox must go without ; but whether there may be enough or not, we are determined that your ox shall eat the food only that we prescribe, and no other.”

“ It will never agree with him, I fear,” said the farmer.

“ It is the only wholesome food,” replied the doctor.

“ He’ll get woundy thin, poor cretur ! ”

"Better than be made fat by an erroneous system."

"I've a notion," said the farmer, "that the great folks you speak of know nothing really of the way of fattening an ox:—come, did they ever try it?"

"They have studied it," replied the doctor, "in theory; scientifically and philosophically; and they can prove by argumentative analysis and logical deduction that your ox ought not to be fat; and in truth, that although he appears so, he is not:—this they have proved algebraically."

"But did they ever try to fat an ox themselves," repeated the farmer.

"They are above it," said the doctor; "but they understand better how to do it from not having practised the thing themselves, because they are enabled thereby to consider the subject in its pure scientific light, without reference to what may be practised by ignorant persons. They have ascertained, after deep research, what are the sound principles on which an ox should be fed; and having done so, they are resolved to carry those principles into practice in spite of all obstacles, so that pure science may prevail."

"Well," said the farmer, "I can't talk hard words with you, mister; but what I say is this, I wish the great folks just knew something about the matter from their own experience. But I must say, that your pure science, as you call it, sounds to my ears like pure nonsense; a ha'porth of knowledge gained by practice is worth all that ever was learned from books; that's my opinion, mister."

And so they parted, the farmer staying to pity his ox at what he saw was to befall him, and the doctor going to the great house, where he made a speech, and persuaded the folks there, for he had such a winning way that doctor, that he could talk people into doing anything he pleased, to make a law, which they did, forbidding the farmer to fat the ox in any other way than that laid down in the law; and although some people, who knew the mischief of the law, protested all they could against it, and pointed out what would happen, it was of no use, and so the law was made, and in a short time after the ox was put on his new diet.

And now the saddest part of the story is to be told; how the ox grew thinner and thinner on his scanty food, and how sometimes the food prescribed by the doctor according to the law could not be obtained at all; for they insisted that his food should be nothing but gold and silver turnips, and there were not enough of such things to be had in the whole world; and how the people in the great house were obliged to let him have a bite at his old stuff again, which the doctor had contemptuously called "paper rags," just to keep him alive. And it has been dreadful how the poor ox has kicked and plunged about ever since, never having sufficient food; besides that he has been beaten to make him work harder, which he could not do, so that it has been a very shocking thing to see. And the wretched condition of the ox caused great discontent in the country where he was; and although the common people knew that something was wrong, they did not know what it was; but in truth it was,

because the ox was in a bad condition that they were consequently in a bad condition too, because the ox was no longer strong enough to bear their burthens for them; but the people, feeling the ill effects of the new system, and being without work, and when they had work not getting proper wages, and being in a state of great trouble and misery, and some of them being starved to death, they clamoured out violently against the rulers of the country. And what the cause of their misery was the people did not know, and the talkers in the sainted house did all sorts of things to remedy the mischief, but never the right one. And the common people, getting more desperate, rose up in rebellion, and said they must have a thing they called "Parliamentary Reform," which they were sure would make the ox fat again; and although many great lords were against it, the people would have their way, as they always will when they have a mind to it. So they had parliamentary reform, and there was a great rejoicing. But the ox did not get a bit fatter for it, but, on the contrary, he became thinner after the parliamentary reform than he was before, and all the labouring people were worse off and in greater destitution than ever. And still they did not see what the real evil was, that it was all along occasioned by the law which prevented the ox from being fat, by restricting him in the quantity of his food; because, as the law said that it was only of a certain food that the ox should eat, and there was not enough of that particular sort of food to be got in all the world to feed sufficiently an ox of such prodigious bulk, and requiring such enormous quantities of sustenance, of course all the limbs of the ox became weaker, and his body became less, and his strength was not enough to bear the burdens that were put upon him; for it was a part of the same law that, although the food of the ox was to be diminished, the burthens that he had to bear, and which had been increased in consequence of the growth of the ox and his capability to bear them, should remain as before, which was very cunning of those rich men, because they profited by it.

But the labouring people, not having gained what they hoped for by the thing called "parliamentary reform," began to clamour again, and to say that they had not got enough reform, and that they would have more. And so all sorts of changes and reforms have since been made; but the labouring people are still calling out for more, so that it is thought some other great revolution will suddenly take place in that country, which will overturn everything—the parliament, and the church, and the throne and all! For nothing will satisfy the people till they are able to earn by their labour enough to feed and to clothe them in a proper manner, which is only their due; and, till that is done, they will always be in a discontented and rebellious state, and ever wanting all sorts of wild changes; and that is what all wise men think on the subject.

The once fat ox represents the prosperous state of Great Britain from 1797 to 1816, during which time the country increased in wealth to an amazing extent, notwithstanding the unprecedentedly heavy burthens which it had to bear from the extraordinary expenses of one of

the most costly wars ever carried on, and from the additional weight of taxation placed on the people. And why was it? Because there was plenty of money among the people to represent property, and to form the medium of exchanging it with one another. The nation, having the power to create as much money as it wanted to carry on their transactions, the people were able to pay high taxes, because they had plenty of money to pay them with. But now that the amount of money is limited to the amount of the gold which can be obtained, or retained, to form the "basis," as it is called, of the paper circulation as it at present exists, the quantity of that paper circulation, or paper money, must necessarily be influenced by the quantity of gold which forms its "basis." And because there is not gold enough on the face of the earth to supply the wants of this great commercial country in its dealings, there cannot be enough money for the carrying on of the profitable transactions which the people might otherwise be engaged in.

So long as the national industry was fed by the abundant supply of paper money which it enjoyed during the years from 1797 to 1816, it got fat with wealth, notwithstanding its enormous waste, and the prodigality of its gifts to other countries; but since the food of its enterprise has been restricted, it has been in a constant state of embarrassment, and the labouring classes have been borne down by the most intolerable oppression. They have been borne down in this way: that inasmuch as during the time of plenty of money high prices prevailed, it was easy for the Government to raise high taxes, which they did; but when, by the alteration of Mr. Pitt's system, the quantity of paper money was lessened, there was less money to pay the debt with than when it was raised. But although the quantity of money to pay the debt with was arbitrarily lessened, the amount of the debt remained the same; so that the interest of the debt became proportionably more difficult to pay. And the evil effect of this on the industrious classes was thus: during the time of plenty of money and of high prices there was high wages; this enabled the people to pay a higher price for the articles of necessity or comfort which they required. But when there became less money in circulation, and consequently when all prices became lower, the wages of labour became lower also; but the taxes, which artificially enhance the price of all commodities in proportion to their own extent, remained the same. Now, it is to be observed, that while that part of the price of all things caused by the high taxes remained the same, the wages of the labourer became less: that is, the labourer had to pay high-price taxes, borrowed in cheap money, with his low-price labour, which he had to sell for dear money. The labourer, therefore, has been obliged to give more of his labour to pay taxes than before. But as the labourer, in the best of times, never could earn more wages than was sufficient for his decent subsistence, it follows, consequently, that in the present state of things he earns less, and therefore cannot earn enough for his decent subsistence; nor can he, by possibility, under existing circumstances, better his condition.

But does any man who has inquired into this subject imagine that the labouring classes — the wealth-producers — will be content to remain in their present state of precarious subsistence, and of frequent destitution? No man can think so. And with such thoughts, what further explanation is wanted of the general suffering state of the labouring classes, which has excited so much sympathy of late years, and which all observing men feel must, if not remedied, sooner or later end in general social disorganisation.

SONG.

NOT BY THOMAS MOORE.

CEASE, fond youth, your suit to press,

Better 'twere that now we part ;

Cease, nor force me to confess

That another owns my heart.

If resolv'd you still beset it —

Don't you wish that you may get it?

Fly, oh fly ! nor see me more ;

Absence will your pangs remove ;

Fly to some far-distant shore,

There to seek another love ;

One whose heart may breathe the doubt —

Does your mother know you're out?

Yet, or e'er we part for ever,

Let my tongue one question frame ;

Though we meet no more, ah ! never,

Though no more you hear my name,

Swear by the stars the skies that spangle —

Has your mother sold her mangle ?

MAYNOOTH.

THE prominent topic of the month is "Maynooth." As there may be some among our readers who are not familiar with the history of the question, the following brief statement may be acceptable :—

In 1795, the attention of Parliament was attracted to the circumstance of the teachers of a powerful religion being educated in foreign states; for, previous to the establishment of the College of Maynooth, the Roman Catholic priest was compelled to seek for instruction at Rome, Douay, St. Omer, and other places abroad. This consideration induced the legislature to relax in their jealous restrictions with respect to Roman Catholics; and in 1795, an act was passed with the full approbation of the Protestant King, George the Third, for applying the sum of 8000*l.* towards the establishment of a college for the purposes of education, and especially of the education of ecclesiastical students. This grant has been continued, with some additions, up to the present time. It is to be observed that it was continued only from year to year.

It is now proposed by Sir Robert Peel to make the present annual and uncertain grant of 9000*l.* a permanent one, and, at the same time, to increase its amount to 26,000*l.* annually.

The second reading of the Bill for this object was carried in the House of Commons in favour of the increased and permanent grant by 323 to 176, being a majority in favour of Sir Robert Peel's proposal of 147.

We are compelled, by an accident, to confine ourselves to the present brief notice of one of the most important questions ever discussed in a British parliament; but it is our intention in the next number of this Magazine to enter more at length into a matter involving in its indirect consequences questions of the highest and most serious nature.

In speaking of the topics of the month, we cannot conclude this unavoidably short notice without adverting to the public meeting at Exeter Hall for the promotion of the early closing of shops, and for shortening the hours of labour. This meeting cannot but be regarded as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the mighty change which is taking place in the opinions of society — or at least in its acts — with respect to the labouring classes generally. On the occasion of this public meeting, it is not less remarkable and significant that Lord John Russell, the head of the late government, took the chair. It will be our endeavour to promote this admirable cause by all the means in our power. Next month we shall return to the subject.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY : *or Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those First Requisites of their Art ; with Markings of the Best Passages, Critical Notes of the Writers, and an Essay in Answer to the Question, "What is Poetry?"* By LEIGH HUNT. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

It is a great point, in reviewing a book, to know what the author intends to write about. There are few tasks more wearisome and unsatisfactory than to toil through page after page, with the honest desire to ascertain the writer's meaning, and to be obliged to come to the conclusion at last, that the writer had no meaning at all. But the present book has not that fault ; on the contrary, it is full of meaning ; and it is on that account that we are induced to pay more than ordinary attention to it ; besides, the name of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who is now one of the veterans of English literature, is a warrant for merit of some sort, in anything that he may submit to the public.

The next point — after having ascertained the object of the author in writing his book — is, to see whether he has accomplished his object ; and it is on these two points that we propose to offer a few observations. And as it is our earnest desire, on this and on all similar occasions, to put forward the author rather than ourselves, we shall do Mr. Leigh Hunt the preliminary justice to state the object which he has in view in his own words. The preface informs us :

"This book is intended for all lovers of poetry and the sister arts, but more especially for those of the most poetical sort, and most especially for the youngest and the oldest : for as the former may incline to it for information's sake, the latter will perhaps not refuse it their good-will for the sake of old favourites. The editor has often wished for such a book himself ; and as nobody will make it for him, he has made it for others.

"It was suggested by the approbation which the readers of a periodical work bestowed on some extracts from the poets, *commented and marked with italics, on a principle of co-perusal*, as though the editor were reading the passages in their company. Those readers wished to have more such extracts ; and here, if they are still in the mind, they now possess them. The remarks on one of the poems that formed a portion of the extracts (the *Eve of Saint Agnes*) are repeated in the present volume. All the rest of the matter contributed by him is new. He does not expect, of course, that every reader will agree with the preferences of particular lines or passages, intimated by the italics. Some will think them too numerous ; some perhaps too few ; many who chance to take up the book, may wish there had been none at all ; but these will have the goodness to recollect what has just been stated — that the plan was suggested by others who desired them. The editor, at any rate, begs to be considered as having marked the passages in no spirit of dictation to any one, much less of disparagement to all the admirable passages not marked. If he assumed anything at all (beyond what is implied in the fact of imparting experience), it was the probable mutual pleasure of the reader, his companion ; just as in reading out loud, one instinctively increases one's emphasis here and there, and implies a certain accordance of enjoyment on the part of the hearers.

In short, all poetic readers are expected to have a more than ordinary portion of sympathy, especially with those who take pains to please them; and the editor desires no larger amount of it, than he gratefully gives to any friend who is good enough to read out similar passages to himself.

"The object of the book is threefold: — to present the public with some of the finest passages in English poetry, *so marked and commented*; to furnish such an account, in an Essay, of the nature and requirements of poetry, *as may enable readers in general to give an answer on those points to themselves and others*; and to show, throughout the greater part of the volume, what sort of poetry is to be considered *as poetry of the most poetical kind*, or such as exhibits the imagination and fancy in a state of predominance, undisputed by interests of another sort. Poetry, therefore, is not here in its *compound* state, great or otherwise (except incidentally in the Essay), but in its element, like an essence distilled. All the greatest poetry includes that essence, but the essence does not present itself in exclusive combination with the greatest *form* of poetry. It varies in that respect from the most tremendous to the most playful effusions, and from imagination to fancy through all their degrees — from Homer and Dante to Coleridge and Keats; from Shakspeare in King Lear to Shakspeare himself in the Midsummer Night's Dream; from Spenser's Faerie Queene to the Castle of Indolence; nay, from Ariel in the Tempest to his somewhat presumptuous namesake in the Rape of the Lock. And passages, both from Thomson's delightful allegory, and Pope's paragon of mock-heroics, would have been found in this volume, but for that intentional, artificial imitation, even in the former, which removes them at too great a distance from the highest sources of inspiration.

"With the great poet of the Faerie Queene the editor has taken special pains to make readers in general better acquainted; and in furtherance of this purpose he has exhibited many of his best passages in remarkable relation to the art of the painter.

"For obvious reasons no living writer is included; and some lately deceased do not come within the plan. The omission will not be thought invidious in an editor who has said more of his contemporaries than most men, and who would gladly give specimens of the latter poems in future volumes.

"One of the objects indeed of this preface is to state, that, should the public evince a willingness to have more such books, the editor would propose to give them, in succession, corresponding volumes of the Poetry of Action and Passion (Narrative and Dramatic Poetry), from Chaucer to Campbell; the Poetry of Wit and Humour, from Chaucer to Byron; and the Poetry of Song, or Lyrical Poetry, from Chaucer again (see in his Works his admirable and only song, beginning

Hilde, Absalom, thy glided tresses clear)

to Campbell again, and Burns, and O'Keefe. These volumes, if he is not mistaken, would present the Public with the *only selection*, hitherto made, *of none but genuine poetry*; and he would take care, that it should be unobjectionable in every other respect."*

On this preface, we have no critical remark to offer; it is a declaration, on the part of the author, of what he intends to do; it is our office to say how he has kept his promise. We pass on, therefore, to the Essay, intitled — "An Answer to the Question, What is Poetry? including Remarks on Versification."

The title of this Essay shows at once that Mr. Hunt has not fallen

* "While closing the Essay on Poetry, a friend lent me Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which I had not seen for many years, and which I mention, partly to notice a coincidence at page 44. of the Essay, not otherwise worthy of observation, and partly to do what I can towards extending the acquaintance of the public with a book containing masterly expositions of the art of poetry.

into the common error—nor would it for a moment be supposed that he could do so—of confounding versification with poetry. There are too many who are not aware of the distinction; but this by the way. The difficulty, however, of defining poetry is not less than that of most definitions. Let us see what Johnson makes of it. He defines “Poetry” to be “metrical composition; the art or practice of writing poems.” If he had said, “the art or practice of expressing poetical ideas in metrical composition,” it would have come nearer to satisfy many. But even that would not have been entirely satisfactory; because we hold that there may be as much poetry expressed in prose as in metre, only that the latter presents the poetry in a more attractive dress; just as there may be as much meaning and as strict logical deduction in one piece of prose writing as in another; but one will please more than the other, and generally be more effective in informing or convincing, because of its better style. We may endeavour to illustrate our meaning, by taking the narration of an event from the mouths of two different persons; the one educated, the other uneducated. Although both tell, substantially, the same story, the account of the educated man will be the most concise, intelligible, and pleasing of the two, because he has acquired the art of expressing his meaning in words better than the other who has not acquired that art. In the same way, one gifted with the excess of feeling, of sensibility, and with all the qualities which form the poet, with the additional advantage of education, will, *cæteris paribus*, have the power of expressing his thoughts in poetical language in a higher degree than the uneducated poet. The last possesses the gift of poetry; the first unites with the gift of poetry, facility of language; and words are an acquired not an innate power. We might carry this point further; but, as we said before, we are desirous of bringing before the reader the opinions of Mr. Leigh Hunt rather than of the critic; and in order to do full justice to the author we shall give his definition entire.

Mr. Hunt answers the question, “What is Poetry,” thus:—

“Poetry, strictly and artistically so called, that is to say, considered not merely as poetic feeling, which is more or less shared by all the world, but as the operation of that feeling, such as we see it in the poet’s book, is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains; and its ends, pleasure and exaltation. Poetry stands between nature and convention, keeping alive among us the enjoyment of the external and the spiritual world: it has constituted the most enduring fame of nations; and, next to Love and Beauty, which are its parents, is the greatest proof to man of the pleasure to be found in all things, and of the probable riches of infinitude.

“Poetry is a passion *, because it seeks the deepest impressions; and because it must undergo, in order to convey, them.

“It is a passion for truth, because without truth the impression would be false or defective.

“It is a passion for beauty, because its office is to exalt and refine by means of pleasure, and because beauty is nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure.

* *Passio*, suffering in a good sense—ardent subjection of one’s-self to emotion.

"It is a passion for power, because power is impression triumphant, whether over the poet, as desired by himself, or over the reader, as affected by the poet.

"It embodies and illustrates its impressions by imagination, or images of the objects of which it treats, and other images brought in to throw light on those objects, in order that it may enjoy and impart the feeling of their truth in its utmost conviction and affluence.

"It illustrates them by fancy, which is a lighter play of imagination, or the feeling of analogy coming short of seriousness, in order that it may laugh with what it loves, and show how it can decorate it with fairy ornament.

"It modulates what it utters, because in running the whole round of beauty it must needs include beauty of sound; and because, in the height of its enjoyment, it must show the perfection of its triumph, and make difficulty itself become part of its facility and joy.

"And lastly, Poetry shapes this modulation into uniformity for its outline, and variety for its parts, because it thus realises the last idea of beauty itself, which includes the charm of diversity within the flowing round of habit and ease.

"Poetry is imaginative passion. The quickest and subtlest test of the possession of its essence is in expression; the variety of things to be expressed shows the amount of its resources; and the continuity of the song completes the evidence of its strength and greatness. He who has thought, feeling, expression, imagination, action, character, and continuity, all in the largest amount and highest degree, is the greatest poet.

"Poetry includes whatsoever of painting can be made visible to the mind's eye, and whatsoever of music can be conveyed by sound and proportion without singing or instrumentation. But it far surpasses those divine arts in suggestiveness, range, and intellectual wealth: — the first, in expression of thought, combination of images, and the triumph over space and time; the second, in all that can be done by speech, apart from the tones and modulations of pure sound. Painting and music, however, include all those portions of the gift of poetry that can be expressed and heightened by the visible and melodious. Painting, in a certain apparent manner, is things themselves; music, in a certain audible manner, is their very emotion and grace. Music and painting are proud to be related to poetry, and poetry loves and is proud of them.

"Poetry begins where matter of fact or of science ceases to be merely such, and to exhibit a further truth; that is to say, the connexion it has with the world of emotion, and its power to produce imaginative pleasure. Inquiring of a gardener, for instance, what flower it is we see yonder, he answers, 'a lily;' this is matter of fact. The botanist pronounces it to be of the order of 'Hexandria Monogynia;' this is matter of science. It is the 'lady' of the garden, says Spenser; and here we begin to have a poetical sense of its fairness and grace. It is

The plant and flower of *light*,

says Ben Jonson; and poetry then shows us the beauty of the flower in all its mystery and splendour."

In reading this series of descriptive definitions, we must confess we were disappointed not to find among them something more than the unsatisfactory expression, "more or less shared by all the world;" because it may be considered as one of the moral axioms of nations in all times, that the "feeling" of poetry exists in the heart of every human being, in very strong intensity; and that it is because all are powerfully susceptible of the poetical emotions which the aspect of the visible world conveys, as well as the promptings of the inward soul, that the power of the poet who has the capability to express his thoughts, is so vast and universal — touching, as he does, the chords to which all hearts vibrate. But this omission, on the part of

the definer, is accounted for in the progress of the work ; for, as it seems to us, the author underrates the value of "expression" in poetical composition. Now we may venture to say, that the general opinion is, that as all human beings are poetical from the nature of their organisation, the difference between the speaking and the silent poet mainly consists in the additional power which the former has to express in words,—and in the higher compositions of poetry, in metre—the thoughts and sensations which the latter has not the readiness or the skill to effect. We may remark here, that a fashion has recently arisen, of considering that any one who is pleased to think himself a poet, has the right to express thoughts, howsoever crude, in language we cannot call it metre—howsoever uncouth ; and because his writings contain indications of the poetical feeling common to all mankind, he is therefore to be exempt from all rule in his versification. We look upon this assumption of freedom from recognised poetical canons as nothing more than an excuse for idleness or incapacity. If a writer has neither the power nor the industry to express his poetical thoughts in harmonious verses, let him write in prose ; but if he affects to take on himself the higher rank, he must take the trouble, if he has the ability, to clothe his poetical imagery in appropriate metre. Without that indispensable addition, it is as offensive to the taste, as it is repulsive to the eye, of a classic reader. But it is fair to state Mr. Hunt's own opinion on the subject. He says :—

"With regard to the principle of Variety in Uniformity, by which verse ought to be modulated, and oneness of impression diversely produced, it has been contended by some, that poetry need not be written in verse at all ; that prose is as good a medium, provided poetry be conveyed through it ; and that to think otherwise is to confound letter with spirit, or form with essence. But the opinion is a prosaic mistake. Fitness and unfitness for *song*, or metrical excitement, just make all the difference between a poetical and prosaic subject ; and the reason why verse is necessary to the form of poetry is, that the perfection of poetical spirit demands it—that the circle of its enthusiasm, beauty and power, is incomplete without it. I do not mean to say that a poet can never show himself a poet in prose ; but that, being one, his desire and necessity will be to write in verse ; and that, if he were unable to do so, he would not, and could not, deserve his title. Verse to the true poet is no clog. It is idly called a trammel and a difficulty. It is a help. It springs from the same enthusiasm as the rest of his impulses, and is necessary to their satisfaction and effect. Verse is no more a clog than the condition of rushing upward is a clog to fire, or than the roundness and order of the globe we live on is a clog to the freedom and variety that abound within its sphere. Verse is no dominator over the poet, except inasmuch as the bond is reciprocal, and the poet dominates over the verse. They are lovers, playfully challenging each other's rule, and delighted equally to rule and to obey. Verse is the final proof to the poet that his mastery over his art is complete. It is the shutting up of his powers in 'measureful content ;' the answer of form to his spirit ; of strength and ease to his guidance. It is the willing action, the proud and fiery happiness of the winged steed on whose back he has vaulted,

To witch the world with wondrous horsemanship.

Verse, in short, is that finishing, and rounding, and 'tuneful planetting' of the poet's creations, which is produced of necessity by the smooth tendencies of their energy or inward working, and the harmonious dance into which they are attracted round the orb of the beautiful. Poetry, in its complete sympathy with beauty, must,

of necessity, leave no sense of the beautiful, and no power over its forms, unmanifested; and verse flows as inevitably from this condition of its integrity, as other laws of proportion do from any other kind of embodiment of beauty (say that of the human figure), however free and various the movements may be that play within their limits. What great poet ever wrote his poems in prose? or where is a good prose poem, of any length, to be found? The poetry of the Bible is understood to be in verse, in the original. Mr. Hazlitt has said a good word for those prose enlargements of some fine old song, which are known by the name of Ossian; and in passages they deserve what he said; but he judiciously abstained from saying anything about the form. Is Gesner's Death of Abel a poem? or Hervey's Meditations? The Pilgrim's Progress has been called one; and, undoubtedly, Bunyan had a genius which tended to make him a poet, and one of no mean order: and yet it was of as ungenerous and low a sort as was compatible with so lofty an affinity; and this is the reason why it stopped where it did. He had a craving after the beautiful, but not enough of it in himself to echo to its music. On the other hand, the possession of the beautiful will not be sufficient without force to utter it. The author of Telemachus had a soul full of beauty and tenderness. He was not a man who, if he had had a wife and children, would have run away from them, as Bunyan's hero did, to get a place by himself in heaven. He was 'a little lower than the angels,' like our own Bishop Jewells and Berkeleys; and yet he was no poet. He was too delicately, not to say feebly, absorbed in his devotions, to join in the energies of the seraphic choir."

Mr. Hunt goes on to say:

"Every poet, then, is a versifier; every fine poet an excellent one; and he is the best whose verse exhibits the greatest amount of strength, sweetness, straightforwardness, unsuperfluity, *variety* and *one-ness*; one-ness, that is to say, consistency, in the general impression, metrical and moral; and variety, or every pertinent diversity of tone and rhythm, in the process."

We do not agree with the author on this point; we do not think that "every poet is a versifier;" we admit that every poet would be a versifier if he could. But the art of versification is an art superadded to the gift, and it is because their union is so rare that so few appear before the world as "poets" in print, though there are so many who are poets in heart; and who feel the divine aspirations of poetry, and struggle to express them. It is true, as the author says,

"But the poet is far from dealing only with these subtle and analogical truths. Truth of every kind belongs to him, provided it can find into any kind of beauty, or is capable of being illustrated and impressed by the poetic faculty. Nay, the simplest truth is often so beautiful and impressive of itself, that one of the greatest proofs of his genius consists in his leaving it to stand alone, illustrated by nothing but the light of its own tears or smiles, its own wonder, might, or playfulness. Hence the complete effect of many a simple passage in our own English ballads and romances, and of the passionate sincerity in general of the greatest early poets, such as Homer and Chaucer, who flourished before the existence of a 'literary world,' and were not perplexed by a heap of notions and opinions, or by doubts how emotion ought to be expressed. The greatest of their successors never write equally to the purpose, except when they can dismiss every thing from their minds but the like simple truth."

But the fortuitous circumstance of such expressions must be taken as the exception not the rule. To say that the power of giving expression to thought in words is in the ratio of the rudeness of the speaker or the writer, is against all logical deduction; it is placing simple above educated intelligence; and that we consider cannot be

the author's meaning. It is with pleasure that we pass to the following eloquent passage:—

"O lovely and immortal privilege of genius! that can stretch its hand out of the wastes of time, thousands of years back, and touch our eyelids with tears. In these passages there is not a word which a man of the most matter-of-fact understanding might not have written, *if he had thought of it*. But in poetry, feeling and imagination are necessary to the perception and presentation even of matters of fact. They, and they only, see what is proper to be told, and what to be kept back; what is pertinent, affecting, and essential. Without feeling, there is a want of delicacy and distinction; without imagination, there is no true embodiment. In poets, even good of their kind, but without a genius for narration, the action would have been encumbered or diverted with ingenious mistakes. The over-contemplative would have given us too many remarks; the over-lyrical, a style too much carried away; the over-fanciful, conceits and too many similes; the unimaginative, the facts without the feeling, and not even those. We should have been told nothing of the 'grey chin,' of the house hearing them as they moaned, or of Achilles gently putting the old man aside; much less of that yearning for his father, which made the hero tremble in every limb. Writers without the greatest passion and power do not feel in this way, nor are capable of expressing the feeling; though there is enough sensibility and imagination all over the world to enable mankind to be moved by it, when the poet strikes his truth into their hearts."

The following comparison of "Fancy" with "Imagination" is beautiful.

"Fancy turns her sister's wizard instruments into toys. She takes a telescope in her hand, and puts a mimic star on her forehead, and sallies forth as an emblem of astronomy. Her tendency is to the child-like and sportive. She chases butterflies, while her sister takes flight with angels. She is the genius of fairies, of gallantries, of fashions; of whatever is quaint and light, showy and capricious; of the poetical part of wit. She adds wings and feelings to the images of wit; and delights as much to people nature with smiling ideal sympathies, as wit does to bring antipathies together, and make them strike light on absurdity. Fancy, however, is not incapable of sympathy with Imagination. She is often found in her company; always, in the case of the greatest poets; often in that of less, though with them she is the greater favourite. Spenser has great imagination and fancy too, but more of the latter; Milton both also, the very greatest, but with imagination predominant; Chaucer, the strongest imagination of real life, beyond any writers but Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, and in comic painting inferior to none; Pope has hardly any imagination, but he has a great deal of fancy; Coleridge little fancy, but imagination exquisite. Shakspeare alone, of all poets that ever lived, enjoyed the regard of both in equal perfection. A whole fairy poem of his writing will be found in the present volume. See also his famous description of Queen Mab and her equipage, in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams, &c.

That is Fancy, in its playful creativeness."

In the following remarks on versification we entirely agree with the author, with the exception of the conclusion, in which it seems to us, as we have taken occasion to observe already, the author allows a dangerous latitude to 'versifiers, to the encouragement of laziness and other deadly sins.

"Variety in versification consists in whatsoever can be done for the prevention of monotony, by diversity of stops and cadences, distribution of emphasis, and retard-

ation and acceleration of time; for the whole real secret of versification is a musical secret, and is not attainable to any vital effect, save by the ear of genius. All the mere knowledge of feet and numbers, of accident and quantity, will no more impart it, than a knowledge of the 'Guide to Music' will make a Beethoven or a Paisiello. It is a matter of sensibility and imagination of the beautiful in poetical passion, accompanied by musical; of the imperative necessity for a pause here, and a cadence there, and a quicker or slower utterance in this or that place, created by analogies of sound with sense, by the fluctuations of feeling, by the demands of the gods and graces that visit the poet's harp, as the winds visit that of Æolus. The same time and quantity which are occasioned by the spiritual part of this secret, thus become its formal ones — not feet and syllables, long and short, iambs or trochees; which are the reduction of it to its *less* than dry bones. You might get, for instance, not only ten and eleven, but thirteen or fourteen syllables into a rhyming, as well as blank, heroic verse, if time and the feeling permitted; and in irregular measure this is often done; just as musicians put twenty notes in a bar instead of two, quavers instead of minims, according as the feeling they are expressing impels them to fill up the time with short and hurried notes, or with long; or as the choristers in a cathedral retard or precipitate the words of the chaunt, according as the quantity of its notes, and the colon which divides the verse of the psalm, conspire to demand it. Had the moderns borne this principle in mind when they settled the prevailing systems of verse, instead of learning them, as they appear to have done, from the first drawling and one-syllabled notation of the church hymns, we should have retained all the advantages of the more numerous versification of the ancients, without being compelled to fancy that there was no alternative for us between our syllabical uniformity and the hexameters or other special forms unsuited to our tongues."

In treating of versification, it would be impossible to omit "Rhyme :—" the author thus speaks of it :—

"As to Rhyme, which might be thought too insignificant to mention, it is not at all so. The universal consent of modern Europe, and of the East in all ages, has made it one of the musical beauties of verse for all poetry but epic and dramatic, and even for the former with Southern Europe,—a sustinment for the enthusiasm, and a demand to enjoy. The mastery of it consists in never writing it for its own sake, or at least never appearing to do so; in knowing how to vary it, to give it novelty, to render it more or less strong, to divide it (when not in couplets) at the proper intervals, to repeat it many times where luxury or animal spirits demand it (see an instance in Titania's speech to the Fairies), to impress an affecting or startling remark with it, and to make it, in comic poetry, a new and surprising addition to the jest.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd), a friend.
Gray's *Elegy*.

The fops are proud of scandal; for they cry
At every lewd, low character, 'That's I.'
Dryden's *Prologue to the Pilgrim*.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? *Two hundred more.*
Hudibras.

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
—— stor'd with deleterious medicines,
Which whomsoever took is dead since.
Id.

We wish, in the concluding observation of the author in respect to the rhyming superiority of Molière, that the author had favoured the public with his opinion on the subject of French versification. We are aware of the extreme difficulty of forming an opinion of the style of prose compositions in a foreign language; a difficulty which is immeasurably increased when a judgment is attempted to be formed of the qualities of its versification. Unless the ear has been attuned to the accent and quantity of the words of a language from childhood, it is almost impossible to feel the harmony of the structure of its verses; nor can any foreigner pretend to understand in the same perfection as a native the shades of conventional meaning in a language, and the merit of the "*curiosa felicitas*" of expression of words well placed; properties belonging to every language, but which those who learn it as a foreign tongue are unable fitly to appreciate.

We now come to a question which, though by no means so difficult as the definition of poetry, presents considerations much more embarrassing, inasmuch as it affects persons not abstractions, and the "*genus irritabile*" is not less prompt to take umbrage at personal preferences than in the days of Horace. But our author has wisely evaded part of this difficulty by confining his observations and extracts to the merits of deceased poets. We do not agree with Mr. Hunt in placing Pope so low in the scale as he has done; but we acknowledge the justice and the eloquence of this description:—

"If a young reader should ask, after all, What is the quickest way of knowing bad poets from good, the best poets from the next best, and so on? the answer is, the only and twofold way: first, the perusal of the best poets with the greatest attention; and, second, the cultivation of that love of truth and beauty which made them what they are. Every true reader of poetry partakes a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature; and no one can be completely such who does not love, or take an interest in, every thing that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy—from the highest heart of man to the most pitiable of the low. It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realises the greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind, and how it grows up towards the stature of its exalter.

"If the same person should ask, What class of poetry is the highest? I should say, undoubtedly, the Epic; for it includes the drama, with narration besides; or the speaking and action of the characters, with the speaking of the poet himself, whose utmost address is taxed to relate all well for so long a time, particularly in the passages least sustained by enthusiasm. Whether this class has included the greatest poet, is another question still under trial; for Shakspeare perplexes all such verdicts, even when the claimant is Homer; though, if a judgment may be drawn from his early narratives (Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece), it is to be doubted whether even Shakspeare could have told a story like Homer, owing to that incessant activity and superfection of thought, a little less of which might be occasionally desired even in his plays;—if it were possible, once possessing anything of his, to wish it away. Next to Homer and Shakspeare come such narrators as the less universal, but still intenser Dante; Milton, with his dignified imagination; the universal, profoundly simple Chaucer; and luxuriant, remote Spenser—immortal child in poetry's most poetic solitudes: then the great second-rate dramatists; unless those who are better acquainted with Greek tragedy than I am, demand a place for them before Chaucer: then the airy yet robust universality of Ariosto; the hearty, out-of-door nature of Theocritus, also a universalist; the finest lyrical poets (who only take short flights, compared with the narrators); the purely con-

templative poets who have more thought than feeling; the descriptive, satirical, didactic, epigrammatic. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the first poet of an inferior class may be superior to followers in the train of a higher one, though the superiority is by no means to be taken for granted; otherwise Pope would be superior to Fletcher, and Butler to Pope. Imagination, teeming with action and character, makes the greatest poets; feeling and thought the next; fancy (by itself) the next; wit the last. Thought by itself makes no poet at all; for the mere conclusions of the understanding can at best be only so many intellectual matters of fact. Feeling, even destitute of conscious thought, stands a far better poetical chance; feeling being a sort of thought without the process of thinking — a grasper of the truth without seeing it. And what is very remarkable, feeling seldom makes the blunders that thought does. An idle distinction has been made between taste and judgment. Taste is the very maker of judgment. Put an artificial fruit in your mouth, or only handle it, and you will soon perceive the difference between judging from taste or tact, and judging from the abstract figment called judgment."

The following would prove, if Mr. Leigh Hunt had not already given sufficient evidence of his possession of the poetical faculty, that the author of the treatise which forms the subject of this article, is in no slight degree qualified to pronounce an opinion on the sublime subject which he has so brilliantly illustrated:—

"What the poet has to cultivate above all things is love and truth; what he has to avoid, like poison, is the fleeting and the false. He will get no good by proposing to be 'in earnest at the moment.' His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance. 'I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings,' says Coleridge, in the preface to his Poems; 'and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own *'exceeding great reward';* it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'—*Pickering's edition*, p. 10.

"'Poetry,' says Shelley, 'lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.' It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others: the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause.'—*Essays and Letters*, vol. i. p. 16.

"I would not willingly say anything after perorations like these; but as treatises on poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge, it may be as well to add, that if the poet may be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody, and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty of imagination they despise. The greater includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity. No man recognises the worth of utility more than the poet: he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea, or as the greatest two-ideal man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his 'buttons' or his good dinner. But he sees also

the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse, — of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on their journey, — nay, of those of the great two-ideal man; and, beyond all this, he discerns the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual considerations, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjoyments."

It remains now, for us to offer an opinion on the merits of this work. With the exception of the points on which we have frankly stated our own impressions, we have no hesitation in saying that the present book is the best and the most useful, as it is the prettiest and most entertaining, of all the author's works. It aims at utility, and it is useful: it professes to be frank and truthful; and, with the exception of a pardonable leaning to the works of a deceased poet to whom the author was attached by the most affectionate friendship, it is an impartial book.

Apart from the instruction which it conveys, it is a book of poetical flowers, culled by the hand of taste from every soil where they have flourished sweetest and most beautiful. We say therefore, in conclusion, that the author had an inestimable object to accomplish, and that he has accomplished that object in a manner, with talent, and with a poetic sympathy of feeling, which will add fresh laurels to those which he has already won in his dearly-loved fields of literature.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

CHAPTER I.

WHO ORPHEUS WAS.

In times of old, when the gods and goddesses
Walked the earth without breeks or bodices: —
When with mortals they loved to drink and carouse,
With their pot and their pipe at a public-house;
Drinking or smoking they'd stop in the middle
To hear jolly Orpheus play his fiddle.
A fiddler mighty was he, and some-how
His fiddle was sure to kick up a row.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW ORPHEUS GOT A WIFE.

Mysterious power of mighty Love!
Whom mortals below and gods above,

Whether they would or would not, — obey ;
How did it happen ? Say — oh, say !

One night he was playing " Old King Cole,"
— Music hath charms to soothe the soul —
A maid — of all work — stood listening by,
A broom in her hand and a tear in her eye !
Her name was Eurydice — and, 'tis said,
Her lovely locks were of classic red !

That ravishing strain too softly fell !

For into her bosom the music steals !

Her head turns round, and she cannot tell

Whether she stands on her head or her heels !

Orpheus yields to Love's pleasing doom !

He drops his fiddle — and she her broom !

And at once — in those days they never tarried —

They jumped over the broomstick — and were married !

CHAPTER III.

HOW HE LOST HER.

What horrid sounds assail mine ear !

What groans and lamentations drear !

'Tis Orpheus, wandering about —

His beer is flat — his pipe put out !

He sings his sorrows to the moon —

Alas ! his fiddle's out of tune !

Where is Eurydice ? Oh, where ?

She isn't here — she isn't there !

Eurydice, the bright and fair !

He sought her in the two back pair !

His voice is choked — his tears fall thick,

Eurydice has cut her stick !

She's gone ! she's gone — and left no note behind her —

The more he sought — the more he couldn't find her

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HE FOUND HER OUT.

Close to the lamp-post — near the corner shop —

Whose tempting windows various sights displayed,

Matches, red-herrings, rushlights, and French eggs,

Pipes, pots of blacking, brick-dust and black lead,
 With other sweetmeats — lived a cunning man,
 Whose art all-powerful could all things tell ; —
 Who prigged the ticker, and who smuggled the swag —
 Who smashed the greasy — who did it, and who didn't ; —
 Him Orpheus seeks, and tells his tearful tale !
 The sage demands a tizzy — and then speaks : —

“ MAN, THY LOST WIFE IS WORSE THAN YOU THINK HER —
 EURYDICE'S ELOPED WITH DICK THE TINKER ! ”

“ WITH MY PAL DICK ! ” CRIED ORPHEUS, “ WHAT A SELL !
 WHERE IS SHE NOW ? ” SAID HE — “ SHE'S GONE TO — ! ”

Orpheus resembled, at this news so thrilling,
 Him who found sixpence when he lost a shilling !
 Love, and revenge, and hate, by turns excite him ; —
 He scorns the Tinker, and he longs to fight him !
 “ Thus for base tin her plighted faith to barter !
 “ Well, if she's there,” said he, “ I'll follow arter.”

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE FIDDLER VISITED THE “ SHADES ” BELOW.

“ *Facilis descensus*,” says the bard, “ *Averni*.”
 To construe this, apply to your attorney ;
 He will explain — Like hell, the Chancery gate
 Lies open wide, alluring to your fate !
 But to get back — the “ *revocare gradum*,”
 The laws, like cat's claws, are like those who made 'em !
 For law's a luxury — without the mopuses
 To gain your right, “ *hic labor est, hoc opus* ” is !

Orpheus set out with faltering steps and slow,
 To find his false one in the realms below. —
 He cogitated : — “ Pr'aps the gods would stop her ! ”

For how to get her out, that was the riddle ?
 At any rate he was resolved to whop her : —
 So to beguile the way he took his fiddle. —

Oh, wondrous power of music ! art divine !
 Whose magic influence all stations levels : —
 A dab, O Orpheus ! wast thou in that line,
 For thou did'st play old Nick among the devils !

Ghosts flocking round with soft and noiseless tread,
Charmed with thy song, forgot that they were dead !
The Fates entranced, forgot to cut their threads,

And stopped their shears to watch the Fiddler's bow : —
The gaoler, Cerberus, hung down his heads ; —

The Styx stuck fast ; and Charon ceased to row !
The Furies were no longer furious ! and
Ixion's treadmill came to a dead stand !

But Pluto, troubled by this strange confusion,
And jealous of a living man's intrusion,
Resolved to punish Orpheus for his freaks ; —
He summons him before him, and thus speaks : —

" MORTAL ! TO BRAVE OUR POW'R THOU RASHLY DARED !
BUT STILL THY COURAGE MERITS SOME REWARD ;
TO SHOW OUR CLEMENCY [*aside*] (TO PLAGUE THY LIFE),
WE GIVE THEE BACK EURYDICE THY WIFE.
BUT MARK ! THE FATES HAVE ENTERED THIS DECREE ; —
AND WHEN THEY SAY SO, SO THE THING MUST BE ; —
THAT IF EURYDICE, — BEFORE THE SUN
WARMS WITH HIS BEAMS THE FAIR ' UNDYING ONE ' —
SPEAK BUT ONE WORD — SHE'S DIDDLED, AND YOU'RE DONE."

" Done ! " — said the fiddler — " I'm content ; —
Come along wife ! " — so away they went.

(*Ghost solo.*)

Orpheus has played his fiddle so well,
He has raised Eurydice out of — !
But if she was good as she was fair,
How the devil did she get there ?

(*Chorus of devils.*)

If she was good as she was fair,
How the devil did she get there ?

CHAPTER VI.

THE END.

On they went, midst fun and laughter —
He before — she following after —
They groped their way, for 'twas dark as pitch,
Till they saw the light, when said he, " You witch, (?)

I've got you now, and I'll larrup you well,
 It shan't be for nothing you've gone to .
 You're a beauty, you are, to be made a bride!
 I'll warrant you, Marm, I'll *tinker* your hide!"
 "'Tinker!" said she, — "well, I never knew!
 Imperent wretch! this is something new!
 Take care, 'old boy, I don't tinker you!" —

She raised up her arm — as of old — but, alas!
 'The doom of the Fates now came to pass;
 Arms — legs — and all but the tongue of the fair,
 Melt into thin and empty air!
 She's a ghost again! She can't do what she likes —
 In vain she threatens — in vain she strikes; —
 Back she must go — there's no denial —
 Before Judge Minos to take her trial: —
 Her last words sound amidst sobs and tears —
 "Oh! — could I but give him a box on the ears!" .
 (*The Fates were cunning — for, old or young,
 What can control a woman's tongue?*)

Orpheus bore the shock so rude
 With all a fiddler's fortitude: —
 He smoked his pipe, and he drunk his pot,
 And never was known to lament his lot.

THE PRESS.

magazine and
 AN event has occurred during the month which has made some noise, and has attracted much observation. The circumstance itself—apart from the name of the Duke of Wellington being involved in its discussion—may be considered very trifling; but the importance of the question mixed up with it is very great: that question is the POSITION OF THE PRESS in this country.

In these times it would be absurd to attempt to deny the prodigious influence of the Press on all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest; that it has become the daily mental sustenance of hundreds of thousands; that it has power to set up or to pull down the strongest ministry. These are truths not to be denied; and those few who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.

It becomes a matter of the highest importance, therefore, that the controllers of this mighty engine of good or ill should be of a class and of a character commensurate with the high duties which they have to perform; and it is clearly the duty and the interest of society to assign to them that social position which is due to the talents which are necessary for their vocation, and to the influence which they exercise upon the minds of the people. Anything that tends to degrade the conductors of the Press pollutes the source from which only truth and virtuous thoughts should follow; and the mistaken neglect of society reacts on society itself with most pernicious effect. But before we proceed to offer any further observations, we shall lay before our readers the facts of the case.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington left the House of Lords one night, seemingly supported by another nobleman; and the reporters of the Morning Post newspaper, being well aware of the deep interest which the country takes in the health of the illustrious Duke, hastened to make it known to the world in the usual way. Unfortunately the reporter made a mistake in supposing that the Duke was ill. The following is the account of the affair in the Morning Post (April 19th):

“ We believe it will be conceded that we seldom fall into even any of those accidental errors that must be unavoidable in the management of a newspaper establishment; and we feel assured of this admission, even from our most ardent political opponents, that we are incapable of deviating into intentional misrepresentation upon any subject. That we have erred, therefore, in putting forth a groundless alarm as to the state of the Duke of Wellington's health in our journal of yesterday will, we feel convinced, be attributed solely to an ‘unto-ward’ accident, arising from circumstances which, although in fact unsubstantial, were not altogether without an appearance of reality.

It is as generally known as it was regretted at the time, that, on a former occasion, his Grace was suddenly seized with illness in the House—happily of a temporary nature—and was conveyed to Apsley House in a condition that gave pain to the whole nation; and on that occasion his Grace quitted his seat and left the House of Lords, leaning on the arm of a Noble Peer (we believe, Lord Ellenborough), almost precisely under similar circumstances to those which attended his apparent departure from the House on Thursday evening. It appears by his Grace's letter, however, that on Thursday it was his Grace who gave support to a nobleman, whose infirmity required safe conduct, by taking his arm, and it is impossible that any can rejoice more than we do at his Grace's ability to afford that aid, or can more sincerely desire its duration. We think, therefore, his Grace has been rather too hard upon us in attributing wilful misrepresentation. Who would wilfully misrepresent the Duke of Wellington's state of health? No; our error arose from an impression that prevailed in the galleries of the House at the time, that the Noble Duke was really obliged to quit the House through illness, and had been assisted, as on a former occasion, to his carriage, which led our reporter to notice the circumstance of the Duke's departure in his report. We, however, not resting on this authority alone, sent to make inquiry at his Grace's residence, when the answer given, we regret to say, must have been misunderstood by the person who was instructed on the occasion. The Duke's most zealous friends (and where are they not to be found?) cannot feel more gratified than we do at his excellent state of health; and if we ever allude to any deterioration of it, it is only because we know that he is not, what we should wish him to be in life, as he is in fame, IMMORTAL.

"The subjoined letter, though dated at eleven A.M., only reached us at ten minutes before two in the afternoon of yesterday, and we lost not a moment in giving publicity to it in a third edition of our paper. We now repeat it.

" ' London, April 18. 1845, Eleven A.M.

" ' Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

" ' His attention has just been directed to two paragraphs in the *Morning Post* of this morning respecting himself, which, considering the following circumstances, the Duke must consider as neither more nor less than wilfully false.

" ' It is true that the Duke of Wellington, during the debate, got up from his place, and gave the assistance of his arm to a Noble Lord standing on the floor of the House, who, it is well known, has the misfortune of being blind, and conducted him towards the door of the House, when he placed him under the care of another person.

" ' The Duke then returned to his place, in which he remained till the House adjourned, and even took part in the discussion of the business transacted.

" ' A person called at the Duke's house last night at eleven o'clock, not twelve, to inquire how the Duke was: the answer was, *perfectly well*, and not that he was *convalescent*.

“The Duke has stated these facts as the foundation for his request that the editor of the *Morning Post* will be pleased to give a positive contradiction to the paragraphs above referred to; and the editor will be pleased to give directions that when his name is inserted in his paper, in future, care should be taken that it is not made the matter of a falsehood.

“The Duke makes this request, first to relieve the anxiety of many, and next to save himself some trouble.

“To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.”

Now we are inclined to think that, had the Duke been aware of the mode in which a newspaper is conducted, he would not have written the letter which we have quoted, charging the editor of the paper with “falsehood.” It is very seldom indeed that the editor of a London newspaper appears in the reporter’s gallery at the House of Lords or the House of Commons. The duties of a parliamentary reporter are quite distinct from the duty of an editor: they certainly are under his control; but it is impossible for the editor of a newspaper to be cognizant personally of the facts which are forwarded by its agents for insertion. He may be mistaken in the fitness of the agent to be employed; but that is another question: he might be charged on that account with negligence or imprudence, but not with falsehood; especially when the case occurs as at present, that the editor gives publicity to a fact which he believes to be true, but which he at the same time deplores in sympathy with his readers. But this particular case, as we have before observed, excepting so far as the name of the Duke of Wellington is concerned, is a trifling matter: it is the position of the Press that is the matter of importance; and on that point we extract, as a specimen of what has been said on the subject, the following remarks of the *Morning Chronicle*. It is a question that has nothing to do with politics; but it is one in which all literary men are deeply interested, and it is for that reason that we have given to the subject so large a portion of these pages. The editor of the *Morning Chronicle* says (April 24th),—

“In a batch of Peers just made in France we find the name of ‘Viscount Victor Hugo, the celebrated poet,’ who has been advanced to this dignity in company with generals, capitalists, and other leading personages in the neighbouring empire. We know not whether the Viscount’s peerage and his title bear the same date; the latter, at least, has not been assumed until now, nor has it figured upon any document (whether romance, ballad, or tragedy) bearing the Noble Peer’s name.

“In the list with M. Hugo appears M. Bertin de Vaux, the proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, raised to the peerage, as his father was before him. Strange promotions these appear in our free country, where it would be something absurd to fancy Viscount Thomas Moore or Earl William Wordsworth assuming the coronet and ermine; or Mr. Walter taking his seat in the House of Lords, or the chief of the *Post* or the *Herald*, after supporting the Government

worthily at his printing-office in Shoe Lane in the morning, going down to support it by his vote at Westminster in the evening, cheek by jowl with other Noble Peers there.

“Now, fancy what would Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington say to find a comrade in the editor of the *Morning Post*! What would he say? There is something frightful in the very idea of such a collision. Soldiers with swords may open the gates of the House of Peers; Bishops, conspicuous for piety and for editing Greek plays, may get a seat for life there; lawyers may hope, by much practice, genius, and virtue, to get their names inscribed in Burke; Mr. Fitzroy Kelly may die a lord, but the learned gentleman's laundress has as much chance as her equal in the social scale—the man of letters. Let us, however, for one daring moment, suppose the editor of the *Post* arrived to take his place; and what would F. M. the Duke of Wellington say to him? He would say, ‘You a Lord! I hardly consider you to be a man. I scarcely consider you worthy of the semblance of politeness, or the common decencies of language. If you make an incorrect statement about me, I give you the lie! Begone! Give me no more trouble, and tell me no more lies.’

“This is the gist of F. M.'s note, published in our Saturday's paper. The *Post* fancies the F. M. is sick, and says so. The F. M. says the statement is ‘wilfully false,’ and requests the editor to take care that no more “falsehoods” are told concerning him. The F. M.'s gracious letter runs through all the newspapers, and is taken up by the Press with a sort of glee. There is no remonstrance made, no protest against the F. M.'s words, that they are grossly insulting; that no man, not even a newspaper editor, is to be accused of a lie lightly; that no F. M., however famous his name, great his age, or testy his disposition, has a right to use this kind of language towards men pretending to decency of character; not a word is heard of remonstrance against this outrage, and it is passed over as if it was the usual and proper style of intercourse between great people and the Press.

“Now, let us for a moment suppose that F. M. the Duke of Dalmatia were to address a letter to the editor of a French journal, giving it the lie, as his Grace the Duke of Wellington is pleased to do in this country, we wager that there is not one Parisian journal of any party but would take up the cause for his neighbour's sake and for his own, and that Marshal Soult would be led such a life as should cause him, if not to repent his ways, at least to amend them, and to be chary henceforth how he used such language towards members of a great, powerful, and honourable profession. Here there is no such feeling. A journalist is insulted by a great man, and all his brethren applaud as if it were in the natural course of things. They like it—they like to see a comrade bullied, despised, and degraded. And, to be sure, what right have we to complain, when the victim himself bears his punishment with such a charming meekness? ‘We think,’ says the *Post*, ‘his Grace has been *rather too hard* upon us in attributing wilful *misrepresentation*. Who would willingly misrepresent his Grace's health? We, for our part, wish him to be in life as he is in fame, IMMORTAL!’ It certainly is ‘*rather hard*,’ because you are

mistaken about an old gentleman's health, to be accused of propagating wilful falsehoods. The language is rather hard, and the bearing it, we should have thought, harder still: but no; what right to the courtesies of life, or to the privileges of feeling, have men belonging to the English Press? What right have they to aspire, to a decent social rank, or to demand a common civil treatment? Here we have the proper rule of politeness (can we doubt it, as it comes from a contemporary so notoriously fashionable?). The rule is, gentlemen of the Newspaper Press, you are not to fancy yourselves gentlemen at all: it is ignorance and impertinence on your part to expect to lay claim to common courtesy: far from it; when a lie is flung in your face, your duty is to swallow it; when you are insulted by a great man, your duty is to go down blubbing on your knees, and pray his Grace may be IMMORTAL."

It was necessary to place before our readers the above extract from the *Morning Chronicle* in order that they may understand the following remarks of the *Morning Post*. The latter paper extracts the *Chronicle's* remarks in its journal of the 24th of April, and thus comments on them:—

"If we were merely to consult our own feelings we should assuredly abstain from any public notice of the observations we have just quoted; but as they will in all probability meet the eyes of some whose good opinion we value very highly, we are induced, though with great reluctance, to obtrude upon general attention a matter that assumes a form somewhat personal to ourselves.

"In doing this it will become necessary to go a little beyond the point in which we are peculiarly concerned; because the *Morning Chronicle* has mixed up, with the remarks of which we are made the subject, some allusion to the claims of the body to which it is our fortune to belong upon the respect and consideration of society.

"The conduct we felt it our duty to pursue, in reference to a letter recently addressed to us by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, is the topic which the *Chronicle* has selected for commentary. If we had felt any doubts as to the course we took on that occasion, they would have been removed by the unsolicited expressions of approval that have reached us from many most respectable individuals; but we never entertained any such doubts. It was our misfortune to give circulation to a rumour, that afterwards proved to be unfounded, on the subject of the Duke of Wellington's health. No one who knows the peculiar susceptibility of his Grace on this point—and we know it well—could feel surprised that the publication annoyed him, or that he should have expressed his annoyance. For the precise terms in which the Noble Duke couched his remonstrance, we confess, we were not prepared. They were not such as we should have expected his Grace to select, and certainly not those that we thought in fairness applicable to ourselves. We at once said so. We expressed our belief that the Duke had treated us harshly; but we endeavoured to convey our meaning in the language that any man of good taste or good feeling would alone have thought of using towards one to whom,

as members of the British community, we owed so deep a debt of gratitude.

"We should have felt ashamed of ourselves if any thought so absurd or so wicked as that of personal revenge had for a moment crossed our minds. There have occurred cases within our experience, where Members of both Houses of Parliament have been concerned, in which we felt it our duty to seek, what we promptly obtained — retraction of unguarded or offensive words. But there are some persons who *cannot* give offence, and the Duke of Wellington is of the number. We must be convinced that a son would be justified in noticing with hostile intentions a hasty expression inadvertently used by his father, before we could persuade ourselves to adopt such a course towards a man whose title to our respect does not rest on his patent of nobility.

"The illustration founded on what might have taken place in France under similar circumstances involves a question that we would willingly refrain from discussing. It is forced upon us, however; and with the straightforward honesty that we hope always to practise, we say at once that the cases are not analogous. The social position of the press is vastly higher in France than it is here; and the reason for this difference is obvious. In France, when a man becomes a journalist, he does not feel it necessary to cease to be a gentleman. In England, unfortunately, there are some persons who so feel or assume this necessity, that one can have no sympathy with them when they complain that society looks askance at them.

"The coarse personalities in which some public writers of this country indulge, and the moral irregularities that others appear to have a pride in parading, cannot fail to estrange the kindly feeling of all by whom gentlemanly manners and personal respectability are held in esteem. Under these circumstances — and we have not exaggerated them — is it wonderful that, without using due discrimination, society should shrink from contact with members of the newspaper press, or that among the really respectable of the class there should be wanting that *esprit de corps* which would on other accounts be so desirable, though they dare not show it, lest they should be mixed up in public estimation with men whom in private they know to be unworthy?

"Until some attempt is made to reform the evil of which we have been reluctantly compelled to admit the existence, let us hear no more of the degraded social position of the newspaper press. When men cannot write of each other like gentlemen — and we need not go far for proof of this — they have no right to expect that society will consider them to be gentlemen themselves."

On this subject it may be permitted to us to extract from a work published last year by Saunders and Otley of Conduit Street ("The Man without a Profession"), the following observations: —

"Besides, it is not so easy to write for a newspaper as people suppose. A man may be a good scholar, a profound thinker, and a vigilant observer of passing events, without being able to write for a

newspaper. The power of writing a leading article for a newspaper is a *tact* which few possess, and which I have known many, with all their learning and diligence, unable to acquire. It requires a large amount of information on a variety of subjects, and a readiness of application that must never be at fault, or the writer will fail. For remember, the editor is always writing against time, and the inexorable printer must have his copy, so that there is no time to revise and amend; but as slip after slip is written, the devil snatches it away, and one half is usually set up in print before the other half is written. This exacts a decision of thought, and a facility of writing, which, like poetry, seems rather a gift of nature than an acquired faculty.

“‘As to the brevity which you speak of, that is the most difficult task of all, as you would soon find, if you had to write them day after day without intermission. Diffuseness in a leading article is like water added to brandy — what it gains in quantity, it loses in quality. It is comparatively easy to write a long article; but to be able on the instant — without previous consideration — without having time to consult books, or dates, or authorities — to concentrate the pith and marrow of an argument in a few sentences; — to grasp, as it were, intuitively, the real question at issue, and to present, in a striking point of view, that particular truth or illustration which the public mind is prepared to receive and would be disappointed to miss, is, in my opinion, one of the most difficult operations of the human mind.’

“‘I can easily understand,’ said Frank Coverley, ‘that it is more difficult to write concisely than diffusely; as it is easier to compose a long description than an epigram.’

“‘Just so. I say this in reply to your mistake about the facility of newspaper writing; and my object is to show you that to write well for a newspaper is very difficult; and presuming that you possess the faculty, that it is still more difficult to get the opportunity of exercising it. And supposing that you have both the power and the opportunity, I should earnestly advise any friend of mine to turn his attention to anything rather than to so laborious, so precarious, and so unthankful an employment as a newspaper editor.’

“‘He exercises great power,’ observed Frank Coverley; ‘and the exercise of power is always pleasurable. What an inspiring thought it must be, to consider that the words which you write will be shot forth, almost before the ink with which you pen them is dry, to the four corners of the earth, and that the power of a single mind may sway thousands and hundreds of thousands by the magic of its eloquence! What is the power of oratory compared with the power of the press! The voice can reach but a few hundreds, but the writer’s audience are millions! What a glorious thought! to be the guide — the instructor — the mental ruler of countless numbers of your fellow-men! I am enthusiastic perhaps, but to my mind there cannot be a higher or more honourable vocation.’

“‘Yours is the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience, but you little think of the pains and penalties which accompany the position, so enviable in your eyes, of the editor of a newspaper.’ Like you, I once

indulged in all those high imaginings which you have expressed with so much poetical illusion. But I have been all my life connected with the press, and I know well the secret sufferings, and the consuming heart-burnings of those mysterious directors of public opinion.'

" 'You surprise me,' said Frank Coverley; 'I had a more favourable idea of the position of an editor.'

" 'The position of an editor!' said the old man, warming as he proceeded, and giving vent to the feelings which had struggled within him for years; — 'What are editors of newspapers? They are a proscribed class in society. The literary profession, in any shape in this country, is disesteemed, and condemns its professors to exclusion from all public employments; but the position of the editor of a newspaper is the most unfavourable of all. An avowed author may attain fame and fortune; the editor never can attain, as editor, either the one or the other. In his arduous and consuming labours, he must be content to forego all the commendation and applause which are rendered to a successful author appearing by name before the public. But this is not the only sacrifice that must be endured by the writer in a newspaper. He is a writer — not an author; to the dignity of the latter title he cannot arrive. He must be content with his anonymous influence; and in that capacity he must submit to see his best thoughts and his choicest compositions feloniously appropriated by others, who enjoy the credit of them — and why? because, as a writer unknown, he cannot claim his property — there is no personality attached to it. And when he is known, what is his condition? He must live among men as a person not understood; in a position undefined; suspected as a spy, hated as a critic, feared as a judge, envied for his secret political influence, and contemned for his open social insignificance.'

" 'You look on the worst side of the picture.'

" 'It is the true picture; for what is an editor? An editor is a thing intangible, not admitting of corporal illustration. Deriving much of his influence from the mystery of his identity, he loses, from the want of that identity, the public consideration, which might otherwise attend him as an eloquent writer; and the sympathy, the good-will, and the friendship of those of his fellow-citizens who are capable of appreciating his talents, are lost to him, from the isolation of his solitariness and seclusion. Continually in a false position — high in mind and aspirations, and low in fortune and expectancies — he is ever on the threshold of the Temple of Fame, which he is never allowed to enter. He labours, he meditates, and he writes; and he exercises his portion of a gigantic influence which sustains or overthrows ministries and dynasties; but no political distinction is the result of his power, as no social position is the reward of his merit. He lives unknown to the world for which he has laboured, and which, perhaps, he has incalculably benefited; — and when he dies, he leaves no name behind him, and his grave is as unhonoured as his life was unrewarded.'

" 'Your description is a sad one!'

“ ‘It is a true one. And more—should his name ever be mentioned after his death, it is merely as a “newspaper editor,” who has no right to be classed among authors. And his degradation and exclusion from social privileges is carried even beyond the grave; for the claim of his widow or his orphan would be refused by the benevolent institution established in aid of the distress of literary men, because the “editor” has not happened to give his thoughts to the world in the shape of a book bound in boards.’

“ ‘What do you mean by that?’

“ ‘There is an institution called “The Literary Fund,” which extends its relief, in a small way, to literary men in extreme pecuniary difficulties; and so far as its means will allow, it does some good, and it has been generally well conducted; but it is against its rules to assist that class of literary men which consists of editors of newspapers. Indeed, it may be said that the editor of a newspaper is not considered a literary man, but a something *per se*, belonging to no defined class, and without any fixed occupation, or personal public identity.’

“ ‘And yet, if any one deserves to be designated a literary man, surely it is an editor, for he has to write on all subjects.’

“ ‘Yes; and without the advantage of leisure and preparation: he is always writing against time, which wears the brain more than any other description of mental labour. But the misfortune of an editor of a newspaper is, that he not only participates in the general disesteem in which the literary profession is regarded in this country, but he is shut out from the few advantages which are possessed by authors who come before the public by name.’

“ ‘It seems to me a great mistake,’ observed Frank Coverley, ‘for society to undervalue the merits of those of its members who supply its intellectual food.’

“ ‘It is a great mistake. The experience of my own observation has impressed me deeply with the conviction of the injustice and the impolicy of society in its denial of the fair and legitimate claims to its distinctions of the literary profession. For it may be considered as a social axiom, that in proportion to the public consideration and the public reward, will be the quality of any social class. If the literary profession be contemned or disesteemed, its members will be less likely to deserve public esteem or consideration. On the contrary, in proportion as the literary profession is admitted and encouraged, and raised in the social scale, so will those of the highest minds and of the purest integrity — and this observation applies especially to the editors of newspapers — be inclined to enrol themselves among its members, and be proud to acknowledge themselves of its profession.’

“ ‘They manage these things better in France,’ said Frank.

“ ‘Yes: there the literary man is respected; he has a fixed and acknowledged position; his mental value is not depreciated because of the smallness of his fortune, nor is his wealth regarded as the criterion of his talent. But in this country, money is every thing;

and it would be a hopeless and impossible task to convince the vulgar, whose name is Legion, that a man without money can be worth anything else, as it is needless for a man with money to be worth anything else. For money comprehends within itself all things, and endows its happy possessor, in this country, with all perfections. Having money, it is unnecessary to make pretensions to other qualifications; without it, you may put forward the highest qualifications in vain. Be honest — be virtuous — be distinguished for all that is good and great in virtuous qualities and literary acquirements; all these will not advance you one step — will not procure for you the slightest public consideration — nor help you one jot to get your bread. But, “Get money,” and then “all other things will be given unto thee.””

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

AND

Comic Miscellany.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE gallant brig had nearly reached the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux' channel when the squall from Mount Wellington ceased as suddenly as it rose; and presently the wind was lulled into a calm. The experienced mate, however, was not to be deceived by this suspicious suspension of the blast.

"What are we going to have now?" he said to the leader of the bushrangers, whom in his capacity of pilot it was his duty to consult: "I don't like this lull; they are only getting ready a fresh hand to the bellows, I fancy. I suppose the wind shifts on this side of the world much as it does on t'other. I think the bark right-a-head—to the south, yonder—begins to rise."

"You are quite right," replied the supposed pilot; "and with such a man as you on board you have no need of a pilot; the vessel is quite safe in your hands: you seem to know the ways of the winds in the New World as well as if you had been born among them." A better seaman I never"

"Avast there, mate!" said the honest officer; "you give us too much of that; why you have got the gift of the gab like a sea-lawyer! To be sure this is not the first time I've looked the winds in the face. But we had better try to put her head about; if it comes on to blow from the south, it will be a fair wind for us up the channel."

"Better get out," said the pilot, "and have sea room : when it comes on to blow from the southward it always blows great guns ; and this is a nasty channel to be sticking in — full of shoals and rocks and headlands stretching out in every direction."

"You seem to have taken a great dislike to the channel," replied the mate : "for my part I don't see any great harm in it ; and Horseman says it's good enough if you mind your soundings ; and the chart's clear. What makes you so anxious to get out of it?"

Two or three of the yellow jackets were standing in the fore part of the vessel near the pilot and the mate during their brief colloquy, and it struck the worthy officer that there was an expression in their faces incongruous with their characters ; and he thought he observed a glance of intelligence pass between one of them and their leader. A vague suspicion crossed the mate's mind ; but as there was nothing definite to give it substance, it passed away for the moment, but afterwards it recurred to him. As he went aft to take the orders of the major, he heard a voice, which it seemed to him proceeded from the same man whose look he had observed, ask in a low tone —

"Is it time?"

The mate turned round and gazed inquiringly at the group in the forecabin.

"Is it time?" he repeated : "time for what?"

"He was asking," replied the pilot, rather hastily, "if it was time to go about : but I see the major has come on deck ; we will consult him as to what he would like to do with his vessel." Saying this, he went aft, following the mate.

The sisters were gazing listlessly at the land from which they were unwillingly receding with the change of tide, and the gallant Mr. Silliman found it impossible to inspire either of them with those feelings of mirthful gaiety with which they were accustomed to receive his assiduities. The major was supporting his youngest daughter by the arm, as the motion of the vessel from the broken sea rendered it difficult for her to stand on deck. Helen, on the contrary, stood erect and alone, with one hand grasping the bulwark, and with the other holding the ship's glass, which she condescended to allow Mr. Silliman to support at the other end, to keep it steady. The honour of this position was perfect bliss to that enraptured individual, who made extraordinary exertions to call into exercise the utmost dexterity of his sea legs, so that the view of the beautiful Helen might not be disarranged.

"Do you see any thing, Miss Helen?" he ventured to inquire in a tone of extreme insinuation.

"Nothing but the brim of your ugly hat," replied the lady.

"Bless me ! I beg a thousand pardons ; it's the rolling of the sea : there again ; I hope I did not hurt you : now do you see any thing?"

"I see something. Papa, come and look through the glass just as it is now. Stand still," she said to Mr. Silliman, "and do try to be steady : a pretty sailor not to be able to bear the rolling of the ship ! — Look, papa, I see something like a swan."

"A swan ! my love ; then it must be a black one, for all the

swans are black, they say, on this side of the earth. A swan! my dear; no, it's no swan, but the sail of a boat that you see, I think. — Mr. Northland, what do you make of it?"

"A boat with her square-sail up," pronounced the mate, with professional precision, after taking a brief earnest look at the object: she looks like a large whale-boat by her make, but she is too large for that work; she is coming down with the tide. "What do you say to it, pilot?"

There was a visible embarrassment on the part of the supposed pilot at this communication: a slight paleness came over his countenance as if he was struck with some uncontrollable emotion, and then his face flushed with excitement. As he looked round, with an attempt to appear unconcerned, he encountered the eye of Helen, which was fixed steadfastly upon him. He quailed for an instant beneath the penetrating gaze of that brilliant eye, and hastily taking the ship's glass from the mate's hand to cover his confusion, he directed it towards the object; but his hand trembled, and the glass shook visibly.

"Rather a shaky hand," remarked the mate to the major, in a whisper; "but there's no duty on grog in this part of the world."

The whisper of the mate seemed to discompose the pilot a little: he took his eye from the glass, and searched the countenances of the by-standers; but seeing nothing in them to alarm, he applied himself again to his scrutiny of the boat.

While he was so employed Helen made a sign to her father to come near her. They moved round to the side of the binnacle, leaving the pilot, with his back towards them, looking through the glass.

"Papa," said Helen, in a whisper, "I have been watching the countenance of that man; he changed colour when the mate spoke of the boat: depend upon it there is something about that boat that troubles him."

"It must be fancy, my love; there can be nothing in the appearance of a boat to disturb the pilot; it is only fancy."

"Dear papa, it is not fancy; I cannot be mistaken in the countenance of that man; it is one of the most remarkable I ever saw. I watched him; and I am sure that the boat in sight has had some powerful effect on him. He does not look like a man to be moved by a slight cause."

"Well, my dear girl, the shortest way is to ask him."—"Pilot," said the major, addressing the bushranger, "what do you see in that boat to disturb you?"

"To disturb me!" replied the pilot, regarding the major fixedly; "why do you suppose that the sight of that boat disturbs me? What do you suppose the boat has to do with us — I mean, with me?"

"But what do you think of her?" interrupted the mate, who was a little out of patience with the lengthened examination of the pilot; "you have had a pretty long spell at the glass — long enough to make her out, I'm sure: "what do you think of her?"

"I will take another look at her," replied the bushranger, who was

anxious to gain time to enable him to devise some scheme to counteract the dangerous approach of the boat, which, he had no doubt, had been despatched after him and his associates by the government authorities ; " I can see her plainer now."

" And what do you make of her ?" repeated the mate.

" It is only a boat," replied the bushranger, continuing to look anxiously through the glass.

" Well, if it's only a boat, there's an end of it," said the mate. " There's a light air coming from the southward," he said to the major ; " I suppose we may stand up now with the wind in our favour."

" But the tide is against us," observed the pilot, " and if it comes on to blow — and I don't like the looks of that bank which you first observed rising yonder — you would find yourselves cramped in this narrow channel."

" I'll never agree to go out of the channel with a fair wind up," exclaimed the mate. " Why, friend, you are for not going up the channel any way. Before, it was the wind that was against us, and then we were not to go up ; and now that we are getting the wind, it is because the tide is against us that we are not to go up ! Beg pardon — no offence meant ; but, to my thinking, you don't want us to go up the channel at all ?"

" The boat is coming nearer," cried out Mr. Silliman, who, as all the others had done with it, was allowed to use the glass : " I can see it as plain as can be ; and they have taken the sail down, and they are pulling with all their might, I can see. They have got the tide in their favour, and they will soon be down on us ; we shall hear some news now ! Hurrah !"

The bushranger snatched the glass out of the exulting Mr. Silliman's hand with an abruptness which made that astonished individual open his mouth with surprise. With a firm hand, and with a certain air of determination, he applied the glass again to his eye, and directed it to the still distant boat, which, however, propelled by the oars of the pursuing party, and assisted by the tide, was rapidly approaching the brig. Helen had observed the impetuous motion of the pilot, and had watched his varying countenance as he gazed through the glass. Prompted by an irresistible impulse, she gave vent to her vague suspicion of danger, and spoke : —

" Sir," she said to the pilot, " I am sure there is something about that coming boat which disturbs you. You know something about it, you do — I am sure you do," she repeated, her eyes kindling, and her cheeks reddening with excitement. " If there is danger, do not deceive us, but tell us in time, that we may be prepared for it. Do not suppose," she said, taking hold of her sister's hand, " that because we are women that we are afraid. We have looked on the dangers of the sea without terror, confident in our skill and our courage ; and we can look without fear on this new danger — for danger there is, I know, by your look and manner at this moment ! Speak, I say, and let us know at once what the danger is ?"

The spirited words of the heroic girl unhappily inspired the bush-

ranger with a happy thought. He seized on the suggestion of danger from the boat with the readiness of practised dissimulation. Forming his plan on the instant, he replied without hesitation, and with an expression of feeling and interest in the welfare of the women which disarmed suspicion:—

“Major, I fear your gifted daughter is right. I wished to make my communication when they were gone below; but there is no time to be lost; and these courageous girls shame us with their spirit. But I will do justice to their courage; and say at once there is danger.”

“Danger!” said the mate, looking about him; “where from?”

“Danger!” repeated the major, in a voice of mingled surprise and emotion, and clasping his youngest daughter with instinctive tenderness,—“danger from that boat?”

“Yes,” replied the supposed pilot; “and there is no time to lose if we are to defend ourselves. That boat, I have no doubt, contains the party of bushrangers that broke away from camp some days ago: the commandant at the look-out has had notice of them; and their design must be to endeavour to take this vessel. They are well armed; it is supposed there are about a dozen of them: and as the villains are desperate, they will make a determined attack on us. However, I for one am ready to fight for you; and if you will arm your men, my people shall work the vessel while they defend us.”

“Let it be done at once,” said the major. “This is a most unlucky accident! However, it is fortunate that we have you on board to help us.” So saying, he descended to the cabin in all haste to prepare the arms and ammunition.

The bushranger meantime went forward, as if for the purpose of giving directions to the party under his control. As he passed his confederates, he said, in a low firm voice, to each of them:—

“Be ready.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE consummate art of the bushranger in proposing that the crew of the vessel should be armed, while his own men undertook the management of the vessel, had its intended effect. There was no suspicion on the part of the major or his people that the approaching boat was really in pursuit of the absconded prisoners on board the brig; and the activity of the supposed pilot in preparing the means of defence was regarded as corroborating evidence of the danger threatened to the vessel. All was activity on deck; muskets, pistols, and cutlasses were brought up from the cabin, and ammunition was disinterred from the lockers: and the bushranger took care to provide himself amply with the means of defence or offence, as the case might be. Still he was well aware that the moment was critical, and most perilous. He was now in the worst position: his confederates were defenceless; the sailors of the vessel were armed, and prepared to

resist aggression; and the boat, which he had no doubt contained a government party in pursuit, was coming nearer and nearer every minute. But with a coolness and a courage worthy of a better object, he bided his time, and waited with patience for the result, which he calculated must take place when his men attempted to work the vessel. At this time a brisk breeze had sprung up from the south, which gave the advantage to the brig over an attacking boat, as it enabled the vessel to choose her position. The increase of the wind rendered a corresponding arrangement of the sails necessary; but here the ignorance and blundering of the supposed pilot's men was too provoking to be endured by the angry mate:—

"What do you call your fellows?" he broke out to the pilot: "do you call that chap a sailor? See how he handles a rope! By —. Look at that fellow sticking in the shrouds! There's another creeping through lubber's hole! That's right, my man, take care of your precious limbs! Oh! this will never do," he said to the major; "these men will never work the vessel: such a lubberly set I never set eyes on! There goes the jib! Hold on there, hold on. By — you'll have the maintop-sail-yard down by the run. Pilot, hold your men off. What's the use of such a pack of fools? Keep an eye on the boat, some one, can't you. A pretty set, that don't know the main-sheet from the topsail halyards; and they can't fight! No, not they! I should like to know what they are fit for?"

"Do you think your men would stand by us?" asked the major, eagerly, of the pilot; "you see we want our own people to work the vessel."

"Fight!" said the pilot; "they will fight like devils, depend upon it, when the time comes; but of course you can't expect them to be used to arms," he added, carelessly: "however, they will do their best. Come aft, my men." They quickly came at the voice of their leader.

"The major says he wants his sailors to work the vessel; and he asks me if you will stand by us to defend the brig against the bush-rangers coming on to attack us in the boat yonder?"

The diligent Mr. Silliman, who was examining the boat through the ship's glass, cried out at this moment, "I can see the men in the boat, and I can see the gleam of some muskets: the boat is full of the rascals!"

"Make haste, then," said the bushranger; "relieve the sailors from their arms; and be ready to use them," he said, significantly, "when I give the word."

The exchange of duties between the sailors and the conspirators was the work of a minute only; and the crew of the vessel became immediately busied in trimming the sails and attending to the ship; while the supposed pilot and his gang stood with arms in their hands, ready to pounce on their unsuspecting victims.

The bushranger felt that the time had come when he must strike a decisive blow; but first he ran rapidly over in his head a scheme to get the major and his chief officer below, in order that the crew, being deprived of their leaders, might be more easily mastered: his object was unexpectedly furthered by the officious Mr. Silliman.

"Major," said that bustling individual, as he hurriedly loaded his musket with an excessively martial air, "would it not be better for the young ladies to go below? they will only be in our way on deck, and hinder us from fighting."

"We shall work the better," put in the pilot, "if we are assured that your daughters, major, are out of the reach of the bullets."

Louisa, who was very pale, assented to this suggestion, without reply; but Helen, who was flushed and excited, remonstrated and resisted. "I can fire a gun," she said, "as well as any of you; any woman can do that: and where my dear father is there will I be also:" and saying this she seized a musket and held it in the attitude of a heroine prepared for war.

It required all her father's entreaties, and, at last, commands, to induce her to descend into the cabin. The major was obliged to lay down his weapons and accompany her below. The bushranger saw his opportunity, but the troublesome Mr. Silliman came breathless to the entrance of the companion-way and bawled down, "Major, major, I can see the red coats of soldiers in the boat."

"Soldiers!" said the major; "what can that mean? But they are in my line; I'll soon be up and give a look at them."

"Mr. Northland," called out the pilot, "the major is asking for you below; something about the dead-lights, I believe."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, as he ran aft; "look out, pilot, the boat's upon us;" and by an indescribable process of locomotion which sailors alone possess, he dived down below, and his head disappeared in a twinkling.

The bushranger immediately made a sign to four of his men who were near him to close the hatchway: it was done in an instant. At the same time he presented his own musket, which he cocked with an audible click, at the man at the wheel. Mr. Silliman observed these extraordinary manœuvres, which altogether exceeded his nautical experience, with inexpressible astonishment; but before he had time to make up his mind what to do he was seized by two of the bushrangers, disarmed, and on his resisting with the courage of desperation, their attempt to bind his hands and feet, was without ceremony pitched into the sea.

"That was wrong," said Mark Brandon, quietly; "never take life if you can avoid it: but the boat will pick him up; and after all, perhaps, he was of no great value."

In the mean time the carpenter, who was a cool and determined fellow, with three of the crew, armed themselves with the capstan-bars, resolved to resist, though unable to make out the reason or object of the sudden attack on them by the pilot and his followers; but the bushranger, rushing forward with four of his fellows, presented their muskets; and the sailors, taken unawares and in amazement at the suddenness and strangeness of the proceeding, and seeing besides that resistance was hopeless, quietly surrendered. The rest of the crew were as easily brought under subjection, and, having been bound hand and foot, were placed singly in convenient places below, and in less than ten minutes the vessel was in the possession of the marauders.

"Now, my men," cried out Mark Brandon, "a cheer for liberty!" His associates raised a wild hurrah, which conveyed to the inmates in the cabin the information that the vessel was overpowered; but by whom or how was a mystery! The mate put his head out of the stern window, but the bushranger was too well on his guard to permit such an escape; and meeting the muzzles of two muskets close to his face, the enraged officer was obliged to retreat, though not without venting his discontent in a vigorous volley of nautical abjurations.

Mark Brandon now took the helm, and, making a gesture of defiance with his fist at the still distant boat, he immediately turned the vessel's head back again towards the south; and, under all the sail that she could carry, the captured brig stood out to sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE unfortunate Mr. Jeremiah Silliman made more philosophical reflections during his rapid evolution from the deck of the brig to the waters of the sea than had ever occurred to him in the whole of his previous life. The first dreadful thought that presented itself to him was that he could not swim! but before he could give vent in words to the novel sensations which assailed him he found himself plunged under the waves, and descending beneath them with a velocity proportionate to his specific gravity and the precipitancy of his descent. As he felt himself hurrying down to those abodes, which in the poetical simplicity of his imagination he had been wont to picture as the dwelling-place of sea-nymphs with green gauze robes and coral necklaces, but which he now contemplated with affright, as abounding in enormous crayfishes and voracious ground-sharks, deeply and energetically did he lament that his love of the romantic had led him away from the peaceful haunts of Cheapside and Cornhill to the villanous shores of Botany Bay; and much did he marvel at the disagreeableness of his reception into the bosom of the land of his adoption.

Such and so sad were the curious reflections which were suddenly forced on him by the novelty of his situation; and still he went down and down, as it seemed to him, and deeper and deeper still, till his thoughts became confused, and he felt a cold fishy sensation, as if he had become partially transformed into the semblance of a scaly inhabitant of the deep; gradually his feelings became blunted; his last thoughts were of the brig from which he had been unceremoniously cast, and the bright eyes from which he was for ever separated, — even in the last moment he could not make up his mind which he preferred — and then the dimness of death came over him; — he mentally uttered a fragment of a prayer, and all was oblivion!

The party in the boat, however, had not failed to notice the summer-set involuntarily performed by the luckless individual in question; and the occurrence, indicating that violence was going on in the brig, confirmed the suspicion to which the unaccountable changes in her course had given rise, — that the bushrangers had got possession of the vessel.

"There's bloody work going on, I'm thinking, on board that craft," said the constable, who was sitting with his face towards the head of the boat. "I saw one chap pitched overboard plain enough : I wonder which party he belonged to."

"Give way, my men," cried the corporal, standing up in the boat, and looking through a glass with which he was provided. "I can see the body ; it has come to the surface of the water ; it's not above half a mile from us. Give way—stick to your oars—and we shall save him yet, whoever he is !"

The men bent stoutly to their oars, and in a few minutes, the tide being in their favour, they shot up alongside of the floating body, which they caught just as it was sinking for the last time. The lifeless corpse as it seemed, was quickly hauled into the boat, and a brief consultation was held as to the best means to be adopted for its recovery.

"Nothing better than a bit of salt beef," suggested an old sailor : "rub it well in ; I know it recovered a man off Yarmouth—at home—that had been in the water more than four hours : the salt, you see, rouses him up, if there's any life in him."

"This is not one of the bushrangers," pronounced the constable, as they stripped off the clothes from the drowned man in order to give him the benefit of the salt-beef recipe prescribed by the old sailor : "this must be one of the people of the vessel ; he looks like a sailor by his dress, but his hands are too smooth for that ; perhaps he's a passenger."

"Rub away, my hearties," urged the sea-doctor ; "rub it into him, and if there's any life left, the beef will fetch it out."

The body of the unconscious Jeremiah was excoriated accordingly, secundum artem (salsi junki), the boat continuing its pursuit of the vessel nevertheless, as the surmises of the officials were confirmed by the appearance of the body which they had rescued from the water. At last, after a prodigious quantity of rubbing, which reduced the person of the apparently deceased to a substance closely resembling the material which was made use of as a flesh-brush, signs of warmth were observed in the body, and presently a sigh was ejaculated which indicated returning sensibility. The progress of the boat was suspended for a few minutes at this interesting success of the old mariner's surgical operation, and the attention of all was directed to foster the breath of returning life which the strange now exhibited. The result was speedily favourable ;—the man rescued from death sat up and looked around him.

"How do you find yourself, my hearty ?" said the corporal ; "you have had a narrow escape."

The stranger stared at him unmeaningly.

"Who are you ?" asked the constable, anxious to ascertain the condition of the vessel, and to learn some tidings of the bushrangers ; "what's your name, and who are you ?"

But the intellects of the poor man had been too much obfuscated by the salt water, to say nothing of the subsequent scurification to which

he had been subjected, to understand where he was, or what had happened to him.

"Can't you tell us who you are?" repeated the constable, impatient to get at some information for his guidance; "what are you?"

"A freeman of London, and a liveryman," answered Jerry, his mind wandering to former scenes.

"His wits are a wool-gathering," said the constable.

"It's the water that's swamped 'em," said the ancient mariner; "salt water grog's poor stuff at any time, 'specially without the rum; and this cove has had too much of it for one bout."

"What are you, and who do you belong to?" repeated the constable, giving the reviving man a little shake in his impatience.

"The Chandlers' Company," replied Jerry; "and so did my father before me. I'm a freeman, I say—and a liveryman; and if I don't shoot the centre arch of Battersea bridge"

"What company did he say he belonged to?" asked the corporal, "the Chandlers'? He means Captain Chandlers!—Ask him what regiment? And he said something about shooting; I can't make it out at all."

"It's not that," said the constable; "but he seems plucking up a bit. How is it now with you my man. We have saved you from drowning. Who was it that chucked you overboard from the brig yonder? Have the bushrangers got possession of the vessel?"

The word "bushrangers" seemed to strike some responsive chord in the bewildered man's memory.

"Bushrangers!" said he, "bushrangers! Ah, that's it! The bushrangers have got me, and now I'm done for!"

"No, no," said the corporal, "we are not bushrangers: look at our red coats; we are soldiers, going after the bushrangers. Look here, man, bushrangers don't keep their arms bright like ours. Can't you tell the difference between a bushranger and a gentleman in his Majesty's service? Look at our firelocks; bushrangers can't show such tools as these!"

By degrees the recovered Jeremiah began to understand what had happened to him, and the character of the party who had saved him from drowning. He was excessively rejoiced at his fortunate escape, and vowed manfully that if he could only come across that insinuating rascal of a pilot he would serve him out for his ungentle behaviour. He narrated all the events that had happened; how the chief of the gang had introduced himself on board as a pilot; the plot which he had schemed to get his confederates into the vessel; and the art with which he had contrived to transfer the arms of the sailors to his own followers under the pretence of leaving the crew of the brig at liberty to manage the vessel in the approaching encounter with the boat which the major was made to believe contained the runaway prisoners who actually were on board all the time.

"By George," said the constable, "that is Mark Brandon all over! That man would circumvent the very devil himself! It's impossible to be up to all his dodges! But what's to be done now? The wind's

getting up, and that's all in favour of the rascals on board the brig. How many did you say there were with Mark?"

"Six others," replied Jerry. "And now I recollect we all thought them most desperate-looking ruffians: but that Mark Brandon, as you call him, is quite a genteel person; there doesn't seem to be much harm in him."

"Didn't he chuck you overboard?" asked the corporal.

"No; it was two other chaps. Mark, as you call him, was standing by the man at the wheel with a cocked musket presented at his head."

"Just like him!" said one of the sailors; "that's their way. Somehow, all the bushrangers take to the same ways. When they attack a man they make him throw his arms above his head, and then they stick the muzzle of a fowling-piece, or a musket, if they have one—but they don't like muskets, they are so heavy to carry about—close to his ear; and then what can a man do? No pleasant thing, I can assure you; I have felt it myself."

"But what's to be done," repeated the constable; "are we to attempt to attack the bushrangers in the brig with this boat. Let us see;—how many are we? Four at the oar—two of us constables, and the corporal with his two men—that's nine; and with the new comer, ten against seven: we can do it easily, corporal."

"If we could only get at them fairly, we could do it," replied the corporal; "but the odds would be against us with a vessel under sail: they could fire on us from the protection of the sides of the vessel; and four of our party at least would have to use their oars. There ought to have been more of us."

"There are more of the bushrangers," replied the constable, "than were reckoned on in camp to have made their escape; it was supposed that only Mark and two others had gone off: but half a dozen, with Mark Brandon at the head of them, is a formidable party—and all well-armed too!"

"There will be the major's party on board, as this gentleman says, to help us; and, as the major has seen service, he would know how to second us if it came to a brush."

"Lord bless you!" replied the constable, "you don't suppose the bushrangers will be troubled with the crew of the vessel; bless your heart! they'll get rid of 'em in no time."

"What, murder them in cold blood!"

"Ay, any way: why their rule is, never to give away a chance: depend upon it there's not one of the crew left alive at this moment."

"What! nor the old major neither!" exclaimed the corporal, his professional sympathies excited for the fate of an officer; "will they kill the major, think you?"

"I have killed him," said the constable; "they have killed him, I'll be bound. You're new in the colony, corporal, and don't know the ways of these fellows: they make short work of it when it serves their plan to do so. Do you think they would keep a witness alive to hang them?"

"But the young ladies!" interposed Jeremiah; "the poor major's

daughters ! They would never kill them ! They couldn't be such brutes as to kill two young girls ! ”

“ Are they pretty ? — though that would not matter much with bushrangers ; — but are they pretty ? ”

“ Both,” replied Jeremiah, “ very beautiful ; the elder one — that's Helen — she's about eighteen ; she is very handsome : and Louisa — she's about sixteen ; she's very beautiful : I don't know which is the handsomest of the two ; but Helen is the spirited one.”

“ Then Mark will take her, and the rest will cast lots for the other ; so they will be saved — likely. The spirited gal would be just Mark's taste.”

“ Better be both dead than suffer that fate,” said the kind-hearted Jeremiah. “ I'm sure Louisa would die, and Helen would kill herself, at the thoughts of it ! But I say, corporal, you will never let those rascals murder and go on that way without making an effort to save them. I'm sure those ill-looking, sneaking ruffians would never fight if it came hand to hand.”

“ That's the difficulty,” said the corporal : “ if it was hand to hand we could manage them, because we could fire three times to their once ; besides our being steady and used to handle our arms.”

“ There will be no fight hand to hand, or any way,” said the constable, as a violent blast from the southward nearly overset the boat, “ if it comes on to blow, as it looks likely. I think our best plan is to get under shelter in some creek somewhere, for I think we are going to have a regular hurricane from the south by the look of those clouds rising up yonder like blocks of black wool.”

The attention of all in the boat was now peremptorily directed to their own safety, as the wind rose and the storm increased to fury. The same squall was observed to assail the brig, now dimly seen through the murky atmosphere. In a short time the sky was enveloped in darkness, as the gathering winds prepared from the thick curtains of the clouds to expend their rage on the agitated waters.

CHAPTER IX.

MARK BRANDON, by one of the most daring stratagems in the annals of piracy, had got possession of a vessel admirably adapted for his purpose, and the crew, bound hand and foot, were stowed away here and there in convenient places : but still he felt he was not quite secure ; the major and the mate were still unbound ; and although confined in the cabin, and unable by themselves to cope with seven desperate men, it was possible for them to be dangerous ; and the bushranger had too much experience in the power and resources of even a single man not to be alive to the possibility of the escape, and the successful resistance of two determined spirits — the one having at stake his pride and reputation as the chief officer of a ship, and the other urged by the still more powerful feeling of a parent struggling for the preservation of the life and honour of his daughters.

Filled with these thoughts, but attending anxiously at the same time to the course of the vessel, he turned over in his mind a scheme to entice the officer on deck, and to neutralise the hostility of the major. The increasing storm favoured his project.

In the mean time the parties in the cabin were a prey to the most agonising anticipations.

"This takes one all aback," said the mate, quite confounded by the unexpected aggression of the pilot and his followers. "Many a rum go have I been witness to; but this beats all. Who are these fellows? I never liked the look of that soft-jawing pilot and his men, as they called him. And all the arms are on deck. That's what I call being thorough done!"

"I am afraid," said the major, "that the case is too clear; in short, we have been deceived all along; and this sham pilot is some desperate man with his gang endeavouring to escape from the island."

"By George," said the mate, slapping the table with an energy which at any other time he would have considered an unpardonable breach of good manners in the state cabin, and in the presence of ladies, too; "that's it; and that accounts for the rascals shying the up-passage, and trying to get out of the channel with every tide, and with every wind that blew! That's it! we're hard up! and we shall have all to walk the plank, every one of us! I know what that game is in the West Indies. But it's hard for you, Miss Helen, and for you, Miss Louisa: it doesn't matter for the like of me; it all goes in the day's work, as sailors say: but for you—" and here the worthy mate gave the table a tremendous thump with his fist in the excess of his emotion. The sound was echoed from the outside of the cabin window from the nozzle of a musket.

"What's that?" cried out Louisa, alarmed.

"That's a summons, Miss," said the mate. Better not to frighten you, but I suppose they want us to walk the plank; not you, perhaps," he added, "nor your sister; but me and your papa. Major," he said, turning to their father, "you don't mean to give in without a struggle?"

"What can we do?" said the major; "we are unarmed: better make terms for the girls."

"Better drown them at once," said the honest seaman, having before his eyes the scenes of horror which he had seen and known in the seas prolific of piracy in the West Indies: "no use mincing the matter. If they were sisters of mine, I know what I would do."

Helen calmly rose at these words; she first kissed her father, and then her sister, and then extending her hand to the mate, she shook it warmly. Without speaking, her gestures sufficiently intimating her intention, she sought in the steward's locker for a large table-knife: she selected one with a point, tried its sharpness deliberately with her finger, and placed it in her girdle; she then resumed her place by the side of her father. Louisa observed her proceedings with trembling interest. When the high-minded Helen took her hand in her's she shuddered convulsively, and placing the other hand before her eyes, as if to shut out at once the peril with which she was threat-

ened, and the aspect of the Lucretian death meditated by her sister, she threw herself into the arms of her father. The major embraced her with despairing tenderness; the tears ran down his manly cheeks; and he lifted up his head to heaven as if he would pierce through the obdurate deck in his mental appeal for succour. But the action of the heroic Helen suggested other thoughts to the mind of the hardy mate:—

"Major," he said, "Miss Helen shames us men. There are weapons still," pointing to the knife appended to Helen's side; "and they may stand us in good stead at a pinch. Let us do our best to defend the cabin from an attack from without, and trust to chance for the rest. How the vessel pitches, poor thing! Those fellows don't know how to handle her—and the wind blows stronger and stronger every minute. That top-gallant mast will be sprung as sure as fate, if they don't look alive! But what does it matter what becomes of the masts, or the sails, or the gear, or any thing? we shan't live long to see the ruin that's coming on this prime little brig that I've brought over from the other side of the globe, safe and sound! Well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence. They are knocking at the window again, as if they were determined to have an answer this time."

A voice was at this moment heard:—

"Below there!"

"Ay, ay," said the mate, answering with professional promptitude. "What the devil do you want with us?" he added, raising his voice; "can't you let us be quiet?"

"The captain wants to speak with the major."

"And who the devil's the captain?"

"Mark Brandon."

"And who is Mark Brandon? One of the rascally convicts, I suppose, escaped from gaol?"

"He will soon let you know who he is if you give us any of your sauce. Look out of your stern windows at the sea beneath you; plenty of ground sharks at the bottom;—do you understand that?"

"Major," said another voice from the top of the companion-ladder, which they instantly recognised as Mark Brandon's, "the ship is in danger, and you and your daughters will be lost if something is not done for the management of the vessel."

"Ah, ha!" cried the mate, "it is come to that, is it?"

"If we let you free will you pledge your word of honour not to make any attempt against us? You are a soldier and a gentleman; and I know if you pledge your honour you will keep your word."

"Do it," whispered the mate, "if you do make a promise with such rascals, you need not keep it."

"And my daughters," asked the major, "what do you say of them?"

"If you can trust to my word," replied Mark Brandon, "they shall remain in this cabin, and be respected. Our only object is to leave the colony, and regain our liberty: that done, we have no desire to do violence to any one. But you must decide quickly."

"Don't let him come in, papa," said Louisa.

"Trust him," said Helen; "we are in his power; and if there is a

spark of generosity in the man it can be kindled into goodness only by confidence : trust him."

The major hesitated ; the danger was imminent : on the one side was certain death in case of unavailing resistance ; on the other, the possibility of good treatment if the leader of the bushrangers were not thwarted in his object. Besides, there was hope in procrastination.

"Perhaps after all," he said to the mate, "the only object of these men is to effect their escape ; and it is quite clear that they cannot navigate the vessel by themselves. We must bend to circumstances. Pacifying measures are always the best for the weaker party. Will you promise to do no violence to the mate ?" he asked of the bushranger.

"I promise not to take his life," replied Mark Brandon through the door.

"Shall we trust him," said the major to his officer, "or shall we sell our lives dearly ?

"I don't see how we are to help ourselves," replied the mate ; "and it will be something to save the vessel, for, with the wind that is raging outside, these fellows will never be able to keep her off the land."

"What is the alternative if we refuse ?" asked the major, still hesitating.

"Death !" replied the bushranger : "it is our lives or yours : we do not want to take yours, nor to harm you unnecessarily ; but if it must be one or the other, you cannot expect us to sacrifice our own. My object is to save the vessel."

"He's right in that, at any rate," said the mate ; "that's the first thing to be looked to ; for if the vessel goes down we all go down with her — that's certain. Take him at his word, major ; we can do no better ; 'and needs must,' as the saying is, 'when the Devil drives.'"

"I promise," said the major.

"I cannot pay you a higher compliment than to trust to your honour, major," said Mark Brandon, undoing the barricading of the door, at the entrance of which he appeared with two of his men with their muskets cocked and levelled at the parties within. Louisa screamed, and Helen put her hand on her weapon. "Now, sir, if you please, you may come out."

His daughters clung to him instinctively, but Helen presently loosened her grasp ; Louisa, however, would not relax her hold, but begged and prayed him, with the wildest grief, to remain to protect them. The mate, anxious to get on deck to take a survey of matters on board, passed up the ladder, and was instantly seized by four of the conspirators, who in a moment bound him hand and foot, and placed him by the wheel.

"If your father prefers remaining below," said Mark Brandon, courteously, to Helen, "he is quite at liberty to do so ; at the same time he may come on deck when he pleases : but as the waves are high, and as we have shipped several seas already, I think it will be more agreeable to you to close the hatchway ;" and so saying he closed the door, and turned his attention to the prostrate mate, who, with a storm of

oaths out-rivalling in ferocity even the fierceness of the increasing storm, was cursing the bushranger and his gang : —

"You precious infernal rascal ! — this was your promise, was it ? I thought you said you would do me no harm ?"

"And I have done you no harm," replied the bushranger. "I promised not to take your life, and I will keep my promise. But I did not promise not to bind you to keep you from doing harm to yourself and to others. And now, my friend, what do you say ? will you help us to save the vessel, or shall it be a short prayer and a long plunge to see what the sharks will say to you ?"

"Do what you like, you rascally, lying, lubberly sneak — do what you like ; I'll do nothing for you with my hands bound this way. You and your villainous gang may go to the bottom, and your souls to — that is, if your friend there will take you in ; but two of a trade, they say, never agree — so there must be some place made on purpose to hold such a rascal as you. I only wish I had my hands free, and a marlinespike in one of them — you should not be grinning at me in that cool way."

"Well, my friend," replied Mark, "there's no time to lose ; you must make up your mind at once. Roger and Dick," he said to two of his men, "put your muskets to his head." The men obeyed promptly.

"What do you say now ?"

"I won't ; — while my hands are bound I'll do nothing."

"Cock your muskets," said their leader to his men.

There are few things more disagreeable than the click of the lock of a musket, when the muzzle of it is placed close to your head by a hostile party ; but the mate was firm.

"Are you ready ?" said Mark.

"Yes," said the men, with their fingers on the triggers.

"What do you say now : in one moment you will have the contents of those pieces through your brains."

"Fire away," said the mate.

"Stay," said Mark Brandon.

Knowing well the habitual horror which sailors have of drowning and of sharks, and their superstitious dread of remaining unburied after death, he thought he would try another method.

"The shortest way," he said, "will be to throw him overboard. Take him up and heave him over the taffrail, and then there will be an end. Now, my men — one, two, three. — Have you nothing to say to stop them," he said to the mate, who, with hands and legs tied and bound tightly together, was utterly incapable of the slightest resistance — "have you nothing to say to stop them ?"

At this moment a tremendous sea struck the little bark, and the main-top-mast, with a crash, came rattling down, encumbering the deck with its ruins. The mate and his executioners were nearly washed overboard ; but high above the din and the roar of the elements the mate's voice was now heard —

"Unbind me," he cried out, "and I promise to save the ship. You

will all be lost, and this tight little brig, that I have brought so far, will go down with you all."

"You will promise, then, not to make any attempt to regain the vessel," said Mark Brandon, preserving his coolness in the midst of the confusion around him.

"I will promise any thing," said the mate, "only let me save the vessel. There's another sea coming! Starboard the helm, or it will be upon us!"

A monstrous sea burst over them, doing fresh damage, and adding to the confusion and danger. Mark Brandon, seeing that the case was desperate, and trusting to the instinct of the seaman to abandon all other thoughts than that of saving the vessel, at once cut the cords which tied him, and the mate, starting to his legs, immediately rushed to the wheel and assumed the command of the vessel.

CHAPTER X.

THE storm raged; and the shattered ship, pitching and reeling under the influence of the roaring wind and raging sea, was driven with desperate speed towards a projecting promontory on the western side of the channel. The voice of the sturdy mate was heard above the shrieking of the tempest, but in vain; the terrified followers of the bushranger, unused to wage war with the elements, were utterly useless in the extremity. It was in vain that their leader exerted himself with almost preternatural energy, and endeavoured to rouse the exertions of his men: they were not sailors; and they had neither the bravery to dare, nor the skill to execute, the feats of seamanship which were necessary to give them a chance of escaping the perils of the storm.

"We shall never save the ship with these fellows," said the mate to the bushranger, the urgency of the danger drawing into momentary fellowship two minds, though belonging to different characters, of kindred courage; "if you don't let my own blue-jackets free, the ship is a lost ship."

"Can I trust them," said the bushranger, balancing the two perils in his mind, and at a loss to decide to which to give the preference.

"Trust them! You may trust them to save the ship — at least to do their best for it; — every sailor will do that: as to the rest, that is another matter, and you must look out for yourself; that's fair and above-board, at any rate, Mr. — Pilot!"

Mark Brandon was not a man to give way under difficulty: with a firm mind he rapidly compared the two dangers, and with the decision of a bold one he determined on giving liberty to the crew. Without hesitation, he directed his men to unbatten the fore hatchway, and to release from the hold the sailors who were confined there. This was a matter by no means of easy execution; but at the expense of shipping much water it was effected, and the liberated sailors gladly re-appeared on deck. The bushranger directed his men

to retain their arms, and to endeavour to keep them from the wet to guard against a surprise; but the seamen, cheered by the voice of their officer, and in a moment conscious of the extreme danger of the vessel, thought only of their duties, and of saving themselves from shipwreck, leaving the bushrangers to keep guard as they could or as they pleased, and paying no other attention to them than to tell them to get out of their way.

It is not to be supposed that the noise of the raging wind, and the confusion caused by the fallen mast, had passed unnoticed by the parties in the cabin. The major wished to go on deck; but Louisa clung to him with so tenacious a grasp, and the uncertainty of the nature of his reception by the bushrangers was so great, that the father yielded to the entreaties of his youngest daughter and remained below. But when he heard and recognised the familiar voices of his own sailors battling with the thunder of the storm, he ventured to raise his head above the companion ladder. A washing of the waves drove him quickly back, at the same time that it deluged the cabin. But taking advantage of a lull, he again essayed to emerge from his place of security, and to his amazement beheld his vessel apparently in the possession of his own people, and his officer at the wheel issuing his commands as usual for the management of the ship. He quickly joined him, though it was with difficulty that he was enabled to make good his footing.

"What chance is there," he asked, "of saving the vessel?"

"Very little: you see we are a mere wreck; there's scarcely a rag of sail left: we are driving before the wind on that point of land that you may see yonder through the haze. Our only chance is getting a soft berth to bump on; but that chance is very small, for most of this coast seems rocky. It won't be long, however, before we shall know our fate. These rascally lubbers of bushrangers have done for the poor brig. Serve 'em right, for pretending to know how to take care of a vessel they knew nothing about. More fools they for binding with fetters those who might have saved them: and now they see what they've got by it."

"Had I not better prepare the girls for what is to happen?" said the major, his mind borne down for the moment by the extent of his disaster; his gallant vessel lost, his property presently to be scattered to the waves, and his children's lives and his own in imminent peril.

"I hardly know what is best to be done," replied the sturdy seaman, almost subdued by the danger of the ship, and the thought of the women: "but better let 'em stay below till the shock comes; they couldn't hold on here."

"Could the boat be of any use," asked the major, in a sort of despair.

"It was washed overboard a quarter of an hour ago. But look at the raging sea around us! Do you think a boat could live in such a sea as that? If our own vessel—poor thing—wasn't as good a sea-boat as ever swam, it never would live in such a whirlpool as it's in now! I wonder what has become of the boat that we saw

coming, before the wind caught us :—gone to the bottom, I fear, long ago !”

“ And the people in that boat, perhaps, were our deliverers,” said the major. “ Good God ! that land seems fearfully close ! Is there no way to save ourselves ?”

“ Look out for a soft place,” replied the mate, with a grim smile, for he knew full well that the death-struggle of the gallant little ship was at hand. “ The sea refuses to keep us, so we must needs trust to the land ; though I must say it doesn’t look very smiling at us.” As he spoke, the impetuous winds seemed to gather up their strength for a final effort to hurl the devoted ship on the expectant rocks ; but at this moment the watchful mate, as cool in the moment of danger as if the vessel was within view of the windmill at Gravesend, caught sight of a break in the cliff, forming a little creek or armlet of the sea : with a vigorous hand he directed the ship’s course to the opening, and in another minute, by an instantaneous and seemingly miraculous change, the shattered brig, with a sudden turn, found itself floating on the smooth surface of a little bay sheltered from the wind and the waves. The vessel glided slowly towards a grassy bank, and, gently touching it, remained stationary.—For a brief space every man on board held his breath with joy and surprise at an escape from the horrors of shipwreck which struck them as something supernatural. But presently the consciousness of the unsafe position of either party called into fresh activity the energies of both to guard against the aggression of each other ; and, before the major had time to congratulate his daughters on the extraordinary preservation of the brig, the bushranger summoned his men to his side, and assumed an offensive attitude, while the seamen, hastily clutching at any materials within their reach which might serve for weapons, gathered together in a body, and stood in defiance of the threatening muskets of their opponents, and, with the stern determination of revenge depicted on their worn and hardy countenances, turned their eyes to their officer for directions in the new emergency.

At this moment a column of thick smoke, as if from damp wood newly fired, was observed to rise from the other side of a low hill bare of trees. Mark Brandon seemed struck with a sudden thought at this indication of other parties being near at hand. In his own mind he feared that the fire had been kindled by the people in the boat, who, he felt sure, were in pursuit of himself and his companions. Aware that if his conjecture was right the reports of fire-arms would quickly bring his enemies upon him, he stood before his men, and repressing their preparation to fire by a gesture of his arm, he directed his voice to the major, who was standing on one side, restrained by his promise from taking part in the threatened conflict, and filled with hope that the result would be favourable, even against the superior weapons of the bushrangers, to the injured party.

“ Major,” said Mark Brandon, in the clear, cool, and articulate voice for which he was so remarkable, “ I see that you can keep your promise like a soldier and a man of honour ; and you shall see that I will keep mine. Do you see that smoke yonder ? That smoke pro-

ceeds from the body of natives on the coast—the most numerous and the most savage of all the mobs on the island! If we weaken our force by fighting with each other we shall become an easy prey to them.”

“Gammon!” said the mate.

“I do not wish to be devoured by those wretches,” replied the bushranger, without being in the slightest degree moved by the contemptuous expression of the mate; “nor do I suppose the major there would like to see his daughters torn limb from limb, and chucked on that fire that the black devils have kindled yonder, and eaten before his face.”

“Gammon!” repeated the mate.

“That would be a fate,” continued Mark, “too dreadful to contemplate. And therefore, I say, let us forget for a while our own quarrel, and join together to resist the attack of the natives.”

“But we are not sure that they are natives,” replied the major.

“Suppose it is the party that we saw in the boat coming after us,” said the mate—“the party that you persuaded us were bushrangers or pirates, or whatever you may like to call them; then, you know, there would be no danger from them. I propose that two of us—that is, one from each side, should go and find out; and in the mean time we will agree to a truce till our messengers come back.”

“Agreed!” said Mark. “I will go for one on my side, and you for one on the other.”

“I can’t help thinking,” said the mate to the major, in a whisper, “that he is hatching some mischief or other; but he will find me wide awake.”

While the mate communicated this suspicion to his commander, Mark Brandon gave some directions to his followers; and then the bushranger and the officer set out together, each keeping a wary watch on the other to prevent surprise or treachery.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID TENIERS.

“How is the heart of a woman to be won?” asked David Teniers of Van Balen.

“By loving her!” was the reply of the old painter, then working in his atelier at his celebrated picture of Saint John preaching in the Wilderness.

Van Balen was one of the three guardians of the beautiful Anne Breughel. Teniers had already asked the same question of the other two,—of Rubens the painter, and of Cornille Schutt, who was painter and poet both. The latter had recommended the youth to write verses in his mistress’ praise: the great master had bid him

draw her portrait, and to render it even more beautiful than the original.

"Would that I had your genius!" said Teniers, with a sigh, turning from the last to address himself to Van Balen, who, guessing whom he had in view, gave the advice which could most easily be followed. The young artist, whose name has since become so famous in the world, had long been struggling against the difficulties which so constantly beset the man of genius entering upon life, and proving too often an insurmountable barrier to his success. To how many is their due station in the ranks of art accorded only when the grave has closed over their blighted prospects, and posterity has done them the justice which an incapable world has cruelly withheld! How many have been crushed in their early existence, lacking the energy that enables a favoured few to rise above the prejudices of the multitude,—the very few who, spurred by the consciousness of superiority, by the urgency of genius and intellectual power, have boldly taken their stand, and been fixed in their high station by the intrinsic value of their own merits!

Born in the atelier of his father, which served as the common room of the whole family, Teniers received from his parent the first lessons of his art. Obtaining instruction, too, from Rubens, he was, for a considerable period, compelled to pass much of his time in travelling upon an ass from village to village, and from town to town, in order to sell his father's pictures, and so to obtain money for the support of the poor family. It was upon one of these journeys that he first met with Adrian Brauwer, to whom, at a later period, he was indebted for much valuable counsel in his art, and with whom he contrived to establish an intimacy without falling into the evil habit of spending more than half his time in the lowest public-houses,—the fatal custom of poor Adrian.

"Whither goes your ass?" asked Adrian, who was overtaken on his road by Teniers.

"He follows in the steps of other asses," was the reply, "and so is likely to be your companion."

Brauwer looked at the youth and smiled.

"I like you," said the older one; "we will join company, and you shall be my friend to Antwerp."

And so he proved; for Adrian Brauwer condescended to live the while at the expense of his new acquaintance, albeit the latter was at no time overburthened with money, as the story which is told of his *joueur de flûte* gives us to understand.

Stopping one day at a small inn at Oysse, after having passed some hours sketching in the open air, he found with no great surprise that his purse was empty, and his appetite as strong. What was to be done? The first consideration was the breakfast. It was time enough to think of payment when the debt was legally contracted. As he was in the act of devouring the grateful meal an itinerant musician crept to the door, and commenced playing on the flute. Teniers entreated the man to continue; and having finished his repast he brought out his palette and brushes, and in a short space of time

completed the picture which many to the present hour regard as his chef-d'œuvre. Englishmen were scattered over the world at the time of which we write, as they are to be found now in every quarter of the globe. One chanced to be in the house where Teniers rested. He saw the picture, and offered the painter three ducats for his labour. "That is just as much as I want," said Teniers; "one for the flute-player, one for the landlord, and one for the poor painter."

Much of his prosperity, or at least much of the happiness, of his life was due to a picture of Hymen, which he painted shortly after he had fallen under the notice of the Arch-Duke, who, at the intercession of Rubens, had given Teniers a place about the court. Upon the very day that he had taken counsel of the guardians of Anne Breughel he had shown the painting to the maiden herself. It was hung in the gallery of the Arch-Duke, at some height from the ground; and in order to see it well, it was necessary to ascend a flight of steps, the last of which was so highly polished that it was difficult to pass over it without slipping. Once arrived at this spot the spectator was ravished by the beauty and effect of the picture; but if the *pas glissant* were taken the illusion was over, and those who had passed the dangerous barrier were mortified to discover that the gem which had charmed them at a distance was now mere canvas and an undefinable mass of colouring. A few indeed there were, able to appreciate the masterly touches which could produce so magical an effect who did not regret their hardihood, but rather rejoiced in their ability to estimate that which to the vulgar was unsatisfactory, uninteresting, and coarse.

"Will you venture upon the perilous step?" said Teniers to his fair companion.

"Yes," she replied, without thought or hesitation.

"I take you at your word," rejoined the painter, offering her his hand, and preparing to advance. But Anne Breughel hesitated—blushed—and then timidly refused.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Teniers, with a smile.

"Why should I proceed?" she answered, pensively. "Once across the barrier, and I have heard that the character of the picture is lost, and its beauty vanishes."

"Not for you and me," replied the ardent painter. "For us——" As he spoke strangers advanced and put an end to their discourse. They retraced their steps, the young painter more than ever enamoured of his mistress, and eager to prolong the conversation.

"Had you consented to cross the *pas glissant*," he said, when they were again alone, "I would have returned upon the instant. And I will tell you why."

"I have heard," replied Anne, "that some tale is connected with the present position of the picture: but I have heard too," she continued, turning her large black eye upon him, "that let the decisive step once be taken, and the charm is at an end. But see, yonder is my guardian waiting for us. We will join him. Speak—I will listen to you." As they walked on, Teniers, who had so ardently longed to disburthen his heart, found it difficult to say a word. His

companion, however, whose curiosity had been awakened by his words, gave him courage to proceed.

"I think you wish to punish me," said the maiden, "for not looking more closely into your admirable work. Let me hear what you have to say, and peradventure at another time you shall find me more tractable."

"Anne Breughel," replied the painter, "it were not well to recount to you all the trials and adversities which have met me on my road,—enough to crush many a more vigorous spirit than I can boast. Nor will I speak of the wretchedness in which I was born. Had it not been for our immortal Rubens, who taught me how I might develop the talents inherited from my father, and how to avail myself of the gifts which Providence had bestowed upon me, I must have remained, like many a worthier man, in sad obscurity—contented with drudgery, and gaining a bare subsistence by the desecration of my noble and beloved art. It is to him that I am indebted for the notice of our good Arch-Duke, and for the first office which I held about the court, inappropriate as it was."

"What office, Teniers?" asked the maiden, tenderly.

"That of a *valet-de-chambre*," answered the painter, laughing. "It brought me, however, into notice; for one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, about to be married, thought he could not better evince his respect for the holy state of matrimony than by causing a picture of Hymen to be painted. His lady was a true Flemish beauty, and he loved her right worthily. How Rubens would have delighted to paint her! I knowing full well, and applauding the ardour of his passion, exerted myself to the utmost, not only to bestow upon the god of Marriage the charms which were his own, but also to combine in him the glories of every other god, and especially to stamp upon his form the beauty of Adonis. The day of the wedding approached; and as I advanced to the end of my labours my greatest fear was that I had overcharged the picture. On the night previous to the morning upon which the votary of Hymen was to bring his sacrifice to the temple I requested him to visit my atelier, that he might judge himself of the progress of the work. 'What!' he exclaimed, as soon as he beheld it, 'think you any one will mistake yon picture for the god of Marriage. Oh, believe me, it is too cold, too unimpassioned. Painter, your conception has this time played you false.' I ventured to represent respectfully that the colours would become more vivid with time, that the picture was scarcely dry, and that in fact his suggestions might be carried out by means of a few slight touches that should not fail to render the painting equal to his own conception of the happy god. 'Well, we shall see,' was his reply. 'But,' he continued, 'I fear your ideas are far too limited to portray in glowing colours the faithful figure of the blessed Hymen. But I have little time to spare upon inanimate objects now. Some other day I will look at your picture again, and judge whether or not you have learnt your defects, and understood all that I require to make the picture perfect.' So saying, he quitted me; and I, from time to time, still added touches to improve effects; and, in truth, I

suffered many weeks to elapse before I ventured again to request my patron's attention to the result of my labours. He considered the picture for some minutes before he spoke: 'Ah,' said he, 'this colouring is far too high; it wants softening down. Marriage is a very different thing to that which you fond painters represent it.' 'If,' said I, "you will look more closely into it, you will find that much of its brilliancy disappears.' It was clear to me that the change was in the man, and not in the picture. The veil had been withdrawn from his eyes: he had married from passion, not from love; and possession had deprived the object of all the charms that passion lent it. He looked upon my picture with different eyes, and that which was too cold before was now too highly wrought. Was it my fault or that of the picture that he had taken a mistress and not a companion?"

"But how came the picture in its present position?" interrupted Anne Breughel, smiling at the impetuosity of her admirer.

"The Arch-Duke heard the story," replied Teniers; "and when he purchased the painting he had it placed where it now hangs, as a warning to all who would unwarily take so hazardous a step as ——"

"The warning was good," said his companion, as they joined her guardian; "and it deserves our best attention."

It was after this conversation that Teniers applied to Van Balen for advice—and it would appear that he followed his council with good success; for when Anne was questioned on the subject by her three guardians, it was very evident that, however unwilling she had formerly been to pass the dangerous spot with her young partner when gazing at the picture of Hymen from a distance, she was now by no means averse to becoming better acquainted with the god of Marriage, even when introduced to him by the same companion.

The three old artists, however, determined to amuse themselves at the expense of the young couple. A large party was assembled at the house of Rubens, at which both were present; and it was not until the conclusion of the repast that David Teniers was informed that he had been invited to attend as witness to the marriage contract of the ward Anne Breughel. It was further intimated to him that he had been selected for the honour as the successful imitator of the style of her father, Breughel de Velours; and it was not until the reading of the marriage contract that poor Teniers, thrown into the depths of despair, became aware of the actual happiness that awaited him.

Upon the day of Teniers' marriage the Arch-Duke presented the young painter with his own picture of Hymen, and a chain of gold to boot. It was a happy presage for the loving couple. Linked together by the bonds of affection, they never beheld marriage under the disagreeable colours in which we so often find it represented. History informs us that they never regretted passing the *pas glissant* that can never be retraced, — and history must be believed.

ON THE GENIUS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

BY R. R. REINAGLE, R. A.

Few of the pursuits of men in the various periods called ages of the world, have excited more general enthusiasm than what is called the Fine Arts. There have been but very few marked periods, old as is this world, which is perhaps not the centenary of the fact, as related. The age of the Etrurians, a people which possessed all the lower half of Italy, and at one time, long before Romulus, the greatest part, as I have stated in my essay on the Picturesque, in the 17th Number of this Magazine, is the first we can trace when artists rose very far above house decorators. In architecture, Egypt carried the palm from all the then known world. History, but especially the huge and stupendous remains of divers cities of vast renown, as Thebes, Balbec, those in Palestine, and others in Upper Egypt, pronounce the grandeur of their conceptions, and the marvellous power in erecting such god-like works. He who reads attentively the accounts given of the Egyptian labyrinth, with its hundred of temples and thousands of columns, we may say its numberless courts, and the stupendous conception of the whole as one work, will remain transfixed with astonishment. This people did nothing puny. Whatever has been left to us to behold, bespeaks the highest elevation of the human powers of invention. If we contemplate their statuary, carved or chiselled out of the hardest granites, the severity of such undertakings fills *us* tiny, puny shrimps of people, with more than amazement; for while we behold their Memnons, sphinxes, and other figures or imaginary animals, scarabei, (beetles, a sacred insect), &c., we feel as if the thing were impossible to be produced,—yet they stand before us! It is true that they attained none of the high excellences as sculptors of genius, which the Greeks did long after them.

The reason I assign for these circumstances, which seemed to put a bar to further advancement in sculpture by the Egyptians, was, that philosophy was little exercised or known as a reasoning faculty. But when Greece elevated itself, with its divers divisions or states, into one nation, Heaven seems to have beamed upon this ever-glorious people in such a way as to have presented to the world an example of *what men may become*, if they follow a philosophical course. Architects abandoned the vast massive forms the Egyptians conceived and adopted, for a style of more lightness and elegance. The Greeks, by their wisdom, adopted through geometrical invention four orders. Two varieties of the Doric—the examples left at Paestum, and those in Greece; the former, a short figure of the column, but huge in dimensions, being nine feet diameter at the base; each flute being big enough for a man to stand in a niche. The Corinthian follows, which is the utmost stretch human conception has brought forth of the beau-

tiful and the grand commixed. The Ionic, and the Tuscan; which latter is the simplest and plainest of all the four. It was the Roman architects who invented a fifth order, usually called the Composite. This consisted of the most splendid enrichments of ornament on ornament, which produced an air of magnificence the more sober orders of the Greeks were not calculated to effect.

I will now advert to the main subject of this essay—Landscape. We have not the smallest or remotest idea whether the Egyptians or Etrurians, the Greeks or the Romans, had ever practised the more lovely art, that of Landscape. It would seem to have been an art reserved for future ages to develope, allowing other races of men, in divers countries, to bring forth the beauties of nature represented. It is to many of us a matter of wonder, when their poets revelled in descriptions of rich and varied scenery, that no artist directed his mind to that loveliest walk.

Poets raise painters; for he who deals most with poetry will elevate his productions almost insensibly. To be a great landscape painter, a man must have a poetical genius: to be a great historical painter, he must be a profound philosopher.

Claude Lorraine and Titian are splendid examples of the one walk: and Raphael is the prodigy of the philosophic order, of the other.

I have said it is a matter of wonder to us that the Greeks never produced an eminent landscape painter, though they, or some of the artists, excelled in still life, as is exemplified in the renowned story of the group of grapes; and the supposed picture, with a curtain also supposed before it. Xeuxis was one of the competitors. He challenged, or was challenged, to compete in a real representation of nature. He produced a picture of fruit, grapes being prominent. It was so exposed, that it is said birds pecked at the fruit, being deceived. The day arrived for judgment. The umpires with others, pretty numerous, attended. The fruit-piece was extolled to the utmost of expression. When the party had sufficiently admired the work, the competitor was desired to produce his. He placed it on the appointed easel or stand, by the side of the greatly-lauded fruit piece. It was covered, as it appeared, by a curtain. "Well," they said, "draw your curtain." "No," said the artist; "one of you must do so;"—but on coming up close to the picture, and attempting to slide the curtain, it was found to be a painted imitation, when a general exclamation pronounced it the greater work of the two; for one had deceived birds, but the other had cheated the senses of men. Whether this is a true story or not, we cannot trace. It would seem to be a mere fable, to express by it the amazing excellence the Greek artists had arrived at. Amidst all this display of graphic powers, which, from what we gather in the description of the best works of battles and other subjects, absolute deceptive imitation seems to have been the captivating charms of most of their productions, why the fascinations of Landscape should have been overlooked, and not perceived by any one of that wonderful people, seems beyond the reach of all conjecture. Their poetry was full of rich imagery, which, we might reasonably conclude, ought to have aroused in some of their mighty ar-

tists, efforts, fine feelings, and successful accomplishments in that line, which, like all others that they practised, we have but to follow. All that can be done, has been first done by them. To reason upon it now is futile. However, the only rational conclusion to be deduced from the neglect of landscape painting, must be, that it was considered of too inferior an employment for the minds of philosophers of great and active energies. If such were, or had been, the determination of these wondrous people, we must condemn the decision; for I believe there is scarcely a solace to the minds in graphic pursuits, equal to that which is afforded by the study of nature in her Alpine and poetic pastoral character; and transmitting to canvass the poetical effects of nature. Virgil, and Thomson, and fifty or a hundred other poets, will furnish poetical imagery to a perceptive mind in abundance. Our days of frippery and false taste deny success to the high order of heroic landscape painters. To produce scenery Caracci, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, or Nicolo Poussin revelled in, would be to court neglect and misfortune. The late Lord Ribblesdale, who died at an early age, was my pupil from the earliest instructions. He soared to the upper regions of the mind, and exhibited a pure and noble taste. His drawings were splendid, and manifested a great and poetic mind; but he became so disgusted with the indifference shewn by the world, of his own rank, that he left off assiduous attention to oil-painting, telling me he was disgusted at the low and pitiful taste of the times, and neglected the divine pursuit.

To return to Landscape, I have to observe that the first painters of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, who adorned famed Italy, the genius of true Landscape was exceedingly slow in penetrating their minds. Filippo Lippi may be named with Masaccio and Domenico Gherlandajo, filling a space of time from the death of Leonardo da Vinci of 116 years, as the chief artists of renown. The first gave the earliest indications of a taste for landscape to the backgrounds of some of his sacred subjects, which then began to burst the bud of a new walk in art. Gherlandajo followed, and went farther into the developement of this new-born taste. They, however, made only a beginning which other men improved upon, as the poetic perceptions of greater artists led them forward. This to certain men of taste is a most interesting period. These artists just named unlocked the mind of John di Bellino, the master of Titian and Giorgione, who burst into a wider field of the elegant poetic pastoral, which Titian and Giorgione carried to the highest pitch. Titian had the advantage of Giorgione in the art of enriching the backgrounds of his pictures, by landscape scenery. Each painted for their great recreation pure landscapes; adding figures, symbolical, allegorical, poetical, and pastoral. To my feeling, they are such landscapes as I conceive Homer and Virgil would have produced, could they have painted, to which great names I cannot avoid adding Ovid. Verdant countries, mountainous backgrounds, the sea, rivulets (not rivers), and the kind of figures I have named, were the usual components, added to which, groves of majestic trees of a generalised character, and groups as well as single trees, were dispersed in the most judicious and captivating

manner. *Thus*, these very eminent geniuses caught the philosophy of landscape scenery. What I mean by this language is, that in all they did as landscape painters, all was congenial to the chosen scene: all yielded to the period of the day represented. The skies were of majestic forms, classical in look, and combined with the happiest felicity with every feature of their pictures. The picture of Bacchus and Ariadne in our *puny* National Gallery (a misnomer), gives to the reader of this article some notion of my aim at explanation. I will draw the attention to another fine poetical landscape, which conventionally has long since been termed the heroic style. I allude to the bold and masterly landscape by Salvator Rosa, with Mercury and the Woodman; the former showing him the golden axe. Here we have a very fine example of philosophic and poetic landscape. First, the country takes a grand aspect by the lofty and craggy mountains immersed in blue vapour, which, being connected with a wild middle ground, showing no tillage nor lowly toils of husbandry, where a noble foreground of grand and large growing trees, chestnut and horse-chestnut, overhang a pool of deep water, and the eye is presently lost in the thick masses of dense foliage. Here the poetic feeling displays itself. The woodman is no mean fellow: he seems of a superior order. The whole country seems fitted for the rambles of the Pagan gods and their demi-gods. Our thoughts fly from all notions of cottages and cabbage-gardens. No potato-fields, no turnip-fields, no common meadows meet the eye. We are, by the artist, removed entirely from every notion of the common haunts of men. We are transported into a splendid wild region, more the haunts of powerful wild animals than of pastoral flocks. The imagination, (if we have any), is immediately let loose, and fancy roams into fancied regions, foreign to all ordinary views of cultivated nature. He who, like myself, has been all but lost in the vast pine-forests of the Alps and lofty Swiss mountains, will appreciate this grand view of art, which Salvator loved to express. He loved it because he was a poet. I will now draw the attention to another magnificent work of a poet-painter, the vast landscape by Peter Paul Rubens. No contrast to Salvator's landscape could be greater, or more opposite for a still better explanation of the philosophy of Landscape-painting. In this magnificent display of the graphic powers of a truly great man, we have a grand landscape—grand, because it seems to command a whole province from the almost endless extent of the horizon. It is grand, because the rising sun glides in golden tints its beaming rays over every rising object from the plane or surface. It is in its way, poetical as far as poetry can be called in aid. We find all the offices of country life going on. We have the rural animals scattered abroad; all is busy, all is life. The sturdy sportsman is advancing towards a basking covey of partridges in cautious approaches, desirous of having a shot at the playful innocents. Different feelings belong to the man and the game: one is all in confident security, enjoying life in the warm glow of the morning sun: the other is all anxiety to terminate the lives of as many as his skilful aim will ensure him. Near to this we have peasantry driving country waggons, going to their daily work,

and some on foot, there being men and women, which indicates that each takes a share of the toil. Close to them rises a grove of open and partly pruned trees, receiving the sun's light. They form a screen before a mansion built in the style of the 15th century. The whole composition is full of nature, but unchosen, unselected nature. All is commonplace. The plain presents no grand features; it is chiefly clothed with pollard-cut willows and pruned aspen-trees. Ditches are seen, in winding courses, ingeniously varying the lines of the composition. The sky is vast in appearance, and richly bespangled with Virgil's fleecy clouds. The sun's rays dart through, and all his splendour; but this splendour is more to be attributed to the consummate skill and great knowledge of effect, than of dignified treatment in the choice of the component materials. Of itself, and for itself, it is a philosophical work, because all is in harmony; and each part, from the foreground to the background's greatest distance, synchronises perfectly.

It is in this way that the principles of what are termed grand in art are to be distinguished. Claude Lorraine led the way for Rubens. No one led Claude. It has been the fashion with shallow critics, to affect to condemn Claude as wanting in genius. We have a recent author, who, in his wild and mad enthusiasm in praise of a living amazingly talented brother artist, sets down Claude and others as mere would-be artists, knocking down "fore and aft," right and left, every one who has been a landscape painter, calling the most eminent mere tyros, in order to exalt his favourite. Bulwer has done the same in favour of Martin. All this is despicable weakness. In each case folly stands in glaring colours before us. We cannot be led in such a manner; we are tried to be misled. If it were imposed, that no man should write poems or odes, unless he equalled Homer, Ovid, Virgil, or Horace, and because these were pre-eminent, all is trash from other pens, — vile, abominable, puerile, and infantine; the palpable folly of such a sweeping condemnation would become evident to reading-servant-maids, and two-ponny coffee-house *litterati*. Bulwer, to extol Martin, made this blunder, to exalt Martin's poetic imagination: — "He achieved things none before him had thought of, or had dared to do. He showed you *the sun, the moon, and a comet all at once*." Yes, he did; but such a sight never was yet allowed to us mortals; for if the sun and moon be above the horizon at the same time, which is a most frequent case, the comet *cannot be seen*, if we had a million of eyes as effective as Lord Rosse's mighty telescope. Then why shall certain half-witted enthusiasts endeavour to mislead the poor benighted-good-natured-absent-of-thought-people. I hope for one, that those who read such works as I allude to, laugh and joke when they tumble over such arrant nonsense. We might as well receive praise for painting a man as if made of glass, and we saw all the inner-man as we do pastry at a confectioner's, or fishes in a globe of water. — How fine it would be for Landseer to paint a group of glass horses, by which we could see digestion going on, and all other inward functions; and round about the horses' feet a heap of glass or transparent cocks and hens, geese and ducks; and we saw the ovariums, and other eggs close upon parturition, — should *he be extolled for his daring*

absurdities? We hope not. Yet such is admiration with the would-be witty slaughtering commentator, on productions of the pencil and the mind cooperating.

Having drawn a comparison between two great 'painters' works which adorn our National Gallery, and having pointed out the differences of their respective poetic and philosophic character, I deem it expedient to go farther down the scale, and descant upon two other pictures, the large landscape by Jean (John) Both, and the larger picture by Albert Cuyp. By selecting pictures everybody may see, by going to the National Gallery, I hope to bring home to every reader's conception those distinctions in art, which show either the presence of the highest classic, poetic, and philosophic feelings, or the degradation of the most lofty principles of the exalted character of the art of Landscape, by the contrast I shall offer. I shall commence with the picture by J. Both. As a mere work of painting excellence, this picture has always held a high place in the estimation of the lovers of the Dutch school. It affords a very strong instance of the failure of giving an imposing effect by the imagery which constitutes its general features. We have the representation of lofty mountains in the background, immersed in the vapour of an evening sun. These follow a rich intermediate ground, amply clothed with trees. We approach the foreground, where we find a great barrier of lofty crags, also clothed with foliage. There is a winding road, on which country travellers, with their mules, are trudging up the ascent. We have lofty trees in the front, and divers characters of underwood fringing the road up to the left corner. We have a brook trickling its way from right to left, garnished with brambles and weeds.

All this sounds pretty well, and if the reader has never yet seen this picture, he may, if his conceptions be of a poetic cast, fill up the work in his imagination with much grandeur. But a fatal love of fritter, an abuse of manner, a weakness of all the parts, defeats the intention of the painter. There can be doubt Both conceived he had produced a grand picture, because he had large mountains, great space on this side towards the front ground, lofty crags and tall trees with the addition of a winding road, figures, and a brook. First I have to say, the work totally fails as one of grandeur. None of the components are treated in a style suited to what belongs to the grand. The trees, as is a general case in his pictures, are thin, sea-weedy, and divested of such bold masses as either Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Caracci, Domenichino, Titian, the two Poussins, or even Francesco Millé would have given. Manner, both in touch and the gingerbread-colour-hues, become fatal destroyers of the elevated landscape. The scallop touch which is used in clouds, trees, lights on rocks, ground, underwood, &c. &c., diverts the beholder into another sensation, whereby the lovers of manner, the weakest of all patrons, revel with delight. Mr. Constable was so great an enemy to manner, the product of certain whimsies of the pencils and brushes, that to avoid the evil, he chose to paint more with his palette knife than with tools of the pencil order. He deprecated all the works of the Dutch school, as far as enmity could go, or words express. Mr. Turner, who is called the great artist, is one of the same school of the palette knife. All this

aversion from pencils and brushes may be carried, as it has been, too far, and thereby fall into the most ridiculous and unnatural, within an artist's reach.

After diverging thus far, I will now show the absence of philosophy in this work of Both. The heavens exhibit nine varieties of clouds; three changes in three divisions. First the *stratus* cloud, which is fog in its most diffuse character; then *cumulo-stratus*, then *cumulus*. Then *strato-cumulus*, *cumulo-cumulus*, and thirdly *nimbus*, the great thunder or storm-cloud, so often seen during our summer season.

We then ascend higher into the atmosphere, and begin the last division of three varieties. We have the *cirrus* cloud, the office of which, philosophers assert, is to collect electricity. This is ten miles above our heads. It appears, as travellers up Mont Blanc assert, as far above them as when in the lowest valley. This cloud is always very thin, and disposed in most whimsical streaks, as if swept by a broom. Its second change is *cirro-cumulus*, and the third, *cirro-stratus*. There is a tenth cloud of a brown colour, often seen, but more particularly in Germany, which the sun never illumines, therefore it never alters. It has a brown woolly appearance, and it mingles with all other clouds of the second series, and sometimes with the first. It is supposed to be composed of mineral vapours, and from these clouds meteoric stones proceed. They must help to feed the *nimbus* cloud with electric matter. Having gone through thus much, I find it necessary to extend a little further. I must explain that the three classes of the nine distinct clouds, are indicators of certain states and changes of the weather. Both could never deviate from representing the *strato-cumulus* clouds, forgetting, or not knowing perhaps, that the absence of a philosophic investigation of our atmosphere, that while he was endeavouring to paint and express the finest weather, he chose the cloud indicative of rain, and change from dry to wet. As he never associated clouds which rise higher in our atmosphere with his chosen favourite, he left out the true sign of an improving state of the weather. This is a proof of the absence of all philosophy and science, as connected with the airy element: it is also a proof of his love of a cloud with ragged outlines, one of the elements of the picturesque in skies of the meanest character, because it afforded him scope for his mannered touch. Thus a fine evening is not to be expressed by the *cumulo-stratus*, but, as Claude Lorraine did, by the presence of the *cumulo-cumulus*, and mingled with *cirro-stratus* and the *cirro-cumulus*. The *cirro-cumulus* was the cloud Virgil describes in his *Georgics*. This poet had observed the several changes which clouds undergo, when the weather is passing from fine to wet weather, or the reverse. He was a painter as a poet;—landscape painters may learn very much from if they will read him. Both thus failed in the atmospheric part which should have awakened his philosophy, I have traced the other errors, of combining touch and the frippery of manner in all the parts, whereby the very best elements for a grand work have been spoiled.

Let it not be supposed, that while I write in this caustic manner, I am not prepared, with his fond admirers, to enjoy and be highly pleased with his pencil dexterities, and his pleasant warm tints. He

stands high in the Dutch school. Had Titian painted such a subject as I am describing, we should have had mountains like barriers to further space. We should have had a sky such as a poet would like to describe, all characteristic of the grander appearances of the heavens when the finest weather is depicted, or a threatened storm. The middle ground would have shewn us some fragment of a noble built town or city, or a fortress, or noble edifices on the sides of ample sheets of water. Verdant grounds in successive advance, luxuriously green, mixed with golden hues, would have led us to the front of the scene. No sea-weed trees would have risen as a screen to the distance, as we see in Both; but large chestnut, horse-chestnut, walnut, maple, or sycamore, with sometimes oak, and even elm and fir trees, the flat-headed pine, would have stood before us. No mean figures would satisfy him. Classic men and women, mounted horsemen seemingly on chargers; nobles going to the chase or returning, with appropriate attendants, dogs, &c., would have been found on the road. A more sparkling rivulet would have watered the front of the composition. No display of brambles, hemlock, seeds, rushes, woodbines, convolvuli, thistles, docks, long grass, and other weeds, would have found place. The cliffs would have been of noble aspect, with foliage of the character of large growth, fringing and growing from the strata; and over the summits grand effects of deep tones and, broad effective lighted clouds, would have marked the scene with a dignity, combined with the other parts, that exalt Landscape to its summit of perfection, while Both, from a Dutch feeling, degraded all the various matter of his picture.

I will now appeal to Cuyp, and seek for his poetry and *his* philosophy. I allude to the large picture, in which is a man on horseback conversing with a woman as to his route: large cattle are lying down, well scattered, and a number of sheep; two large dogs are at sport; the back-ground shows a hill with some trees on it; a large pool of water fills part of the middle space up to a fringe of bushes and brambles near to the cattle; some travellers have watered their horses, as represented at no great distance on the margin of the water. Trees fill up the right side of this valuable picture; valuable because, in what is termed the market, a conventional value for such a production will be about 1600*l.* to 2000*l.* These are something like bonds, they rise and fall according to a demand. This picture is one of those public attention is drawn to, because—because, forsooth, its marketable value is well known. The taste of the lovers of art, so far as mind is in question, drinks a sort of poison, while relishing such art as this. That the eye is entertained, there can be no doubt. The impression made on all who are caught by its graphic snares (for beautiful, in one sense, is the whole, as I will explain hereafter) is, that, papa, mamma, Polly, Betsy and little John can remember nothing more than that they saw ugly cows, questionable sheep, ugly people, ugly dogs, brambles, dock-leaves, a pool of hot water, and hills almost on fire.

No one sentiment above the commonest nature round London, on a hot and burning evening, is elicited. A hot evening, almost hot to suffocation, presents itself. The only philosophy discoverable, is a

general pervasion of heat and hot air passing through saffron and yellow ochre.

The only other philosophy is, that cows and sheep are not unfrequent associates, and are here brought together, with figures to take care of them. *Ergo*, this is Dutch philosophy!—But *quare*, turning a high road into a field, if it be quite admissible. And *quare*, if hills, so much removed from the place of the sun, could be seen under so amazingly yellow a colour. These are graphic licences at the expense of truth, when analysed. Hence such pictures, beautiful as we deem them, are incongruous and untrue, though the effect of evening heat of a glowing sun is in itself true, had the sun been within the margin of the picture. If artists choose or prefer the landscape department of art, we pray that they may study Nature's philosophy, and her science, in propriety, and not imitate errors, because an error can be served up of a savoury aspect, just as a French cook can convert tripe into a ragout "*le plus appétissant*," or an old shoe, if required. Yet tripe, *tous les jours*, or stewed shoes, however good, will not do for ever—*toujours perdrix, cela ne va pas; donnez-nous du naturel*. Thus it is intended, that artists *only* should, as men of acquired knowledge, follow the good and the pure of any painter, and avoid the thoughtless imitation of beautifully served up errors. We have a great artist now among us; whose vagaries and night visions bid defiance to imitation. There is no picking here; you must—I mean the tyros of art—take all, or leave all alone. Be content with simple admiration, when you can find which way the pictures are to be looked at. They are often like a piece of opal; it is all one which way you turn it, the colours are always playful, and tell just as well upside down as in the true position. But with all these licentious liberties, as nature is not intended to be the guide, and they (the pictures) never look like anything a human being ever saw, they offend not against the second commandment. *Passons*,—dreams are often entertaining imaginations, excited, as Dr. Bunn tells us, by an irregular action of portions of the brain. We are therefore, in extenuation, bound to conceive such operations can go on when men are awake. Thank goodness, they are not quite of the phantasmagoria order: we do not fall into fits with fright, however shocked our feelings may be.

The only Dutch artist who has produced works perfectly philosophical, is the great marine painter William Van der Velde. This man shows us, by almost every picture he painted, that he was a genius, a man of science in his art, and a deep philosopher. The world, which admire him, do not really know why: but this is a truth, that high finish, which is to a great artist a great objection, is found in the greater part of his enchanting pictures. Yet, when pictures which he painted while resident in England, which are amongst his most admirable works,—storms, brisk gales, and shipping tossed about, seen by a sudden gleam of twilight vivid light, burst through night-like clouds, and a very dark, yet transparent, sea,—ships lighted by the heavens' own reflected light, others rolling in fearful majesty, some in danger, others escaping,—will not arrest any collector's atten-

tion ; nor will they pay one quarter of the value of such epigrammatic magnificence in art. Why ? Because they are what they ought to be — *sketchy*, to meet the character of general uproar of the elements, and not highly finished. Though his shipping is, in most of these sublime productions, admirably and satisfactorily finished,—not a rope wanting, nor out of place, — yet they are disliked by our leaders of society. It is nothing new to tell our readers that money makes the man, in our blessed country ; not talents, if he be poor. But if a greater, a far, a very far greater diffusion of science prevailed, and sound moral and physical philosophy were taught, in lieu of the boring lumber of dead languages, to a certainty good taste would be the consequence.

Every one would study, more or less, cause and effect. Then would true genius and merit meet their rewards. No landscape painter can go out of his path if he studiously analyses this admirable artist's works—W. Van der Velde. If he represents early morning, he does not usher it in with a storm ; for no art could well express morning with a storm. He gave the calm of quiet on the opening of the day, before bustle began. The aspect of his atmosphere was so true, that a person, not idiotic, a common observer of nature's changes through the day, will pronounce Van der Velde's mornings to be mornings, his middays to be middays, his evenings to be evenings. It is far from the lot of every landscape painter to give a distinct effect of morning from evening. They continually call an evening effect a morning light, and often a morning light that of the evening. The old masters excelled in these points. Mr. Turner, the academician, never makes a mistake of that nature : nor did Wilson, our English Claude. To return, W. Van der Velde, when he represented storms, was thus a poet. He depicted all the dangers of a violent gale, with his ships rolling about, always, or nearly always, at sunset, or the early twilight. Thus he fills the spectator with a faint sensation of the horrors to be apprehended by approaching night, as if the picture had dragged him into danger. At sea, as represented by art, no season of the year can be expressed. It is a curious fact, in this case, that not one person in a million will ascribe a sea-storm to be in the summer season. The reason becomes plain when explained. The length of day, and the absence of extreme darkness at night, in summer, makes maritime danger appear less than if the storm happen on the approach of night in November, December, January, February, and so on. Darkness adds horror to all dangers, and to none more fearfully than to be far away at sea, when going to pieces, or sinking from having sprung a leak in a gale of wind. The imagination fills the soul with every species of complicated distress. If an artist like Van der Velde can arouse such feelings (and he does so, where men have any poetry in their souls, while examining his pictures), he determines himself a poet painter. All other races of artists are mere imitators. Wherever poetry is wanting in art, all real interest vanishes. The eye alone is fed and amused by the technicalities of good painting, good touch, transparency, fine colouring, &c. But I can enjoy these points as well as the most ardent admirers ; but I never will allow myself to

give Dutch or Flemish art a preference over Italian. If we are surrounded by landscapes by Titian, Giorgione, Tintoret, even Bassano, Caracci, Domenichino, Bolognese, Albano, Mola, and Salvator Rosa, we seem to be surrounded by a race of nobles. Go from such an assemblage into a similar-sized room filled with Dutch and Flemish art, and the change of sensations is little less than going from the Clarendon Hotel, with such a feast as the house can produce, and plunging into a cookshop ~~first-floor~~ eating-room, where the best display is to be seen of all that can offend eye and nose.

I will, before closing this essay, advert to one or two of the landscapes by Claude Lorraine, and the large sea-piece, with a palace on the shore of the sea. The several pictures of Claude Lorraine in our National Gallery give to the English public a love of his superior taste in the development of landscape and sea-shore, or, properly, sea-port scenery. The general public are excluded from a more extensive knowledge of this best of all landscape painters, because the people cannot and have not liberty to go from one country palace to another, to see what the country possesses. The Earl of Leicester has thirteen pictures by this poet painter. The Crown has some, the Marquis of Westminster has several, and other noblemen have in their London palaces divers exquisite specimens. In no one case can we trace a picture by Claude Lorraine that is not poetically treated. The picture called "Morning," in our National Gallery, has, in its composition, every feature of beauty to adorn the Virgil-like character diffused over its whole surface.

It has cliffs surmounted with habitations of a superior caste. These cliffs are variously wooded; and the whole forms a screen to the pearly sky behind. A noble group of trees stand up in the centre of the picture, elegantly varied, leaving one grand *bouquet* as the principal feature. Water is traceable, which supplies a fine lake-like expanse, round which the masses of trees stand. These are reflected, and form a double beauty. Cattle are busily feeding, and taking their morning repast with that seeming eagerness common to cattle amongst fresh pasturage. By their positions we are made acquainted with declivities unseen. When we pass the fine group of trees which the morning breeze is ruffling and bending over, the eye escapes over a richly varied distance lost in a distant sea. The very description reads poetically. In the foreground is the story of Jacob and Rachael. This choice at once gives high interest, and raises the scene many steps higher. Claude, though deficient in ability to paint figures, never mistook the proper colours to clothe them with. They are always properly placed.

This beautiful picture is worthy of an ode in its favour. The sky is that of morning, and paints the hour almost, such is the truth. The sun playfully illumines the objects from rear to front, showing the freshness of leaves, still damp with dews, glittering with sparkling lights. The fine mass of green trees, of a lovely summer hue,—green, but not gaudy, — present to the sun a screen which overshades the pool of water, and allows a depth of colour perfectly natural, while it is poetical in taste. Against this deep-toned water, the cattle browsing

are relieved in the most effective manner. Plants natural to such a spot—not great masses of twiggy flimsy Flemish nothings, but ground plants, with broad leaves, decorate the pasture-ground from the water to the bottom edge of the picture.

This charming work is philosophically put together. The sky makes you think of the description given by Virgil in the "Georgics." It has an infinite space through its pure azure, to lead the mind to eternity. The sea conveys the mind almost over the globe involuntarily, since the sea is a type of great space. The distant landscape shows a cheering scene, beautifully varied, where happiness may easily be supposed to reign with its inhabitants. All is grand, and all is elegant. No paltry fiddle-faddle sea-weedy foliage troubles us.

This is the elevated style of landscape, the poetical, but such as some, nay many, rash people declaim against as insipid. The wise observer, the patient analyser of cause and effect, will revel on what some weak minds insultingly pass over, as if any body could accomplish the same. We have more than two centuries passed away, yet a second Claude has not yet risen any where.

I can only touch lightly on the large sea-shore I have just named. I feel I could dilate on its majesty, its glorious features, its superb effect of sunshine, its noble palace, the fragment of a temple, the busy activity in the front scene, to half fill a volume. The sun blazes in the front, and illumines gracefully-formed clouds indicative of evening. The hues are golden, but so chaste, that all Louthembourg gaudiness is avoided. The sea has a rolling swell in it, most admirably described. The sun reflects in it on its rising heavings, and that reflection leads up to the sun itself. The pure taste afforded by the choice of the architecture of the noble palace, its flights of steps and its columns, and the architectural projections, receiving the sun's light, the colour of the stone or marble being a milky grey, introduces a beauty no man ever before him had done. The temple alludes to ages long past, perhaps 2000 years. Thus we have the 15th century and an age 2000 years previous operating together to entertain the mind. There is, we may say, the far distant past and the present. There have been no geniuses to bring forth such splendid works as these. We seem, while looking at it, to feel the cooling breeze which rolls in the waves to break on the shore. There is every thing consistent to be found in the materials of this splendid picture. The sun, the most glorious object of our heavens, our own sun, forms nearly the point of sight for the vanishing lines of all those parallels of the architectural forms of the palace. This unites the two—a gorgeous sun in splendid array, and a superb palace, perhaps the residence of royalty. The cool green colour of the sea contrasts the glow above it; it refreshes and gives a feeling of coolness to the gentle breeze represented so faithfully by the action of the waves. The ruin of the temple forms a grand object, to receive shadow and repel all the other features of the subject. It is all so possible, and so natural, that people might easily and readily conceive it a true Italian or Grecian view. But this subject requires still more ample illustration.

CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET"

BY A PERIPATETIC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE "RUINED MERCHANT."

My friend settled himself easy, in his chair, and prepared to read the manuscript which had inspired us with so much curiosity; but handling the papers, in his haste to begin, rather too carelessly, they slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor; and it was then that we remarked the extraordinary variety of pieces of paper on which the story was written. Fly-leaves of books; scraps of paper in which such things as sugar, pepper, and pieces of butter evidently had been wrapped, formed the principal part of them; intermingled with which were sundry backs of letters, with the frequent address of "Mr. Seedy," and occasionally "Alfred Seedy, Esquire," from which we were led to conjecture that such was the name of the literary character referred to by the old man as having penned these Chronicles of the Fleet Prison. They were written in various coloured inks, generally black, but sometimes red, and in some cases brown, and seemingly manufactured extempore from soot or blacking or some such material. The various slips of paper, however, were regularly numbered, as if the writer had been accustomed to compose for the printer, and they were written in a tolerably legible hand, so that excepting when from lapse of time the ink had become a little faded, or when a blot occurred here and there, which my friend pointed out to me as having been possibly occasioned by the tears of the writer, there was no difficulty in reading the manuscripts. Altogether there was an appearance of genuineness about them which made us feel that we had in our hands the records of real events written by a person who either had witnessed what he described, or who had taken down the histories which he related from the lips of those who were the actual actors in them.

This conviction of the truth of the accounts before us added to our desire to investigate the contents of the papers, and my friend, having arranged all the scraps of paper relating to the first story in due order, began to read it aloud, remarking that —

"The writer spoke in his own person, and did not seem at all to wish to disguise that he wrote as an inhabitant of the prison."

"All the better," said I; "it is a *prima facie* indication of his having a mind superior to common prejudices, and it is the more likely that we shall have from him the truth without affectation and without disguise."

"I agree with you," said my friend, and without further comment he went on with the story of

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

It was at the close of the year 1810 that I was standing near the entrance of the prison — the inside entrance unhappily, not the outer one — when the door opened, and a gentlemanlike man, past the middle time of life, appeared at the top of the steps, and paused. Putting his hand on the top of the rail, he looked round with a vacant stare, as if not perfectly comprehending where he was. He cast his eyes over the face of the building on his right, but saddened by its repulsive gloominess he turned his face to the left, and scanning the lofty wall he slowly measured it upwards with his eye, till elevating his head he rested his view on the revolving spikes at the top. The view of the high wall and the spikes gave him no more satisfaction than the sight of the huge building within it, and he cast down his head with a sudden jerk, and surveyed the confined space between the building and the wall, searching the countenances of the few who were walking up and down, as if seeking for the sympathetic countenance of some one whom he might trust for information and guidance in his new situation.

At first I thought he was a stranger come to see a friend, for he had that quiet and respectable air, dressed as he was in a black coat and waistcoat with breeches and gaiters according to the fashion of the time — that his appearance impressed me with the idea of his being a man of substance; unostentatious, but wealthy; and the black crape round his hat indicating that he was still in mourning accounted sufficiently for the air of sadness which pervaded his quiet features. But as he made no sign of moving from his position, after some time, and as I observed that no one of the turnkeys busied himself in attending to him, as is usual on the occasion of strangers appearing, I began to suspect that he was not a voluntary visitor of the Fleet; and my eyes meeting his at that moment, with an air of commiseration I suppose in my look, he raised his hat and bowed to me. I understood that mute appeal at once; so I approached him, and to make a beginning, I asked him "if he was looking for any particular person?"

He shook his head, and turned round to the door behind him, which was closed and locked; he looked at it for a moment, and then seeming to make up his mind to his fate he descended the steps, and we walked across the yard together. I did not like to urge him to talk, for I saw that his heart was full, and we made one or two turns up and down before I spoke again.

"I hope," said I, "that you are not another victim of the merciless law of imprisonment for debt?"

He stopped short at this, and making an effort to overcome his emotion, replied, —

"I have been arrested — very suddenly — in the midst of my affliction: — last night I was taken to the bailiff's private house, and this morning, as I had no money to spare for such expenses, my solicitor

had me removed to this place, as being more convenient, he says, than the King's Bench; and now I must ask the friendly advice of some one what to do, for every thing is strange to me."

"Do you anticipate," I asked him as delicately as I could, "remaining here long?"

"My creditor," he said energetically, "is ruthless!"

We walked on again.

"You are alone, I presume?" said I.

"My daughter wanted to accompany me, but this is not a fit place for her—and yet ——"

"It is not indeed," I replied. But as I said this it recurred to me how frequently I had heard the same observation from new inmates, and with what dread they regarded the entrance into the prison of their wives and daughters, and how often I had seen those feelings overcome by the pain of separation. I thought too of the terrible consequences which had often ensued from the breaking down of the mind's best resolutions under the pressure of the misery and despair of a prison life; however, I said nothing of that at the time, but turned my attention to the present solace of the old gentleman in his affliction.

I could not find a place for him to sleep in except at a cost which was unsuited to his scanty means, so I persuaded him to make use of my bed for the early part of the night, alleging that I had writings to complete which obliged me to sit up; so that by making use of my narrow crib turn and turn about we got through the night tolerably well. The close acquaintance to which this trifling service—so acceptable at the moment—naturally led, brought on an intimacy during which I became acquainted with the circumstances which led to my friend's imprisonment; but first I must describe his interview with his daughter on the morning after his arrival.

St. Paul's clock had struck eight, at which hour the doors of the prison were opened for strangers, and I had just finished putting the room in order, which I always did myself, the bed being turned up so as to look as much as possible like a wardrobe, and the breakfast table being tidily set out, with a clean towel for a table-cloth, and with an additional cup and saucer, which I had borrowed from a neighbour on the other side of the gallery, when there was a gentle tap at the door:—

"Come in," said I, cheerfully; for the morning air, and the light of the fire, with the sight of the breakfast things, and the pleasure of having contributed to the comfort of one more unfortunate than myself, had raised my spirits; though my visitor remained in a condition of the most profound dejection. "Come in," I said; and opening the door, I was struck with surprise at the vision of one of the most beautiful women my eyes ever beheld. How she came there, or what she wanted with a poor old man like me, was a matter of wonder indeed. I had never seen her before in the prison, and I knew all the inmates. I was about to ask her business; when presently recollecting that my visitor had mentioned that he had a daughter, it struck me that it must be her whom I saw; but she, catching sight

of her father as he turned his head towards the door, rushed into the room, and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears. I shut the door upon them, and remained outside, to prevent the entrance of any casual intruder; and in the mean time the baker coming round as usual, crying "hot rolls!" for those who had money to buy them, I ventured on a piece of extravagance that morning, and bought two pennyworth; prompted, I must confess, by the desire to make a respectable appearance—so close does this habit cling to one—at the unusual occasion of having a lady for my guest.

When I thought sufficient time had elapsed to allow of the burst of grief to subside, which the novelty of the sight of her father in a prison had excited, I opened the door and went in with my hot rolls in my hand; and was astonished to observe the extraordinary change which had taken place in my apartment. My room is now, as it was then, on the ground-floor, looking out into the front-yard, the prospect forwards being bounded by the high wall of the prison before it, and to the left is the entrance into the yard, which forms an amusing sight from the constant ingress and egress of all sorts of persons connected with the inmates of the prison, or employed in bringing in supplies of all sorts, of necessity or luxury, according to the means of the consumers. Perhaps instead of a room I ought to call it a cell, for it is all of stone, and formed in an arch over head; about eight feet square, with a fire-place in the centre on the right-hand side, and a window opposite the door. The stone floor makes it look cleanly and lively when it is fresh whitened, but I have often found it very cold in the long nights of winter, at times when I could not afford to have a fire. Well—I was saying, I was quite astonished at the change which had taken place in my apartment in the brief quarter of an hour during which the lady had been its occupant. There certainly is nothing like a woman's hand to set a place in order! At seventy years of age women do not make any particular impression on us; we look at them according to their features and the expression of their countenances, as at pictures more or less beautiful or interesting; but unless connected with us by relationship, it is but a cold regard with which an old bachelor looks upon those of the other sex. But on this occasion I felt my heart quite warm within me. The table was removed to a more cheerful position close by the window, and the scanty materials for breakfast were rearranged; and somehow the things about the room looked better, I don't know why; and the little ledge of wood above the hearth, which formed the chimney-piece, was set out with an unusual effect. My two pipes were set up cross-wise in the centre, with their bowls downwards, and their long slender stems gracefully resting on each other, forming a sort of coat of arms, which had a very pleasing effect. The young lady had taken off her bonnet and sat at the head of the table, with her father on one side, leaving the opposite end for me. With the deference which she thought due to my years, I suppose, she had left the other of the two chairs—the best one—for me; the one which her father occupied was a very good one, only having no bottom, that deficiency was obliged to be supplied by the

lid of an old box ; and the young lady herself was pleased to content herself with the box itself, which, turned upright on its end, formed a very convenient seat, and one calculated to display her figure to advantage.

When I came in with my hot rolls, as I was about to make a gallant speech on the occasion of being honoured with such a visitor, the young lady, to whom I suppose her father had been explaining the nature of our acquaintance, stretched out her hand, and taking mine in hers pressed it warmly, giving me at the same time a look that said a thousand things. Old fool as I was, I could not get my words out ; but my eyes filling with tears, I went to the cupboard to look for something that I wanted. While I was rummaging about just to recover myself, the sweetest voice I think I ever heard asked me, "if it was allowed to ask for a teaspoon in such a place."

I was glad to have something definite to do, but unfortunately this happened to be the most awkward question that could have been put to me just at that time, for I had nothing by me but the bowl of one broken spoon, and the handle of another, which, although conjointly they formed the parts of an entire instrument, were in their separate portions useless for the occasion. However, I handed them to her, and she, with the sweetest smile imaginable received them without observation ; and immediately making use of the bowl to serve the sugar (I apologised for its being brown, but she assured me that she and her father preferred it,) she stirred up her father's tea with infinite grace with the handle, which she then politely handed to me before making use of it for herself. As I had only one knife, we used it by turns, and in this way the ceremony of breakfast was conducted with as much dignity as if it had taken place in the palace of I king. But what continued to surprise me was the air of ease and cheerfulness which the young lady maintained in her visit to the chamber of a prison. I regarded her with admiration ; for I had had too much experience in the expression of the human countenance not to see that all this apparent ease and cheerfulness was forced, and put on, as I did not doubt, in order to raise the spirits of her father. However, I took care to encourage it, and in the meantime I took an earnest observation of the young lady's general appearance.

She was, as I guessed, and as I was afterwards informed, about twenty years of age, full and beautifully formed. Her hair was of that rich chestnut brown which has so rich an appearance when it does not degenerate into red ; her complexion was delicately fair ; her height rather tall than otherwise : and her eyes, which were large and well-opened, were by turns of the most brilliant and of the softest hazel, according as their expression was influenced by her emotions. I think I never heard a more silver-toned voice ; clear and articulate, but soft and low. Fifty years ago, I should have fallen in love with her directly ; but at threescore and ten, the scriptural term in the life of man, I regarded her only as a lovely flower of the earth, too bright and beautiful to last. But I must not anticipate.

All this time her father continued silent, and eat little ; I saw that his daughter affected to eat, but that it was only an affectionate pretence

to beguile her parent. It was plain that she was only playing a part, but with a holy intention to spare her father's feelings. I saw however that her heart was too full to allow her to maintain her character for indifference long; but just as I was wondering how it would end, there was a knock at my outer door, which I opened; and a gentleman inquired "if a Mr. Courtney was there."

"I am Mr. Courtney," said my guest; "it is my solicitor," he said, turning to me; (his daughter looked very pale)—and taking his hat in order to speak with him, as I suppose, unrestrained by the presence of his daughter, he walked out with him into the gallery.

The moment he disappeared, the almost overwhelming emotions with which his daughter was agitated, were revealed with a violence which alarmed me, and made me almost stand aghast at the awful exhibition of anguish unspeakable! Her sobs and tears burst forth like a pent-up sea: she fell on her knees, and without regard to my presence, she cried aloud to God for succour in this extremity of trouble, and for vengeance on their persecutor! The soft and delicate girl beaming with smiles, was transported in a moment into the very semblance of passionate despair. I was amazed; and for a brief space stood irresolute, shrinking from being a witness to her passionate exclamations, yet fearing to leave her in a state of such sorrowful excitement; but she put an end to my indecision by rising up, and with her hands clasped fervently, and with an appeal of filial affection which no human being could listen to unmoved, she implored me:—

"Oh, sir!" she said; "dear sir, you who have been so kind to my father, do not desert him! You do not know him as I do; he is broken-hearted! he is indeed; but he tries to keep his grief from me: my poor mother!"

"What of your mother?" said I, taking her hand, soothingly; for she was in deep mourning, like her father; and I feared to open anew a wound that perhaps was scarcely closed.

"I will tell you. When my poor father was ruined, the shock was too much for my mother: she died," she said, shudderingly, "only ten days since; the day before yesterday was the day appointed for the funeral, and as my father was coming down stairs to follow her to the grave, he was arrested."

"Good God!" I exclaimed; "arrested as he was about to follow her to the grave?"

"That was the very time they chose to do it; but it was done with a purpose,—it is too long to be explained now,—and I saw that the blow went to my poor father's heart. On her death-bed my dear mother made me promise—it was unnecessary, but she wished me to promise—never to leave my father; that I would be his guardian, his nurse, his servant; that I would devote myself to him. My own heart would prompt me to do it, but that vow pronounced on her death-bed invests my duty with a character more solemn and sacred, which I must fulfil as a direct compact made with my God; and with God's assistance I will perform it. But to see him in this place! In a prison! Oh! this is a trial indeed!"

I was amazed, I say, at this sudden outbreak of passionate feeling from one who had seemed all gentleness and softness in the presence of her father; and my own heart was lacerated with a sharper pang of sorrow than I had known for many years, even in this abode of sighs and sorrows, to see one so beautiful and loving plunged in such a depth of grief. That there was something more than met the ear, I easily divined; and that this was no common case of persecution and suffering, I felt persuaded; but as I did not like to risk the laceration of fresh wounds by random questions, I restrained my curiosity, and left it to time to reveal the secret that lay hidden in the saint-like devotion of the daughter to the father. Not that my experience had not furnished me with many instances of filial and parental love, as I have related in other histories; but the present case seemed to me to be of a peculiar character, and partaking more of the deep feeling of religious devotion than of the instinctive and habitual affection which parents and children cherish for each other. I was revolving these thoughts in my mind,—for long confinement and habits of abstraction have rendered me philosophical and contemplative,—when the young lady interrupted my meditations by a question:—

"I suppose I can stay here with my father?"

Now this was a very simple question; but it embarrassed me exceedingly. For many years I had lived a life of routine, and in the midst of a crowd of persons, I may say, almost in solitude. My principal recreation was to study the different characters of the various individuals who from time to time were put into the prison; and my chief occupation was to write down my thoughts on the many strange scenes, some of them ludicrous enough, and some of them of most wild and tragic interest, which had occurred during my long experience. There were many stories too of persons confined here, which I wrote down from time to time as I learned them from the parties themselves, who in moments of excitement would often let out more than they intended of the events of their previous lives. This pursuit had grown into so strong a habit, that I was never easy unless I had covered a certain quantity of paper, either with my remarks or my stories; though heaven knows I was sometimes put to strange shifts to find paper to write them on, and ink too. There was a particular spot also on the wall, opposite my window, on which I was accustomed to fix my eyes when I am engaged in composition, and from long use that stain on the wall had become a necessary auxiliary to the action of my brain, so that my eyes turned thither as naturally as my hand directed my pen to the ink-bottle. I remember I used to be visited with a strange shuddering at first, and it shows how use and habit will make us, at last, view the most horrible things with indifference; for there is a tradition in the prison that the marks on the bricks were caused by a debtor dashing his brains out in a fit of phrenzy against the wall; and that though many attempts had been made to eradicate the impression of that fearful suicide, the marks never could be got out; at least, such is the story believed by many in the prison. But I am wandering from the subject of the ruined

merchant; and this tendency to digression is one of the signs which hint to me that old age is come upon me. How I have lived so long in this place is a wonder to my mind; but it is another proof of the observation which I have often made, that grief, though it subdues and weakens the mind and body, seldom kills; I have often thought it would be better if it did, but doubtless there is a purpose in it. While I write this, I have a secret consciousness of the reason that leads me ~~into~~ digressions; it is the reluctance which I have to encounter the pain of going on with my sad story; but I know it is right that the secrets of the prison-house should be exposed for the benefit of humanity, painful as they are to me to dwell on. I must return to the daughter and her inquiry. •

CHAPTER II.

As I remained musing for some time in my way, the young lady thought that I had not heard her question. She repeated it therefore, with much earnestness.

"I suppose," she said, "I can remain here with my father?"

"This is not a place," said I, "fit for a young lady to reside in; but there is no prohibition against it, if you desire to remain with your father. You can come in every morning, and return to your home at night. But it is to be hoped that your father will not be obliged to remain in this miserable place long. Besides, it is to be presumed that he will be able to go out on bail, as he has not been taken in execution. What is the amount," I asked, "for which he was arrested?"

This question was answered by Mr. Courtney himself, who now entered the room, having taken leave of his solicitor at the door. "The debt," he said, "or rather the alleged debt, is a heavy one; not less than thirty thousand pounds; but that is not the matter that presses at the present moment; I have worse information than that. Do you think, my dear Louisa," he said to his daughter, "that you can bear more ill news? And yet it must be told, and better for you to hear it from me than to learn it suddenly and more painfully."

"Tell it to me, dear papa," replied his daughter, who had resumed her forced composure: "any thing is better than suspense."

"Well," said he, "better to let you know the truth at once. My love, bear it with fortitude—you have no longer any home!" Here the poor man put his hands before his face, and the tears streamed through his fingers; but he presently recovered himself. "I was thinking," said he, "of your poor mother; it is well that she has been spared this last indignity."

His daughter took his hand and kissed it; but she repressed her agitation, as I observed, by a strong effort.

"A creditor," continued her father, "stimulated I have reason to believe by the enemy who has placed me here, has issued an execution against my goods, although contrary to his express promise, and the law has seized every thing."

"What! every thing?" said Louisa.

"Yes, my love; the law takes every thing if there is not enough to satisfy the judgment."

"What!" said Louisa, still incredulous as to the grasping indiscrimination of the law, "do you mean every thing? Does it not leave a chair to sit on?"

"No, my love, it leaves nothing."

"But surely it does not take our beds from under us?"

"Yes, my love, every thing."

"But not our clothes? Surely," she said, appealing to me, "it does not take our clothes?"

"It is too true," said I. "The law of debtor and creditor gives the power to the creditor to strip his debtor naked, and to turn him houseless, penniless, and destitute into the streets. And more than that; after he has stripped his debtor of every thing he has in the world, if it is not sufficient to pay his debt, he has the power to imprison him till he does pay, which in most cases is tantamount with imprisonment for life."

"Can such laws exist in a Christian country?" said the young lady, strongly moved, and regarding her father with an air of the most affectionate interest.

"Such laws not only exist," said I, "but there are many men so blinded by prejudice as to contend that they are salutary and necessary, and that any attempt to alter them would shake the foundation of credit and of commercial enterprise in this country; and, in short, that the main support of our national prosperity is the power of the creditor to imprison the debtor at his pleasure."

"But what is the use of putting a person in prison," said the young lady, "when he has no money: putting him in prison cannot make him pay his debts?"

"But the law considers he ought not to have contracted the debts, and if he cannot pay his debts with money, that he must atone for them in person, as a punishment for his failure."

"But suppose his failure was not caused by imprudence or bad conduct, but by misfortune,—is he to be punished," she asked, "for being unfortunate?"

"The law, my dear young lady," I replied, "makes no distinction between the honest and dishonest, or the prudent or imprudent debtor; it treats failure as a crime to be punished, and it punishes alike all who fail by forfeiture of their goods, and by the imprisonment of their persons."

"I cannot understand it," she said; "I suppose that what is the law must be right; but it seems very cruel to put a man in a prison because he is unfortunate and loses his money; one would think it was enough for him lose his fortune and to be a beggar in the world without shutting him up in prison besides."

"The law is not only very cruel," I replied, "but, in my opinion, it is a most useless proceeding; most unjust, and most impolitic. It is useless, because I have observed that it very rarely is the means of causing the debt to be paid, and we are not to make the exception

the rule in this nor in any other case; it is unjust, because it punishes as a crime that which with few exceptions it ought to commiserate and relieve as a misfortune; and it is nationally impolitic, because in its operation it causes a large and unnecessary expense to the country. Besides, the imprisonment of the debtor deprives him of the opportunity of exerting himself to do that which the law requires of him, namely, to pay his debts; while the effect of incarceration is too frequently to deprave its victim morally and physically, and in all cases to injure any future prospect of retrieving his position in society. It condemns a citizen of the state, who ought to be encouraged to be a useful member, to an inactive and unprofitable state of existence, or rather to a sort of living death, in which he can neither create wealth for himself individually, nor for the community at large. It is in every way prejudicial, both to the creditor who inflicts the imprisonment, to the debtor who suffers it, and to the society who permits such a cruel and useless exercise of barbarous revenge."

"But if it is so bad," said the young lady artlessly, her father continuing silent all the time, and seemingly meditating on some matter which perplexed him,—“if it is so bad, why is it not put an end to?”

"My dear young lady," I replied, "the judgment of all the great moral writers of the age has condemned the practice of imprisonment for debt; all experience is against it; there is not a jailer or a turnkey that ever closed the door on a prisoner who will not confess its inefficacy; I will say nothing of the denunciations of the Scriptures against those who oppress and trample on the poor and the unfortunate, because in this so-called Christian country Christian principles are always disregarded when any question relating to the making of money is to be considered; but I will speak of it only as a matter of expediency; not as a matter of religion, or of charity, or of justice, or of humanity; but merely as a matter of expediency; and I contend that, viewed only in respect to its unprofitable operation on the community, inasmuch as it prevents a vast number of people from adding by their labours to the general wealth of the country, imprisonment for debt is statistically an inexpedient practice. It cannot be defended as a punishment, because, when plainly stated in that light, it cannot be allowed that punishment should be inflicted before crime be proved, and no one can have the hardihood to say that the bare circumstance of a person not being able to pay his debt makes his failure criminal; because if he were to be considered criminal, it would follow that because the default of A. prevented B. from paying C., that therefore B., who was prevented, not by his own fault, but by the default of A., from paying C., was a criminal deserving of punishment! a conclusion which when thus stated is too absurd for any sane mind to assent to. But the actual operation of the law is to punish the innocent man B. for the failure of the other man A.: an injustice so monstrous, that from its injustice alone it is a matter of amazement how such a law can be persevered in!"

I was running on in this vein, for I had become a little excited by the novelty of having a lady for my auditor in my solitary cell, and a beautiful one too, whose father was the victim, apparently, of the cruel

and impolitic law of imprisonment for debt, when Mr. Courtney interposed, and stopped me in my oration : —

"My good friend," he said, "what you say against this abominable law is very eloquent, but it cannot alter the fact. Here I am, imprisoned ; and here is my daughter, deprived of her home, for she cannot well go back to a house in the possession of bailiffs ; what is best to be done under such circumstances ?"

I confess I had been so long unused to consider of the best means of disposing of young ladies, that I was considerably puzzled how to advise my new friends in their difficulty. On examining into their case, I found that Mr. Courtney had gradually sunk from bad to worse in his affairs, until he was reduced to the most humble means. He had resided latterly with his wife and daughter in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, with one servant girl, who was totally inadequate to afford protection to his daughter even if she could return home ; and, as I have often known in such cases, there was no friend to whom they could immediately apply for temporary shelter. The relations both on the father's and mother's side were dead, except some distant ones with whom for some years past they had kept up no correspondence. The solicitor also who was acting for them was only a recent acquaintance, his former legal adviser and friend having died some months before ; so that there was no claim or hope of other than professional assistance from that quarter. The next inquiry was, if any room could be procured for the father and daughter ; but the prison was very full at that time, and the cost of decent accommodation would have been enormous. In this dilemma the young lady decided on seeking a bed for the night at the lodging of an old servant who had known them in better days, and who preserved an attachment for the family of her old master ; in the day time it was agreed that she should come to her father and remain with him till the time for closing the gates at night.

"Fortunately for us, papa," she said, "Mr. Seedy is not a young man, or we could not make so free with him ; and I am sure he is very good to allow us to take possession of his room in this unceremonious way. But God will reward him for his good actions."

It is a remarkable circumstance, and I mention it as an instance of the weakness of the human mind, and of that inexplicable feeling — I will not call it vanity, which clings to us even in our most advanced years, but it gave me a sharp sort of pang to be alluded to by a beautiful girl as an old man no longer of any account in the relations between those of opposite sexes. It is true that I could not be ignorant that an old man of seventy could be regarded only as an abstraction by a young girl of twenty ; but I did not like the fact to be made so evident to me ; and it pained me very much at the time. But the effect of the little mortification soon passed away, and I expressed my cordial concurrence with any arrangement which would be most pleasant to herself and her father. She rewarded me with a sweet smile, which seemed to illumine my cell with sunshine, and held out her hand to me, which I was about to kiss in the enthusiasm of my admiration, but my beard being somewhat rough, not having been

able to borrow a razor for some days past, and the stumps encountering the back of her delicate hand, she gave a little shriek, which amused her father, and gave me the opportunity to say that if I had been fifty years younger, I would not have let her off so easily.

Domestic matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, we passed the day very sociably together, I going out after dinner to smoke my pipe, which I did up and down the gallery, in deference to the lady ; but it was not until after this friendly intercourse had continued for several days that I learned Mr. Courtney's story, which I did partly from himself, and partly from his daughter. I take a melancholy pleasure in writing it, as it keeps me a little longer from coming to the catastrophe, which, protract it as I may, I know must be faced at last, if I am faithfully to record the histories of this prison. But I approach it with fear and trembling. Well, as I said, after we had become more intimate I became acquainted with the cause of his misfortunes, which I shall be the more particular in laying before the reader, as it illustrates, in a forcible manner, the cruelty and impolicy of "Imprisonment for Debt."

[*To be continued.*]

A MORAL REFLECTION.

Look at the world ; — observe its' deep deccits ; —
 No man — no thing — no speech is what it seems ;
 A treacherous gloss is spread o'er grossest frauds,
 Veiling the rottenness that lurks beneath.
 Age mimics youth, and wantons like young blood ;
 And youth affects the wisdom of the sage.
 The miser gloats in secret o'er his gold,
 Lamenting to men's ears his poverty ;
 While the poor wretch, to whom a single coin
 Would be a glimpse of heaven, struts in state,
 In velvet cloak and beaver fiercely cock'd,
 Striving to cheat the vulgar — and himself !
 'Aping the independent gentleman !

Old Play.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON THE RELATIONS BETWIXT RICH AND POOR.

WE perpetually hear complaints about want of sufficient charity towards the poor. I wish heartily that some of our eloquent writers on this matter would recollect that they themselves often exhibit a most uncharitable, and therefore most anti-christian, spirit in their vituperation of the rich.

Are these sarcastic censors really so stupid and ignorant as to believe, that mere selfishness and love of accumulated pelf are the principles which actuate the rich? Why, what possible difference would it really make to any man, or woman either, who happens to have a really *stout* sum of unemployed and idle capital, rising out of yearly rents, if a draft were made thereon, sufficient, with judicious application, to change the lot and feelings of every poor family actually known to the capitalist, from abject misery, misanthropy, and despair, to a state of happiness, gratitude, and buoyant hopes?

I ask again, what difference could this possibly make to him or her, if really deserving the predicate of rich? Supposing the experiment tried; supposing that by the magician's wand one would, without knowledge of the so-styled proprietor, open the strong box, (be it at Coutts's or in some domestic repository), and abstract from thence 5000*l.*; in what respect whatsoever could this interfere with his comfort or well-being?

If he become cognizant of the said act, of course it would in that case entirely change its character; 'twould then become a horrid crime,—a cruel robbery,—but why? Not merely because the 5000*l.* had been abstracted (nor would he dream that all the criminal laws in the world could replace the said sum), but because the quiet sanctity of the strong box had been violated, and thereby a precedent established of extreme danger, because no one could tell how far the rascally magician's encroachments on the contents of the said box might be carried.

But if no one excited his suspicions as to what had happened, would the capitalist ever think of searching? Assuredly not; for, if worthy to be called rich, he could not undergo the daily labour of counting over his hoarded pelf, like a haberdasher "taking stock."

I revert then to my question,—would the absence, without his knowledge, of the said sum, diminish his comforts or peace of mind in the slightest degree? Of course it could not, and the question is one which nobody in all the world would think of asking. Again, would it make the slightest difference in the case, if our magician should employ the abstracted sum altogether for his own personal use, or divide it among the neighbouring poor? Of course not.

Well then, in the very teeth of these plain illustrative questions, and the decided negations which every one of them has met with, I

ask again, *is it possible* that any one of our sarcastic censors can, without proving himself fit for Bedlam, believe, that it is from mere selfishness and love of accumulating pelf, that the rich so frequently refuse aid to the poor? I am very sure that it would be downright madness to think so.

And lest there should be any one so obstinate and sceptical as to differ with me in regard to the cases which I have just now put hypothetically, let him be assured, once for all, that the thing has been proved in practice, repeatedly and irrefragably.

It is not many years since the failure of a notable banking-house afforded us a proof of this kind. Among the customers of the said house was a wealthy nobleman, who surely must have had a kind heart towards the poor, for he was remarkably devout, and it is said had a chaplain always at hand, to remind him of his duties. But so excessively tenacious was he of the rule not to allow his charities to be known, that bating two or three brilliant exceptions, no example thereof was on record. He turned a deaf ear to every application, or if he condescended to give an answer, usually pleaded that, from the numerous demands on him, he really *could* not satisfy the petitioner.

Now, all the while, this good and pious creature had large sums lying perfectly idle, for which he had really no use whatsoever. In fact, he did not always remember the existence of these sums, or where he had placed them. One might say that he had them, and he had them not. So, one fine morning, suddenly and unexpectedly the aforesaid bank stopped payment, and in due course of time it was discovered that this worthy nobleman had kept there for a series of years at least 40,000*l.* which he might have drawn out and distributed any day; but he did not, and for the best of reasons, because, as above said, he had forgotten its existence. Now, could any one out of Bedlam believe, that for mere love of hoarded pelf, this worthy man did not assist the poor? No, indeed! he would in that case have taken good care to find a safer strong box than that of the speculative banker, and most assuredly would not have forgotten the treasures which he loved so well. I might give many such examples, but one is as good as a hundred.

A somewhat ridiculous instance occurred in the house of a distinguished character at the West-End. This case however might be made to tell against me, for 'twas as follows:—The proprietor of a very costly service of silver or gold plate, did capriciously and all of a sudden take it into his head to remember that he *was* the proprietor thereof, desiring it to be brought out, and cleaned for a grand dinner-party. The butler, in amazement, declared that the plate in question had not been seen or touched for ten years. His master insisted, and, as the reader may perhaps have anticipated, the coffers were found empty, and nothing remained but the wooden compartments, with their warm winter covering of green baize: all else was gone! Then indeed the rich man did begin to growl, and complain of the deception and robbery that had been practised against him. He never for a moment reflected that he was even then most grossly deluding himself by the groundless notion that certain effects, of which he had for-

gotten the existence for ten years and more, could all of a sudden become necessary to his well-being and happiness.

But, be it observed, he did not verbally and expressly complain of his pecuniary loss,—not he. This would have been *rather* too ridiculous. He growled only at that violation of etiquette which is vulgarly termed robbery, (though by the offending party it is regarded as a mere venial breach of trust), and against the butler accordingly he directed his vengeance, though perfectly aware that he could not by that means recover even the value of a soup-ladle.

Now, having shown briefly, but clearly enough, as I trust, that it is not avarice and *amour propre* which induce the rich to withhold that aid which the insatiable poor so avariciously covet, I will just hint very rapidly at a few of the very many good and sound reasons by which the rich in this respect are influenced and actuated.

Firstly, then, there is the sad reflection, that supposing all the applicants who do actually come in the rich man's way were to be relieved, and effectually rescued, there are thousands, nay millions, upon our "terraqueous globe" equally distressed, nay, more so, whom he never encounters at all, and whom, of course, being so numerous, he could not possibly relieve if he did. Now I ask, is not this afflicting truth (which "nobody can deny,") contemplated, as it often is, by an acutely sensitive as well as calculating mind, quite sufficient, without any other difficulty, to paralyse the rich man's exertions, to render him so wretched and nervous under the dilemma, that he actually could not untie his purse-strings or write a cheque if he would? Rich men are not always made of oak and iron. It would indeed be a weak and narrow mind that could derive satisfaction and tranquillity from alleviating a small portion, a mere fraction of suffering, when at the same moment it left thousands groaning without relief. Accordingly, the proper answers in such cases have become proverbial: "What is every body's business is nobody's business;" "'Tis of no use stopping one hole in a sieve," &c. &c.

Yes, these are wise *dicta*,—certainly wise, because they are so often and pertinaciously repeated. There cannot be a doubt that the rich understand all difficult and intricate questions much better than the poor: it is natural and to be expected that they should do so, possessing an infinitely better chance to retain that perfect quietude of nerves and equanimity which are so essentially and indispensably requisite in order to judge fairly. Sometimes no doubt they may be liable to nervous affection, as I mentioned a few lines ago; but, for the most part, they judge calmly, and therefore correctly.

The rich, therefore, do maintain, and have justly maintained in all ages, their prescriptive right to make a logic of their own, entirely differing from that of the poor man, whose business is to persuade and convince, *if he can*; whereas our wealthy friend for the most part needs no other mode of logic than that which expresses his will and pleasure, and which others ought of course to admit and obey. Hence the beauty of the reasoning above quoted, and which is so good, that it deserves to be repeated in detail, as follows:—

1. "Because our wealthy man cannot possibly relieve all the poor

people in the world, he ought not to assist any one." The closeness and perfection of this argument of course cannot be perceived by vulgar minds. It requires at least an approach to independence; a snug 3000*l.* per annum, with daily turbot and lobster sauce; also a luxurious library table, a reading chair *à la mode de Voltaire*, and a carriage with "jelly springs," before one's faculties can become clear enough to comprehend the nicety of such reasoning. Without this we do not reflect how grossly unjust and iniquitous would be such unequal *partage*, such granting of preferences to the clamorous supplicants within one's own range of experience, whilst objects equally deserving are left to despair, merely because they happen to be unheard, and are located 1000 miles off.

2. Again, there is a favourite argument, of paramount importance, which in my hurry I had almost overlooked, namely, that "because you cannot possibly be assured that the poor whom you effectually relieve at one time will not fall into distress again at another, it is therefore quite absurd to intermeddle in their concerns." This is doubly of consequence, because the proposition so strongly illustrates the peculiar logic, or in better words, the peculiar use of logic, which is established by the rich. The conclusion now quoted fixes a grand principle, by which our wealthy friend may himself be affected; but in his zeal for impartial justice he cares not a jot about this. Now suppose he is all of a sudden seized in his comfortable study with the menacing symptoms of a dangerous malady, cramp or gout in the stomach, blindness, giddiness in the head announcing apoplexy, or that his paralysed limbs refuse to obey his will; supposing also that there is nobody at hand but his heir-at-law, to whom he feebly exclaims, "For God's sake, Ned, run for the doctor!" Then of course the heir-at-law answers, "My good sir, we could not possibly be assured, that were you relieved now you would not catch the very same malady, or something worse, at another time; besides, your death one day or another is quite certain, so 'tis of no use procrastinating, and you must n't think about the doctor." The parallel is quite close; there is no escaping from the principle, and the consequences are awkward; but are we on that account to abandon our previous *dictum* in regard to the poor? By no means: it is far too valuable.

3. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Of course not. "If to assist the poor be our duty, then surely 'tis my neighbour's business quite as much as mine; but I find that he does nothing, or next to nothing, in the matter, and therefore I certainly shall not interfere at all." The clearness and accuracy of this reasoning, the force of the *sequitur*, are such as must assuredly strike even the meanest capacity.

4. "'Tis of no use stopping one hole in a sieve." This is another favourite illustration, and of paramount logical importance. To stop one hole in a sieve assuredly is of no use whatsoever. 'Tis the very idlest and most absurd operation that can be conceived. There is no disputing a proposition like this, and the advantage which the rich logician draws from this text is, the conclusion that to save a single individual, or any one family, from immediate want and destitution, is

precisely analogous to stopping one hole in a sieve. For the coarse and obtuse faculties of the poor, this close analogy may not be so obvious. It is, however, perfectly correct. I repeat, that to save a poor family from destitution and famine, or to afford them temporary relief, is precisely the same thing as to stop one hole in a sieve, — in other words, is the act of a madman. This principle has become so well established among a numerous class in England, that it even influences religious opinions in a manner to which I must not particularly advert at present, as it would lead me from our proper subject. Enough surely has been said to show, that the impropriety of assisting a few, when we cannot assist all, forms a most potent argument, the use of which certainly does not betray the remotest approach to avarice. It rather indicates that lofty calmness of spirit and expansion of mind by which the rich man dignifies his rank, and proves his innate nobility of character.

Among the many valid and cogent reasons for the so-called obduracy of the rich towards the poor, is one which we hear talked of every day, but to which I am not sure that sufficient importance has ever yet been attached. The trials of poverty, though severe, are in many instances salutary trials, beneficial to the soul, if not to the body, by the moral amendment which they produce. It is sufficient merely to hint at this well-known and admitted truth, in order to show why the rich do many times entertain a pious fear, lest by rash administration of charity they may indirectly and unintentionally give occasion to some one or another, if not all, of the following bad results:—

1. First, there is imminent danger, that, by rendering prompt assistance, we may interfere against a laudable and edifying exercise of patience, humility, and fortitude, by removing the present occasion for the exercise of such Christian virtues.

2. That we may encourage idleness, by leading the poor to imagine that they ought to be supported by their wealthy neighbours, instead of depending on their own wits and works *alone*. This argument has indeed become a *truism*, and is thoroughly understood by every one.

3. That we may cause serious losses to the nation, and to the “*public at large*,” by interfering against the origin and growth of divers useful inventions, which necessity and poverty, who are well known to be the vigorous parents of invention, might otherwise engender and bring to light.

4. Lastly, that we may unawares outrage the principles and laws of morality, by affording relief in cases where the distress and privation are no doubt real enough, but where these are *deserved*, punishment for previous moral turpitude, as in the instance of individuals, who, from the possession of competent fortune, have by reckless extravagance fallen into poverty. These are, indeed, the most objectionable of all paupers, for to satisfy them you must needs restore them to their former estates; they receive assistance as if it were their right, and as if the amount given were equally inadequate to their merits as it is when compared with their demands and expectations; or if they

seem to feel otherwise, 'tis of course but a mere outward semblance, assumed to delude the unwary.

No doubt it is difficult for narrow-minded and excited people to comprehend how very deeply and seriously the conscientious rich, on whom a great and heavy responsibility rests, are necessitated to weigh these various points. " 'Tis unknown the tears that they shed," from inability to gratify the tender impulses of their own hearts, without infringing on some of those moral, pious, and patriotic obligations to which I have alluded. Only let these objections be removed, and then we should hear no more of thousands lying idle or forgotten, at the mercy of dishonest bankers; but money would flow freely, and the poor be relieved with alacrity.

And when I spoke of tender impulses which on stern principles of duty must be resisted, this reminded me of another reason, which often influences the rich, and those of the most amiable character, to withhold their donations of hard cash to the poor. Is it not plain to the most ordinary capacity, unless clouded by gross prejudice, that there are other ways of administering to their wants and well-being, which are far more advantageous than gifts of silver or gold, nay, which have not merely a material but a spiritual efficacy, and which benefit them not only for this transitory sphere but hereafter? Have not poets and moralists laudably exerted their eloquence to show how exquisite are the pleasures of sympathy, both to the suffering patient, and to the bland and compassionate visitor, who looks on and says: "Really, I am *so* sorry! I can quite understand how very miserable you must be. Be assured, my good creature, I feel for you *very* much indeed!"—Now, is not this a much more touching demonstration of Christian charity, than the mere payment of so many pounds, shillings, or pence? No doubt, occasions do frequently occur, upon which it might be said that the administration of a few pounds would actually put an end to the miseries which are then under consideration, would restore light to the now dull eyes of the poor patient, and change his now wretched apartment into a happy home. Yes, all this may be said by rash and ignorant people. But does not a moment's calm reflection show, that after such a metamorphosis, *the blessed exercise of sympathy would be at an end?* For *that* time at all events, the sympathising visitor's "occupation" would be annihilated, by losing its proper object. As to the possibility of sympathising with joy, as well as with sorrow, it is a remarkable fact in physiology, that minds admirably fitted for the one are not always equally susceptible of the other; nor indeed ought this to be expected.

No surely! The visitor of whom we have spoken came for the purpose of condoling with pain and sorrow, not for that of "gladdening the heart" and making merry. We must not move too fast in the *peripetia*, lest we stumble. And supposing this poor person or poor family relieved, and our bland sympathy for their sorrow thereby terminated, what would become of all our *other* plans in their behalf, the efficacy of which, as I have said, is in most cases far better than aught which can be expected from mere pecuniary aid?

We have in this last page been *supposing* a case in which such aid *might* effect an entire change for the better, (whether lasting or not is another question) ; but is the possible occurrence of such a case to be taken as a general rule? Money indeed! Why how can the poor be expected to expend it laudably and wisely even if it were administered? How can you be certain that a sick man for instance would not be mad enough to send for a bottle of good wine (*not* raisin or currant) the moment after he had received his alms, instead of reserving the gift, and being contented with the sanative regulations of the parish Priëssnitz? How can you tell that he would not be extravagant enough to indulge in a beef-steak pudding for dinner, even though the most valuable of all curative methods (starvation) had been tried on him for weeks in vain, by this wild act proving that he is unworthy of your bounty, not having the remotest conception of the true value and importance of money? No, indeed, you cannot trust them, these poor! They would wrest your benevolent intentions to *their own* destruction, and to *your* discredit and chagrin. Infinitely better is it that they should be instructed and warned as follows:—

1. That they can receive excellent soup twice a week at your kitchen gates. [Your cook of course knows what kind of soup is suitable for the poor, and how to prepare it.]
- 2. That those who choose to forego the soup, may receive certain gifts of clothing, especially bed rugs and children's dresses.
3. That for their admonishment and guidance in all the goings-on of life, religious tracts will be freely supplied, and this without any deduction from the otherwise destined amount of soup or children's dresses.
4. They are requested to notice, that neither soup, clothing, nor tracts will be administered without first a strict inquiry into moral character, and conduct past and present.
5. That after the first participation in any of these benevolent gifts, the recipient *donees* may expect occasional domiciliary visits, and the strictest *surveillance* as to their moral habits, and the degree of gratitude which they evince towards their benefactors; upon any defalcation in which, the supplies of soup and tracts will be discontinued, and the bed rugs withdrawn.

These, in my humble opinion, are among the best and wisest methods that can be adopted for giving vent, to those active emotions of benevolence and charity, the entire suppression of which would be dangerous to delicate and susceptible constitutions; and I am delighted to say, that to a great extent the wealthy classes in England do already act on the very plans which I have suggested. But whilst thus acting, they have been indeed most cruelly and grossly misrepresented, and it is on this account that I have now taken up the pen, I trust not quite ineffectively, in their defence. Yes, indeed, 'tis too true! By those poor whom they so generously provide with wholesome food, wholesome religious instruction, and capital bed rugs, they are often treated with the grossest ingratitude! Instead of respect, they meet with indifference or contempt; instead of receiving humble thanks and blessings, they are bowed out with a sardonic grin, or if

there be a show of gratitude, it is sometimes hypocritical, sometimes actually ironical and insulting.

Too true it is, that the poor are equally insatiable and contumacious *now*, as they were in the times of my late worthy friend Mr. Bumble. It has been sophistically pleaded for them, that being in a state of slavery to hard circumstances and hard creditors, it is the rapacity of those creditors which they exhibit, and not, properly speaking, their own. It is of little moment how this may be; the causes perhaps are manifold; but the bad effects are always undeniably the same. And as if this were not enough, that "mighty engine" the public press, with all its powers, from the gigantic high-pressure in Printing House Square down to the meanest *little-go* of a penny radical paper, must forsooth take the part of the poor against the rich, until truly the latter are reduced to a very deplorable condition, with nobody at last but Tom Fool to take their part. This indeed is too bad! 'Tis full time that Tom should "fling his head at them,"—I mean, at the enemies of the rich. I have made a first experiment now, and shall repeat it perhaps as occasion serves.

* * * * *

For the present, however, I will close this hasty chapter with a few *memoranda*, as rules of conduct, which I would seriously recommend for the adoption of the rich, when they are rudely and impudently applied to by paupers *in propria persona* on their own account, or by equally tormenting delegates, who come in behalf of their chosen *protégés*. The general order to admit no suspicious persons, and to receive no letters that are not sanctioned by a coat of arms and a pass name at the corner, won't by any means suffice. Encouraged as they are by the public press, and by their native effrontery, these people now contrive by hook or by crook to get recommendations from some infatuated individuals whom we *do* know, and against whom our doors cannot be closed, and then marching boldly or timidly (both are equally bad) into the audience chamber, they begin to describe their hideous distresses.

In order to render my instructions adequate for the intended purpose, I ought no doubt to arrange the troublesome intruders into classes, and modify my rules accordingly. But this would be too long and operose. I shall merely consider them as divided into, first, the argumentative and calm, who are *sturdy* beggars; and second, the timid and confused, who often turn out much the better diplomatists of the two.

1. Perhaps the best and most comprehensive rule of all is, to start up at the very outside in a rage, or if this be undignified, in a nervous flurry, with the words; "My good Sir (or Madam) if you really want money, you are come to the wrong box.—I have none, I tell you, absolutely none!—People may humbug you with stories of what rents I receive, but they never tell you one word about how much I am obliged to pay. I have not enough for my own wants, far less for those of other people. Besides, if I granted your request, 'twould be *only stopping one hole in a sieve*.—John, show this person down stairs."

2. The preceding rule will answer extremely well with a great

many applicants, particularly with the timid and confused. With the argumentative and calm it will succeed also, if properly followed up. But for them it will be necessary sometimes to adopt a still more decided tone, and to rejoin; "What, indeed! Have you the effrontery to pretend that you understand my situation and engagements better than I do myself? Or do you venture, Sir, to insinuate that I have told you a falsehood?" The cause of your exasperation being so very obvious and reasonable, you may, if you think proper, pronounce these words in a tone violent enough to alarm all the household; and if your argumentative visitor attempts to utter one syllable in his own defence, he will no doubt find that he has indeed "come to the wrong box," and that you are not to be trifled with.

3. But these summary and comprehensive means will by no means answer in every instance, and here I beg seriously to remind my wealthy readers of one invariable rule, applicable to all cases which come backed by a respectable recommendation. Your applicant on such occasions always intends, that having proved the authenticity of his statements by the well-known hand-writing and seal of the Rev. Mr. White, or Mr. Deputy Black, he shall immediately receive your bounty, and "go on his way rejoicing." At such times *reverse* carefully Rules 1st and 2nd. Treat him, on the contrary, with dignified politeness, and kindly say that you will not fail to see the Deputy or the Reverend, perhaps that very day, or at the very farthest within the next fortnight, at the expiration of which time he may call again. Remember, it must be your invariable practice on such occasions of recommendation, to consult *vivâ voce* with the referee, and that you make it an absolute principle not to act without this. You will find this rule especially applicable to stories of *urgent* distress during a severe winter, such as extreme illness, total want of food and fuel, distrait by a harsh landlord, &c. &c.; because the case will in all probability have been disposed of in another way before you could possibly find time to hunt out the Deputy or the Reverend, and you will never be troubled with it any more.

4. It is a good rule generally, that in all instances where extreme illness, extreme old age, broken bones, or blindness are not pleaded, you should absolutely negative the proposition for *pecuniary* relief, and this on the grand principle that *employment* and not charity is the proper *desideratum*. You must insist upon your own personal right to afford assistance after your own manner, and if employment can be got, of course money will follow, though not perhaps out of your private stores. This is a very sound and excellent rule, and, like rule 3rd will stave off divers cases, which in all likelihood will never trouble you a second time. Before you can possibly discover fitting employment, the applicants will have ceased to require it.

5. One of the best general rules is, to state broadly and resolutely, that you never interfere in *particular* and *isolated cases*, your charity being destined and devoted solely to multitudes, or to the funds of societies, who deal with multitudes. Having in this way disposed of all your available means, you recommend the applicant to try his luck at some of those benevolent institutions, where he has your free

permission to use your name as a passport. This *ought* to satisfy him; and if he obtains a copy of the pamphlet containing the printed records of the society, and finds there that you are a subscriber for no less than three guineas *per annum*, he certainly cannot afterwards dare to doubt of your generosity.

6. I must not forget to notice one class of applicants, who are frequently considered as of all the most unmanageable, though luckily not the most numerous; these are not paupers in the usual sense of the words, but impoverished acquaintances and *friends*, who having "outrun the constable," become so lost to all sense of proper shame and decency, that they crave a loan forsooth, as if it were not quite clear without any logical demonstration that the said loan would be squandered in three days or three weeks, when your affectionate friend would of course come back for a larger sum. But there *ought* not to be much trouble with such people. In all probability, you have discovered already that they no longer deserve your confidence and friendship. There has been for a long while a *je ne sais quoi* about their demeanour and appearance, which indicated a screw loose somehow or somewhere. Instead of being pleasant companions as heretofore, they have grown queer, captious, and stupid. If so, there is no good reason why they should not be placed immediately with the common herd of bores, and treated accordingly. 'Tis quite natural, this! How can you be expected to recognise your once gay *convive*, if he comes before you like a mendicant? He babbles forsooth about a loan, but if he had any security to offer, would he not go at once to a banker or a money-lending attorney, instead of molesting a friend? The humbug is palpable. 'Tis only from kindness and compassion that you don't proceed against him for intentions to defraud. But 'tis true, this summary method won't do with a very intimate friend. In that case far the best plan is to answer" as follows:—"Old fellow, if I had not the sincerest regard and affection for you, I would of course do this thing at once. But under our mutual circumstances, 'tis quite out of the question. For, don't you see, 'tis all vastly well to discuss money matters with lawyers, bankers, merchants and such like, but among friends, 'tis quite another thing. I could not offer you five hundred as a *cadeau*, for you would look upon this as an affront. I certainly could not lend you the money, because to keep up the proper forms, I must then take your bond, and, like Shylock, ask for payment at a certain date, which would be intolerable to my feelings. Don't you see then, that the sincerity of my friendship and affection absolutely forbids my interference in this matter? Now, there is one trifling favour, old fellow, which you are too kind to refuse me; it is merely that the present subject may never again be named betwixt us! By the way, do you ride or drive this morning?"

There are divers other rules adapted to various cases, which, accompanied by anecdotes and examples, would of course make a long chapter, but I have said more already than I had intended for the present.

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE "STUMPED."

ONE of the prominent topics of the month has been the opening of the "National Anti-Corn Law Bazaar," at Covent Garden Theatre. The object of this display is to further the "adoption of Free-trade principles," and especially to assist in the repeal of that which the Anti-Corn Law League designates as the "Food Monopoly." How the turning of Covent Garden Theatre into a show-room for the sale of miscellaneous articles (not magazine articles), is to assist the League in convincing the public of the soundness of its free-trade doctrines, it may be difficult to discover, although it may serve as an excellent advertisement of itself; but one good effect, at any rate, has been the result of this Theatrical Movement; it has excited the members of another society, of very different principles, to enter into public controversy with the League on the general subject of Free Trade; and as from the conflict of individual opinions it may always be anticipated that some new lights will be struck out advantageous to the community at large, it is to be hoped that neither party will allow the question to rest where it is. It is a question which has no reference to party politics; it is one purely scientific and statistical; and the truth of the principles of either party must rest on philosophical inquiry alone.

The Anti-Corn League are the strenuous advocates, as is well known, of "Free Trade;" but what is Free Trade? They must mean by "Free Trade" one of two things: either that trade in all the commodities which foreign nations can produce, or manufacture, shall be allowed to be carried on entirely unrestrained by fiscal or other restrictions; or that trade shall not be allowed to be carried on without such restrictions as may be deemed expedient in each particular case. If they mean by Free Trade the latter of these two descriptions, then the dispute between them and their opponents is not a dispute of principle, but of exception; and the subject can only be treated in detail with reference to each particular article of foreign produce or manufacture; and in the main point, the Anti-Corn Leaguers and their opponents would be agreed:—but if they mean by Free Trade the former of these two descriptions, which they give the world to understand they do, then by Free Trade they mean freedom in trade in its entirety—as a pure principle, unaffected by any consideration of expediency. But it is clear that the advocates of this pure principle, when questioned as to its truth, cannot be allowed to depart from it at their pleasure, and make arbitrary exceptions to their own rule. If their pure principle is good for one sort of trade, it is good for all; if it is not good for all, then, as we said before, the question becomes one of detail and of circumstance; and

when the "pure principle" is broken into, it is no longer a question of principle at all, but a question of expediency, to be decided according to the merits of each particular case. The Anti-Corn Leaguers, however, ostensibly stick to their "pure principle," and repudiate all considerations of expediency in respect to particular classes or employments which the operation of their principle might affect. But it has been doubted whether these advocates of Free Trade really understand, or really believe, the doctrines which they put forward for the acceptance of the public; and in order to bring that point to the test, the "Society for the Emancipation of Industry" has, "in the most delicate way in the world," taken the liberty to put a few questions on the subject, which are contained in the following correspondence:—

No. 1.

"Office of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry,
15. Exeter Hall, Feb. 18. 1845.

"Sir,—Perceiving an inconsistency between the principles on which the Anti-Corn Law League is founded (viz., those of perfectly free trade in all commodities), and the public and parliamentary votes of some of the principal members of the League, with reference to one particular commodity, 'gold,' the committee of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry request to be favoured with answers to the following questions, viz.:—

"First, Is the Anti-Corn Law League prepared to admit that the commodity 'gold' ought to be subjected to the law of supply and demand, and all the consequences of that law, as well as cotton, iron, or any other commodity?

"Second, If so, is the League prepared to maintain, that when the Legislature select GOLD as the *money* of the country, it should, as COIN, be exempt from that law of supply and demand to which it is so admitted the *merchantable metal* ought to be subject?

"I am requested by the committee of the Society to ask the favour of an early reply to this communication, and

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) "ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, Chairman.

"To the Chairman of the Anti-Corn Law League."

Now, it would naturally be supposed that the directing members of the Anti-Corn League, who profess to rest the merit of their principles on argument and free discussion, would have had no hesitation in replying to a question so shortly, clearly, and temperately put, as that contained in the letter of Mr. Spottiswoode; but, to the extreme astonishment of the members of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry, a letter was received from the League, giving the go-by to the question, in the following droll reply:—

No. 2.

"National Anti-Corn Law League, 67. Fleet-street,
London, February 28. 1845.

"Sir, — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 18th inst., and I am directed to refer you for a solution of the questions you have proposed to the acknowledged authorities on political economy, as the council are not desirous to enter into controversy on such points.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A. L. SAUL.

"Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., Chairman, &c." . . .

After the merriment to which this comical communication had given rise had subsided, a doubt arose whether the League had really received the letter to which it was intended as an answer; for in respect to the amiable disinclination of the League "to enter into controversy" on such points, the broad fact is staring the public in the face, that the Anti-Corn Law League was founded on controversy, is carried on by controversy, and can expect to succeed, as they themselves pronounce, only by controversy. Why they should shrink from controversy, therefore, on one of the points of most importance at issue between them and those whose opinions are opposed to them, surpassed the imagination of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry to conceive. This was the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out, with a vengeance! The Society, therefore, in order to afford to the League the opportunity of correcting the little mistake into which, it might be, haste or inadvertence had led them, and taking a hint from the practice of those itinerant drivers of cattle who are sometimes compelled to goad a lazy or obstinate bullock by the application of a nail at the end of a pole, — determined to poke up the Leaguer by a challenge which, it was conjectured, if they had in them a spark of courage, or an atom of faith in the doctrines which they professed to believe, could not fail to stimulate them to a defence of their position. The challenge is contained in the following letter:—

No. 3.

"CHALLENGE TO THE ANTI-CORN LEAGUE, BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE
EMANCIPATION OF INDUSTRY.

"Office of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry,
15. Exeter Hall, March 3. 1845.

"Gentlemen,—I am requested by the committee of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry to acknowledge the receipt of the reply of the council of the Anti-Corn Law League, through Mr. A. L. Saul, to the communication made to them on the 18th of last month.

"As the council of the League and their lecturers have placed themselves prominently forward as public instructors, and interpreters

of the effects of free trade on prices and the wages of labour, the committee of the Society, as part of that public, felt themselves justified with all courtesy in asking a reply to the questions propounded in their former communication. Anxious to investigate the truth, and not being aware who are the writers whom the council consider to be the acknowledged authorities on political economy, the committee request to be informed.

"The council of the League must at the same time be aware, that the fundamental principles of any society can never be identified in the miscellaneous writings of other parties, and that unless the council are prepared explicitly to avow and explain their own opinions, they will never be able to maintain that position in public estimation to which they have aspired.

"The committee of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry, with a view to the establishment of correct opinions on the subject in question, propose to give publicity to this correspondence; and, in order that the council of the Anti-Corn Law League may fully understand the object of their former questions, they beg to add one more:—

"3. If gold, the measure of value, be excluded from the law of supply and demand, and its price be fixed, as it now is, does it not inevitably follow that all prices, whether of commodities or of labour, must be regulated thereby; and is it not to the fact of gold being fixed at the low price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, the price it bore before taxation was so largely imposed, that the present low and unremunerating prices for commodities and labour in this highly-taxed country are to be attributed?

"The committee deem the prosperity and happiness of the labouring classes of the United Kingdom and its dependencies, especially Scotland and Ireland, at the present moment, to be so much involved in the issue, that they offer to appoint three gentlemen to meet Messrs. Cobden, Villiers, and Bright, on behalf of the council, to discuss any point of difference that may arise. They propose that it shall be competent for each party to introduce twelve other gentlemen to be present at the discussion, and that reporters, mutually agreed on, and at joint expense, shall be employed, with the understanding that an authorised report of the proceedings shall forthwith be published.

"I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

"Your very obedient servant,

(Signed)

"ALEX. WILSON, Hon. Sec.

"To the Chairman and Council of the
Anti-Corn Law League."

These inquiries, however, being of that inconvenient class of questions more easily asked than answered, the League, like Lord Grizzle in the play, maintained a dignified silence! But the Society, being in earnest, was not content with this evident inability on the part of the League to defend its own doctrines, and, as a refresher, the following note was forwarded:—

* No. 4.

"Office of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry,
No. 15. Exeter Hall, March 28. 1845.

"Gentlemen — On the 3d instant I had the honour of addressing you on behalf of the committee of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry, requesting the favour of replies to certain questions the committee are desirous of publicly raising, and the solution of which they consider to be most intimately connected with the future welfare of the industrious classes of this country, whether manufacturing or agricultural. Not having heard from you, I request the favour of a reply as early as possible, and

"I remain, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,
(Signed) "ALEX. WILSON, Hon. Sec.

"To the Chairman and Council of the
Anti-Corn Law League."

The Anti-Corn Law League, however, remains dumb! While it had all its own way, with no sturdy antagonist to question it, it was ranting and roaring enough; but now that it has met with its match, it is as mute as a stock-fish. And at present the matter stands thus: — *This vapouring blustering Anti-Corn Law League, which affects to stand on the doctrine of Free Trade, breaks down at the first attack on its pretensions. It shrinks at the first test of the truth of its principle. It dares not to practise the free trade which it teaches, even in ARGUMENT!*

We cannot better conclude this brief notice of one of the topics of the month, than by quoting the comments of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry on the pusillanimous shrinking from the fair stand-up fight of public discussion of these would-be instructors and reformers of the British nation.

"As the council of the Anti-Corn Law League have shown themselves either unable or unwilling to justify a principle to which they are publicly pledged, the committee of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry, after waiting more than a month without receiving the requisite communication, has determined, with your permission, to give publicity to the correspondence through the medium of your paper.

"In taking this step, the committee of the Society are making another attempt to point out the true and only means of alleviating the distress acknowledged on all hands to prevail among the labouring classes, and to expose the fallacious character of the system of currency now existing in England — a system which, in its extension, as proposed, to Scotland and Ireland, modified even as it is by the abandonment of an important feature, will but aggravate the misery of the industrious population, and accelerate the ruin which, as a consequence, the monetary bill of 1819, and its 'complement' of 1844, impends over the whole British empire.

"ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, Chairman.

"Office of the Society for the Emancipation of Industry,
No. 15. Exeter Hall, May 10. 1845."

A REMINISCENCE.

It was towards the close of a fine autumn day that I entered (some twenty years since) the park-gates of Hawthorn manor, on a visit to its owner, Sir David Moncrieffe. I had passed the last well-trimmed clump of trees that garnished the sweep to the house, and had reached the solemn-looking portico, before I could actually make up my mind to resign a very execrable humour in which I had been indulging for the greater part of my route. I had been, to say the truth, ruthlessly seduced from my most comfortable quarters in Wales, for the purpose of paying a long-promised, but little-coveted visit. Sir David, although an unexceptionable host, still, as a companion, (or rather its representative,) was a very unspeakable bore. Like many others of his station and disposition, he reposed in complete fancied security upon the heirloom dignities of his ancestors; fully convinced that, together with their revenues and estates, they had bequeathed to him the additional lustre acquired by their virtues and their talents. Cold, formal, and of a very bordered intellect, the mortal enemy of a jest, which he was in the habit of stigmatising as the effervescence of a low-bred mind, from the simple circumstance of his inability to comprehend it, he was likely to attract more ill-natured criticism than he would have otherwise done, from his position in society, which laid him more open to notice and remark. Lady Moncrieffe it would puzzle me to describe, were it not for the thousand and one veritable copies to be discerned in every ball-room in the parish of St. James! Forty decidedly, but most certainly neither fair nor fat, she united, in her own attenuated person, the respective and collective attributes of a faithful wife, an anxious but not too affectionate mother, a "charming" acquaintance, and an impossible friend. Their daughter I had every reason to believe a very worthy personage—not pretty, but with a fine figure, and an acknowledged classical head and arm; she paid the very natural penalty due from the child of such parents, by being, mentally and morally, their type and image. Cold-hearted and proud, but neither so dull as Sir David, nor so precise as her mamma, she would pass muster as a fine-looking girl, and a third-rate partner for a Polka or Cellarius.

These, and many other similarly unfortunate circumstances, I revolved in my mind as I was dressing for dinner; and, to say the truth, they did not materially conduce to my mental tranquillisation. Whether the house was full or empty, I was ignorant. I fancied to have heard Sir David speak of other children; but, whether they existed in the shape of four red-haired, ill-shaped boys, and five blue-eyed, red-armed girls, or the converse, was a mystery. On entering the drawing-room, I was welcomed *ex ami de famille*, and was presented, with some form, to a younger Miss Moncrieffe, whom I had not met in London, and whom I consequently imagined to be of tender years, and proportionate attributes. One thing, however,

I was forced to concede, and¹ that before I had even heard her voice, —namely, that she was, in the least hacknied sense of the word, a very beautiful girl. She appeared about seventeen; although, from a certain grave and thoughtful expression of countenance, she might have been pronounced to be a few years older. She was somewhat below the middle size, and exquisitely formed. A profusion of black hair, braided in two wide bands, shaded a brow, smooth and polished as some marble counterfeit. Her eyes were of the same colour, large, liquid, and expressive; still I fancied I could discover a pained and restless motion in them at times, which lent a peculiar and ill-defined expression to her countenance. Her nose and mouth were delicately formed, and in the latter might be recognised the index of a firm and resolute determination of purpose. Her figure was quite in keeping with so fair a face; being full, supple, and graceful in all its movements, and set off to great advantage in that most beautiful of dresses, plain white, devoid of the slightest ornament. I paid some well-merited compliments to Lady Moncrieffe, and expressed my hope that the world would not be denied much longer the privilege of assisting at so fair a debut. The subject did not, however, appear pleasing to her ladyship; who forthwith commenced a severe cross-examination of me, relative to town, and its now scanty inmates. I had not been near London for the last six weeks; still, to admit the fact, would be to destroy all hopes of establishing a successful conversation with so determined a gossip as Lady Moncrieffe. I continued, therefore, to invent all kinds of sayings and doings supposed to be perpetrated by whoever might or might not be in town, until dinner was announced. Oh! the social horrors of that stately banquet of four! I will simply say, that both my hosts were vastly civil and attentive; Miss Diana Moncrieffe most wearisome; and Miss Blanche Moncrieffe (for that was the name of the younger sister) a very silent but not inattentive spectator of all that passed. There are few things which have not an end; and, an hour afterwards, I re-entered the drawing-room. Miss Blanche Moncrieffe was seated at the piano, and was producing a succession of sad and measured chords, which appeared quite in keeping with her apparently melancholy and singular disposition. A common-place topic of conversation was not wanting; and we were soon deep in the discussion of the relative merits of Mazarka, Cellarius, and Polka. She had never been in town, she said, and therefore gave a very humble opinion upon such important subjects. Nay, if the truth must be told, she drew her judgment chiefly from the descriptions of her sister, and the periodical budget of music from Willis's. I soon discovered that, if she could not dance, she could play with singular beauty and effect.

"Are you grave or gay?" she asked, with a smile; "like you a sad song, or a sprightly bolero?"

I pressed to hear her sing. If I had previously admired her playing, I was scarcely prepared to hear such a beautiful flow of song as now broke from her lips. Hers was that quiet and unpretending art, which owes its charm rather to taste than execution. As she pro-

ceeded, her eyes turned towards the ceiling, and a tear just trembling on their lashes, I could not help associating her, in all her proud beauty, with the fair one whose griefs she was so melodiously reciting. The evening, now paling into twilight, lent a mournful character to the occasion, and she had ceased some seconds, before I could find words to thank Miss Moncrieffe for the rich treat she had afforded me. I apologised for being so lost in my delicious reverie as to be guilty of such ingratitude.

"Thank you," she said, "you have paid me the richest compliment I could covet—that of silent approbation. When men crowd round the piano, with their many expressions of enthusiastic delight, I am ill-natured enough to regret having wearied myself in the service of so many professing ingrates. I have known those who are ignorant of what even the word *music* means, exhaust a world of pretty praise upon a song, howbeit exclusive panegyrists of a dinner or a horse. The critic who is the highest in his admiration, I am generally inclined to fancy the lowest in the gamut of musical discrimination."

As she spoke, she burst into a lively Spanish air, the words of which I could just imagine to be of a somewhat coquettish tendency, as Miss Moncrieffe would occasionally allow her dark eyes to flash upon me for a moment, but withdrew them as instantaneously. I expressed my regret at my inability to appreciate the full beauty of her song, from my ignorance of the language, but added my belief that the words must be of a very seductive nature, judging from the partial translation discernible in her features. "To-morrow," she replied, "you shall have the English; I now and then dabble in pen and ink, as well as in oils, water-colours, and worsteds; and, if you are on good behaviour, you shall have access to my studio; but beware of the enchantments of the presiding spirit," she added, laughing, as she rose to make the tea. I am sadly afraid that I must have appeared, to less unsuspecting eyes than those of Blanche, to stand at that moment, in tolerable need of the advice; and I turned away, to fasten a common-place conversation upon the fair Diana, who was perpetrating some odious *crochet* work or other in one of the windows.

I was reading the advertisement sheet of the "Times" the next morning in the conservatory, after breakfast, and speculating as to whether Miss Blanche Moncrieffe was likely to remain in her room until luncheon-time, when the subject of my thoughts stood before me. "I am come to redeem my promise," she said; "I am bound in honour to assist in the amusement of my father's guests; besides, I am curious to see whether you have any legitimate claims to the title of a kindred spirit. At present, I know nothing more of you than that you can sit upon your chair at dinner, use your knife and fork like a gentleman, and not appear too attentive to what is placed before you. How successfully you can enact the part of a carpet-knight, remains to be proved. Will you come and see the lion's den?" "I wish," I replied, as I rose to follow her, "that Miss Moncrieffe could exercise a small portion of her enchantments upon herself:

I can assure her that *I* find it very difficult to forget the charm produced upon me by her singing." "Oh! yes, I recollect you praised my piano, and said you were fond of music. But it was more than half dark, and I firmly believe that you were asleep the greater part of the time. But here we are at my sanctum —," and she threw open the door of a room leading out of the conservatory, where we had been standing.

There is more of a mesmeric connection (call it what you will) between the mind of a man and the objects by which he chooses himself to be surrounded, than most people are inclined to fancy. A man is known, says the proverb, by his companions; and nothing in life can be more true; but I would rather, if I were anxious to arrive at any one's character, take an observant walk through his room in his absence, and I think I can venture to predict that I would, in less than five minutes, undertake to describe the *nature* of its occupant. If I had not then been aware of the many graces of mind and disposition with which I *felt* Blanche Moncrieffe to be endowed, the arrangement of that little sitting-room would have lain open her character to me at the earliest view. The first thing I became aware of, on entering, was the presence of the choicest and most fragrant flowers. A stand of geraniums and heliotropes was just visible through the half-closed windows, opening to the ground. A harp stood in one corner of the room, and a piano in another, whilst a third was occupied by an easel and its attendant apparatus. The walls were covered by a profusion of pictures, the greater part from the hands of the oldest masters, and relieved here and there by the paler colours of a modern copy of no inferior merit. The table was loaded with books, of all shapes and sizes, and from the hasty glance I was enabled to take, of all languages also. Half-covered by a piece of music, I perceived an unfinished manuscript, which, in my vanity, I took for granted to be the promised translation of the Spanish song. An exquisite little spaniel was basking in the sun before one window, and a canary bird was perched upon a work-frame in the other. I will leave to upholsterers and French novelists to describe the pattern of the carpet, curtains, and paper, the make of the chairs and tables, and other minute details, which I assure the reader did full justice to the taste and beauty of Miss Moncrieffe. When I had completed my survey, I turned my eyes upon the fair mistress of these assembled luxuries, and felt that so lovely a tenant did indeed complete the picture. With all the exuberant enthusiasm of romance, I mentally determined that the narrow limits of that little room would indeed enclose a precious world. Byron has expressed (perhaps in choicer terms) a similar idea with regard to the sea; but I question very much whether mine would not, of the two, prove the more "desirable tenement." Blanche had thrown herself back in a most inviting-looking arm-chair, her head slightly bent, her hand caressing the dewy nose of her favourite, and her tiny feet crossed upon a footstool, the velvet softness of which scarcely marked their impress. "What think you of my den?" she asked at length; "have I lured you with false promises, or do you find it as snug as I would have you to

fancy it?" I replied by putting into the best English I could find the ideas I have described above, and added, that I feared my curiosity would be but little allayed by a first visit. She would be sorry, she said, that I should be tempted to draw a hasty conclusion of her character, which, in truth, she doubted to be sufficiently distinguished to strike at first glance. "I generally pass my day here," she continued; "my sister and myself are so little of the same way of thinking and feeling, our tastes, customs, and avocations are so very dissimilar, that we seldom meet but at the dinner-hour: indeed, our estrangement is often a subject of deep regret to me, although I feel that no part of the fault is to be imputed to myself." I hinted at the advantage, under these circumstances, of possessing so affectionate a mother, not that I laid great stress upon the maternal susceptibilities of Lady Moncrieffe, but because I was anxious to discover if she felt her lady-mamma's cold demeanour, which I had noticed more than once the previous evening. Blanche, however, took no further notice of my remark than by looking very grave, whilst I fancied I could trace the formation of a tear in either eye. "And now," she said, "I have the best of all possible reasons for being left alone with Bijou and Fidèle — a letter to write; so farewell, and, after what I have said, do not feel in the least degree flattered if I ask you to renew your visit."

I took Blanche at her word; and many were the mornings spent together in that pleasant little room, in conversations upon grave subjects (for Miss Moncrieffe was not always disposed to be gay), in readings selected principally from Shakspeare and Wordsworth—her favourite authors—or in disquisitions upon ideal subjects, light as the air from whence they sprang, and into which, when discussed, they resolved,—but betraying, on the part of Blanche, at every turn, the graces of a polished mind, and of a strong natural taste for the generous and refined. And often, as I read the while she worked or painted, have I detected, from her flushed cheek, her moistened eye, and swelling bosom, how deeply her sensibility was awakened, and how she gave herself up to the fullest sympathy in the interest created by the ideal fictions of the brain. At times would she appear unusually excited, nay, far more so than the occasion or subject would seem to warrant. Now would she drop her needle or her pencil, and gaze for minutes, with averted face, on vacancy—now, beg of me to close the book, and invite discussion upon some passage which had struck her as I read.

And *I!*—as, day by day, I discovered the fountain of some fresh spring of goodness and beauty of mind,—as each moment initiated me into some new trait of noble character,—and, as the more I gazed upon so fair a picture, the more, in all its lights and shades, I felt its charm—what *could* I feel? I could not, if I would, dissemble how admiration, friendship, love,—each by turn, and blended into one, were rousing a passion within me, which no reason might hope to quell. Accordingly, in all the delirium of the most gilded of day dreams, I drew long draughts from the ecstatic chalice, and never thought, how, waking, I might dash it from my lips for ever!

I was glad to perceive, that no suspicion of my attachment was discernible in the remainder of the family. Blanche was very young; — as they said, almost a child. For myself, I should not then, as now, have heard my age discussed with composure. I was, to say the truth, nearly approaching that sear and yellow leaf portion of life, which men and women (the latter emphatically) call mature age. I believe I had once been tolerably good-looking; I *know* that I was a Welch baronet with twelve thousand a year; and, if the mind of Blanche was, in the least degree, likely to be attracted by such baubles, I might not have been without hope on that score. Still there is to mothers a certain degree of security attaching to persons of my peculiar age; and it was to this feeling that I ascribed the perfect indifference with which Lady Moncrieffe saw the very intimate footing upon which I had established myself with her youngest daughter.

I had entered Blanche's sitting-room one morning rather earlier than my wont, and found it untenanted by its fair mistress. I was about to retire, when, glancing round the room, a half-finished sketch caught my eye. It was that of a man in the prime of life; and, for one moment, I felt disposed to quarrel with the delicate touches of Blanche's pencil, which I had so often and so justly admired. As, however, I continued to gaze upon the picture, my delight may readily be imagined, when, in the hitherto hateful features, I recognised my own portrait. With all the impetuosity, and some little of the coxcombry of my nature, I hurried at once to a conclusion. I was beloved. I had not then hoped in vain; and that pure and generous bosom reciprocated the feelings I had so long sought to restrain, but which now burst forth with fresh and uncontrollable ardour at this delicate and innocent manifestation of affection. The anxious aspirations of weeks I saw before me realised in the delirious ecstasy of the moment; and, as I mused upon the varied events of my troubled life, I felt an inward thrill of healing consolation in the thought that one so pure and fair had deemed me not unworthy of her love.

A light footstep approached, and Blanche stood before me. Upon seeing the picture in my hand, she became deadly pale. She was greatly and visibly agitated. "Nay," said she, "it is scarcely fair to trespass in my absence. You should be aware that, of all the aversions of artists, a premature criticism of their performances is the greatest. Return me that picture, Sir Charles," she added, as the slightest shadow in the world passed over her brow. She was evidently piqued at the discovery of the sketch; and, womanlike, thought to veil the affair by a little subterfuge. "I had not intended you to see the portrait, until it was finished," she continued; "I have been working very hard to get it ready before — before you left. You have been talking of running away for the last week; and you recollect that I promised you a specimen of my art." This was true in substance; but I smiled to myself, as I reflected that the miniature was more likely to remain in some secret receptacle of Blanche's boudoir, than to travel back with me to Wales. "I must

plead guilty," I said, "to a slight indiscretion in thus so uncere- moniously invading your dominions. I should have respected your absence, believe me, but that my eye fell upon this, and my vanity was not proof against the temptation. If Miss Moncrieffe will allow me, I will attempt to expiate my crime by giving an actual sitting, which I can finish reading the play we commenced yesterday." She assented, and prepared in silence the operations of the palette. She appeared ill at ease; and I remarked that her hand trembled, and that her bosom heaved with an emotion that was fast overcoming her usually calm self-possession. For myself, I was scarcely more composed. I had arrived at the crisis of my fate. I was determined to seek an explanation, and was revolving in my own mind the most eligible mode of opening the subject. I took up the book, and sat down opposite to Blanche. Never, I suppose did two people come into contact, with the vowed ostensible object of social intercourse, who presented a more pre-occupied, and (I speak for myself) eminently foolish appearance. As for Blanche, she appeared to be painting more from memory than sight, so studiously did she avoid my eye; whilst I, on the contrary, perpetually found my attention wandering from the pages before me to my fair artist, whose look, however (and then but for a moment), I only once succeeded in meeting. I tried to read. The words struck in my throat. Lines were skipped; sentences transposed; and, to an unbiassed and unromantic auditor, Shakspeare would have seemed to have written incomparable nonsense. I closed the book; and, in one short moment, had poured out a hurried but passionate exposition of all the varied hopes and fears that had so long been master of me. As I proceeded, poor Blanche's face was bent more closely over her task; her hand still feigned to be occupied in its work, but I could see that she was tracing idle figures upon the paper that supported it. I was by her side, had made prisoner of that little hand, and gently removed the brush. Her eyes were raised to mine, timidly at first, and not without a tear; her rosy lips just parted to articulate that low and hesitating "*yes*," which I saw rather than heard, and ratified by a burning kiss.

In the very midst of the delirious enjoyment of that moment, I can even now well recollect having experienced a feeling I could ill define—a sort of gnawing, palpitating doubt—unwelcome as an unbidden guest, and which I strove in vain to master or dispel. "You will not go away, dear Charles," said Blanche at length, as she suffered my arm to encircle her tendril waist; "promise me that you will not leave me: surely you need not be travelling back so soon to that dreadful Wales." "That dreadful Wales is likely to prove your future home, my dearest love," I replied, as I kissed away the tear forming in her eye; "listen,—I will obtain Sir David's consent this very day; run away to-morrow, just to settle some troublesome law business; and, before the week be out, return to the side of my Blanche." It was then agreed that I should see Sir David, and ask the hand of Blanche; and, full of joy and hope, we parted.

It had ever been with a feeling of—I had almost said fear—that

I entered that dark and gloomy library. On the present occasion, however, it was with an unusual degree of nervous excitement that I knocked at the door, and soon found myself tête-à-tête with Sir David. A presage of coming evil, growing ever more and more ominous, and present to the imagination, weighed upon my mind. And yet what had I to fear? Had I not just parted with Blanche? Was not my kiss yet warm upon her brow? Did not her last words still ring in my ear? Away, then, with such idle fancies. Man is ever apt to be over-anxious; most frequently, too, in the hour of victory and success. In five minutes I had laid before Sir David a clear and faithful picture of my hopes, our hopes, and had asked the hand of his youngest daughter. He looked surprised, violently so, nay, — for a dull and impassive man, almost overcome. Still I was in some sort prepared for a similar demonstration, as I know he had long been building upon the hope of my allying myself with his cherished first-born, the more experienced Diana. At length he spoke, and in his most measured and formal tones. "Sir Charles Sinclair, your position in society demands an explicit answer from me to the question you have just put to me. I am fully sensible of the honour you have intended my family in making this offer, and I flatter myself that the benefit conferred by a similar match would have been mutual. I have no doubt that Miss Blanche Moncrieffe would appreciate, — you say she does appreciate — the feelings which prompt you; but it is, at the same time, my duty to tell you that there are very decided obstacles to your union." I started, and was about to interrupt him; but he made a motion with his hand to prevent my speaking. "In what I am now about to communicate," he proceeded, "Sir Charles Sinclair will, I trust, consider the feelings which must sway me, and respect them accordingly. Nothing but an actual necessity would ever induce me to reveal what must, in some degree, compromise my family; and I have no doubt, but that, as a man of honour, you will duly respect my confidence. It is now some years since Miss Blanche Moncrieffe has been subject to what we at first imagined to be a temporary depression of spirits, but which, subsequently, proved to be an entire radical mental derangement. Not that she is actually mad — God forbid that I should say so — but, although her behaviour is, for the most part, as you have seen, most calm and collected, nay, not open to the least suspicion, still (her grandmother, Lady Honoria, was precisely the same) her life, of whatever duration it may be, is likely to prove nothing else than a constant succession of doubt and anxiety. At least, so say the medical men; and I conclude them to be the best informed upon the subject."

I had listened in utter silence to this cold and heartless harangue; and, by the time that Sir David had concluded, I could not bring myself to utter a word, so thoroughly crushed and overwhelmed did I feel. Let them who can, picture to themselves what I suffered. If that hard old man had shown me his daughter dead before me, I could have borne that, rather than to hear of Blanche, the young, the fair, the talented, thus early enclosed in so hideous and living a tomb. I could not weep — I could not think — my brain was racked by the

sense of what had just fallen upon my ear—words never to be recalled—words of such fearful import. I pictured to myself Blanche as I had known her, from the earliest days of our acquaintance to the present, when that acquaintance, with all its train of hallowed remembrances, chastened joys, and cherished feelings, must cease at once and for ever. Again I drew an awful vision of the future, to which the recital I had just heard lent the most gloomy colours, and the most fearful materials. I was roused from my reverie by the cold voice of Sir David, inquiring if I had any further commands for him, as he had several letters of importance to write. I bowed in silence, and rushed from the room into the park. How long I wandered there I cannot tell; but it was dusk when I re-entered the house,—that house where I had known so much of happiness, henceforth to be so sad a blank! I could recognise *her* window; nay, I fancied that I could distinguish the waving of a handkerchief from the casement. Was it a mocking welcome, or should I accept it as the last farewell of my poor Blanche? I had arrived (not without a pang) at the resolution of not again seeing her. The interview would be too painful. What, indeed, could I say? At one time I thought that I would write to her; but I had held the pen some time before I discovered that the subject was equally unapproachable on paper. One thing was certain—I must leave the house, and that immediately. I could not meet Blanche again, gaze on those loved and well-known features, and shut my eyes to the consciousness of that festering sore that rankled deep beneath. I sat down, accordingly, and penned a hasty epistle to my host, pleading sudden and urgent business as an excuse for my departure, and entreating him to offer my best apologies to the ladies. If those few cold and matter-of-fact lines ever met Blanche's eye, what *could* she have thought of me? Without a word, without a look, to leave her, after I had so newly vowed her eternal affection, seemed only to require that well-turned note, to complete the hypocrisy and heartlessness of my conduct. Still, that I acted from the best and most considerate motives, and with the firm conviction that I was sparing us both much bitter anguish, my conscience, startled howbeit by an unfading regret, must be my witness.

Next week found me re-established in town, striving,—how futilely—to forget the past, and (I would hope with more success) to live not the less wisely for it. Few knew me; I was an altered man. In one short week, the snows of years had gathered on my head, the gripe of age bowed my back, and grief drawn rude lines across my brow. And Blanche! had *she* a heart? One day the following paragraph in the newspaper arrested my eye:—“Suddenly, at Hawthorn Manor, Blanche, youngest daughter of Sir David and Lady Moncrieffe.”

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Smuggler; a Tale. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of "Darnley," "De L'Orme," "Richelieu," &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill, 1845.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was invited to an interview with George the Third, his Majesty was pleased to pay a kindly compliment to the literary Leviathan. On his Majesty expressing a wish that the great moralist would favour the world with more of his writings, Johnson replied that he thought he had written enough;—"So should I think," said the King, "if you had not written so well." Mr. James stands in the same relation to the public on this point, that Dr. Johnson did to the King. For our own parts, we are inclined to adopt the profound remark of the late Jack Reeve, and say, "It's all very well to tell us that Mr. James has written another work in three volumes, but how does he do it?" Certainly it may be said, that the easy and colloquial style which Mr. James has adopted, gives him facilities which can be appreciated only by few; but still, the fecundity of invention, and the force of imagination, which Mr. James has for so many years exhibited in works so voluminous, is sufficiently remarkable.

We are almost inclined to think that Mr. James has been in some degree prompted to write the present work in order to prove that novelists need not search among foreign nations for incidents of romance, inasmuch as our own soil contains abundance of legends which may be manufactured into tales of interest; but we find in the dedication, which is appropriately addressed to the Recorder of London, as the terror of evil-doers in these more modern times, that the present story is a true one; but we will quote the author's own words:—

"I believe I have given a correct picture of the state of society in this good county of Kent, as it existed some eighty or ninety years ago; and, in regard to the events, if you or any of my readers should be inclined to exclaim—'This incident is not probable!' I have an answer ready, quite satisfactory to myself, whatever it may be to others; namely, that 'the improbable incident' is true. All the more wild, stirring, and what may be called romantic parts of the tale, are not alone founded upon fact, but are facts; and the narrative owes me nothing more than a gown owes to a sempstress—namely, the mere sewing of it together with a very common-place needle and thread. In short, a few characters thrown in for relief, a little love, a good deal of landscape, and a few tiresome reflections, are all that I have added to a simple relation of transactions well known to many in this part of the country, as having actually happened a generation or two ago."

We must treat the story, therefore, as a record of veritable events, related in the peculiar style of the author; which, although sometimes lengthy from the minuteness of his descriptions, is always pleasing. *The Smuggler* is not, as the reader might be disposed to imagine, a

dashing, roaring, corsair-like son of the sea; but a cold, calculating, sneering inhabitant of the shore, who has amassed a large fortune by the agency and daring, of subordinate law-breakers. The point of the story turns more on a false accusation artfully fabricated by this Mephistophelian dealer in contraband goods, than on the hazardous adventures of smuggling transactions; and there is of course, as is proper, a damsel reduced to the very extremity of danger, which ends — as the author has described in his tale. The father of the heroine of the novel is involved, by an unfortunate accident, in the proceedings of the Smuggler, and much of the interest of the work turns on his conflicts between duty and self-preservation. The following may give the reader a glimpse of the matter, at the same time that it will afford him some useful information on the subject of smuggling:—

“ ‘Will Sir Robert consent?’ asked Harding, in a doubtful tone. ‘He would never have anything to do with these matters himself, and was always devilish hard upon us. I remember he sent my father to gaol ten years ago, when I was a youngster.’

“ ‘He must consent,’ replied Radford sternly. ‘He dare as soon refuse me as cut off his right hand. I tell you, Harding, I have got him in a vice; and one turn of the lever will make him cry for mercy when I like. But no more of him. I shall use his barn as if it were my own; and it is in the middle of the wood, you know, so that it’s out of sight. But even if it were not for that, we’ve got many another place. Thank Heaven, there are no want of hides in this county!’

“ ‘Ay, but the worst of dry goods, and things of that kind,’ rejoined the smuggler, ‘is, that they spoil with a little wet, so that one can’t sink them in a cut or canal till they are wanted, as one can do with tubs.’ ”

The following is a description of the mode of conducting magisterial investigations in the county of Kent, “eighty or ninety years ago:”—

“ ‘Who is the next prisoner, Mr. Mowle?’ demanded Sir Robert Croyland, as soon as he had resumed his seat.

“ ‘Mr. Richard Radford, I suppose, sir,’ said Mowle; ‘but these two men are not disposed of.’

“ ‘Well, then,’ said Mr. Jollivet, who was very well inclined to commence a career of lenity, ‘as no proof has been given that this is the second offence, I think we must send them both for a month. This seems to me the utmost we can do.’

“ ‘The other magistrates concurred in this decision; and the prisoners were ordered to be removed; but ere they went, the one against whom the officers had most seriously pressed their charge, turned round towards the bench, exclaiming, in a gay tone, ‘Thank you, Squire Jollyboat. Your worship shall have a chest of tea for this, before I’m out a fortnight.’

“ ‘A roar of laughter ran round the magistrates—for such matters were as indecently carried on in those days, on almost all occasions, as they sometimes are now; and in a moment or two after, young Radford was brought in, with a dark scowl upon his brow.

“ ‘How is this, Dick?’ cried his father. ‘Have you been dabbling in a run, and suffered yourself to be caught?’

“ ‘Let these vagabonds make their accusation, and bring their witnesses,’ replied the young man sullenly, ‘and then I’ll speak for myself.’ ”

The custom-house officer (Mowle) states the facts; one of the magistrates, “Mr. Radford, however,” the father of the accused party—

"Only laughed, turning to his son, and asking, 'Well, Dick! what have you to say to all this?'

"Richard Radford, however, merely tossed up his head, and threw back his shoulders, without reply, till Sir Robert Croyland addressed him, saying, 'I hope, Mr. Radford, you can clear yourself of this charge, for you ought to know that armed resistance to the King's officers is a transportable offence.'

" 'I will speak to the magistrates,' replied young Radford, 'when I can speak freely, without all these people about me. As to the goods they mention, marked with my name, I know nothing about them.'

" 'Do you wish to speak with the magistrates alone?' demanded old Mr. Radford.

" 'I must strongly object to any such proceeding,' exclaimed Mowle.

" 'Pray, Sir, meddle with what concerns you,' said old Radford, turning upon him fiercely, 'and do not pretend to dictate here. You gentlemen are greatly inclined to forget your place. I think that the room had better be cleared of all but the prisoner, Sir Robert.'

"The baronet bowed his head. Squire Jollivet concurred in the same opinion; and, though one or two of the others hesitated, they were ultimately overruled, and the room was cleared of all persons but the magistrates and the culprit.

"Scarcely was this done, when, with a bold free air, and contemptuous smile, young Radford advanced to the side of the table, and laid his left hand firmly upon it; then, looking round from one to another, he said, 'I will ask you a question, worshipful gentlemen. Is there any one of you, here present, who has never, at any time, had anything to do with a smuggling affair? Can you swear it upon your oaths? Can you, sir? Can you? Can you?'

"The magistrates to whom he addressed himself looked marvellously rueful, and replied not; and at last, turning to his father, he said, 'Can you, sir? though I, methinks, need hardly ask the question.'

" 'No, by Jove, Dick, I can't!' replied his father, laughing. 'I wish to Heaven you wouldn't put such awful interrogatories; for I believe, for that matter, we are all in the same boat.'

" 'Then I refuse,' said young Radford, 'to be judged by you. Settle the matter as you like. — Get out of the scrape as you can; but don't venture to convict a man, when you are more guilty than he is himself. If you do, I may tell a few tales that may not be satisfactory to any of you.'

A love scene: —

"Zara looked up in his face with a glad smile, as if his words took some terror from her heart; and as soon as he was in the room he let go her hand, and turned the key in such a manner in the door, that the key-hole could not serve the purpose of a perspective-glass, even if it might that of an ear-trumpet.

" 'Forgive me, dear Zara,' he said, 'if I take care to secure our defences; otherwise, as your good aunt is perfectly certain that I am about to fall on my knees, and make my declaration, she might be seized with the desire to witness the scene, not at all aware that it has been performed already. But not to say more,' he continued, 'on a subject on which you have kindly and frankly set a lover's heart at rest, let me only tell you that your father has fully sanctioned my suit, which I know, after what you have said, will not be painful to you to hear.'

" 'I was sure he would,' answered Zara; 'not that he entered into any of my aunt's castles in the air, or that he devised my schemes, Digby; but, doubtless, he wishes to see a fortuneless girl well married, and would have been content with a lover for her, who might not have suited herself quite so well. You see I deal frankly with you, Digby, still; and will do so both now and hereafter, if you do not check me.'

" 'Never, never will I?' answered Sir Edward Digby; 'it was so you first commanded my esteem, even before my love; and so you will always keep it.'

" 'Before your love?' said Zara, in an unwontedly serious tone; 'your love is very young yet, Digby; and sometimes I can hardly believe all this to be real. —

Will it last? or will it vanish away like a dream, and leave me waking, alone and sorrowful?'

" 'And yours for me, Zara,' asked her lover; but then he added, quickly, 'no, I will not put an unfair question: and every question is unfair that is already answered in one's own heart. Yours will, I trust, remain firm for me — so mine, I know, will for you, because we have seen each other under circumstances which have called forth the feelings, and displayed fully all the inmost thoughts, which year of ordinary intercourse might not develope. But now, dear Zara, let us speak of our demeanour to each other. It will, perhaps, give us greater advantage if you treat me — perhaps as a favoured, but not yet as an accepted lover. I will appear willingly as your humble slave and follower, if you will, now and then, let me know in private that I am something dearer; and by keeping up the character with me, which has gained you your uncle's commendation, as a fair coquette, you may, perhaps, reconcile Mrs. Barbara to many things, which her notions of propriety might interfere with, if they were done as between the betrothed.' "

" 'I fear I shall manage it but badly, Digby,' she answered. 'It was very easy to play the coquette before, when no deeper feelings were engaged,—when I cared for no one,—when all were indifferent to me. It might be natural to me, then; but "I do not think I could play the coquette with the man I loved. At all events I should act the part but badly, and should fancy he was always laughing at me in his heart, and triumphing over poor Zarr Croyland, when he knew right well that he had the strings of the puppet in his hand. However, I will do my best, if you wish it: and I do believe, from knowing more of this house than you do, that your plan is a good one. The airs I have given myself, and the freedom I have taken, have been of service both to myself and Edith — to her in many ways, and to myself in keeping from me all serious addresses from men I could not love. — Yours is the first proposal I have ever had, Digby; so do not let what my uncle has said make you believe that you have conquered a queen of hearts, who has set all others at defiance.' "

The scene between Edith and her father, who urges her to save his life by sacrificing herself in marriage, is powerfully given, but we have room only for a portion of it.

" 'I have delayed long, Edith,' continued Sir Robert Croyland, after a pause, 'to press you upon a subject in regard to which it is now absolutely necessary you should come to a decision; — too long, indeed; but I have been actuated by a regard for your feelings, and you owe me something for my forbearance. There can now, however, be no further delay. You will easily understand, that I mean your marriage with Richard Radford.' "

" 'Edith raised her eyes to her father's face, and, after a strong effort, replied, 'My decision, my dear father, has, as you know, been long made. I cannot, and I will not marry him — nothing on earth shall ever induce me!'

" 'Do not say that, Edith,' answered Sir Robert Croyland, with a bitter smile; 'for I could utter words, which, if I know you rightly, would make you glad and eager to give him your hand, even though you broke your heart in so doing. But before I speak those things which will plant a wound in your bosom for life that nothing can heal or assuage, I will try every other means. I request you — I intreat you — I command you to marry him! By every duty that you owe me — by all the affection that a child ought to feel for a father, I beseech you to do so, if you would save me from destruction and despair!'

" 'I cannot! I cannot!' said Edith, clasping her hands. 'Oh! why should you drive me to such painful disobedience? In the first place, can I promise to love a man that I hate, to honour and obey one whom I despise, and whose commands can never be for good? But still more, my father, — you must hear me out, for you force me to speak — you force me to tear open old wounds, to go back to times long past, and to recur to things bitter to you and to me. I cannot marry him, as I told you once before; for I hold myself to be the wife of another.'

" 'Folly and nonsense!' cried Sir Robert Croyland, angrily, 'you are neither

his wife, nor he your husband. What! the wife of a man who has never sought you for years — who has cast you off, abandoned you, made no inquiry for you? — The marriage was a farce. * You read a ceremony which you had no right to read, you took vows which you had no power to take. The law of the land pronounces all such engagements mere pieces of empty foolery!

“‘But the law of God,’ replied Edith, ‘tells us to keep vows that we have once made. To those vows I called God to witness with a true and sincere heart; and with the same heart, and the same feelings, I will keep them! I did wrong, my father — I know I did wrong — and Henry did wrong too; but ~~by whom~~ we have done we must abide; and I dare not, I cannot be the wife of another.’”

“‘But, I tell you, you shall!’ exclaimed her father, vehemently. ‘I will compel you to be so; I will over-rule this obstinate folly, and make you obedient, whether you choose it or not.’”

“‘Nay, nay — not so!’ cried Edith. ‘You could not do, you would not attempt so cruel a thing!’”

“‘I will, so help me heaven!’ exclaimed Sir Robert Croyland.

“‘Then, thank Heaven,’ answered his daughter, in a low but solemn voice, ‘it is impossible! In this country, there is no clergyman who would perform the ceremony contrary to my expressed dissent. If I break the vows that I have taken, it must be my own voluntary act; for there is not any force that can compel me so to do; and I call Heaven to witness, that, even if you were to drag me to the altar, I would say, No, to the last!’”

After her father has revealed to her the secret by which the smuggler commands his life, which is threatened unless Edith consents to marry the smuggler’s son, the conference thus concludes: —

“The fate of Sir Robert Croyland and his daughter hung in the balance. One harsh command, one unkind word, with justice and truth on her side, and feebleness and wrong on his, might have armed her to resist; but the old man’s heart was melted. The struggle that he witnessed in his child was, for a moment — remark, only for a moment — more terrible than that within his own breast. There was something in the innocence and truth, something in the higher attributes of the passions called into action in her breast, something in the ennobling nature of the conflicting feeling, of her heart — the filial tenderness, the adherence to her engagements, the abhorrence of the bad, the love of the good, the truth, the honour, and the piety, all striving one with the other, that for a time made the mean passion of fear seem small and insignificant. ‘I do not ask you, my child,’ he said — ‘I do not urge you — I ask, I urge you no more! The worst bitterness is past. I have told my own child the tale of my sorrows, my folly, my weakness, and my danger. I have inflicted the worst upon you, Edith, and on myself; and I leave it to your own heart to decide. After your generous, your noble offer, to sacrifice your property and leave yourself nothing, for my sake, it were cruel — it were, indeed, base, to urge you farther. To avoid this dreadful disclosure, to shelter you and myself from such horrible details, I have often been stern, and harsh, and menacing. — Forgive me, Edith, but it is past! You now know what is on the die; and it is your own hand casts it. Your father’s life, the honour of your family, the high name we have ever borne — these are to be lost and won. But I urge it not — I ask it not. You only must and can decide.’”

“Edith, who had risen, stood before him, pale as ashes, with her hands clasped so tight that the blood retreated from her fingers where they pressed against each other, leaving them as white as those of the dead — her eyes fixed, straining, but sightless, upon the ground. All that she saw, all that she knew, all that she felt, was the dreadful alternative of fates before her. It was more than her frame could bear — it was more than almost any human heart could endure. To condemn a father to death, to bring the everlasting regret into her heart, to wander, as if accursed, over the earth, with a parent’s blood crying out for vengeance! It was a terrible thought indeed. Then again, she remembered the vows that she had taken, the impossibility of performing those that were asked of her, the sacrifice of the

innocent to the guilty, the perjury that she must commit, the dark and dreadful future before her, the self-reproach that stood on either hand to follow her through life! She felt as if her heart was bursting; and the next moment, all the blood seemed to fly from it, and leave it cold and motionless. She strove to speak — her voice was choked; but then, again, she made an effort; and a few words broke forth, convulsively — ‘To save you, my father, I would do anything,’ she cried. ‘I will do anything — but —’

“She could not finish; her sight failed her; her heart seemed crushed; her head swam; the colour left her lips; and she fell prone at her father’s feet, without one effort to save herself.”

We have room for only one extract more,—the fight with the smugglers:—

“A fire of wood was speedily lighted by some of the men in the church-yard; others applied themselves, with what moulds could be procured, to the casting of ball; others, again, woke the still slumbering inhabitants of the cottages and houses round, and warned the women to remove to the neighbouring farms, and the men to come and join their friends at the rendezvous; and a few of the best instructed proceeded to arrange their plan of defence, barricading the gates of the cemetery, and blocking up a stile, which at that time led from the right-hand wall, with an old grave-stone, against which they piled up a heap of earth.

“The vestry, in which the prisoners had been confined — after having been brought from Mr. Broughton’s at too late an hour to convey them to gaol — was luckily protected by strong iron bars over the windows, and a heavy plated door between it and the church; and the old tower of the building afforded a strong point in the position of the villagers, which they flattered themselves could not easily be forced.

“‘How many men do you think they can muster, Harding?’ asked Farmer Harris, when their first rude preparations were nearly complete.

“‘I can but guess,’ answered the smuggler; ‘perhaps two hundred. They had more than that in the Marsh, of whom I hear some fifty were taken or killed; but a good many were not there, who may, and will be, here to-day — old Ramley, for one, I should think.’

“‘Then we had better get into the church when they come,’ replied the farmer; ‘they cannot force us there till the soldiers come.’

“‘Did you send for them?’ asked Harding.

“‘Oh, yes,’ answered the farmer, half-an-hour ago. I sent the young boy, who would be of no good here, on the pony; and I told him to let Sir Robert know as he passed; for I thought the soldiers might not meddle if they had not a magistrate with them.’

“‘Very well,’ replied Harding, and set himself to work away again.

“Six o’clock was now past; seven approached, and went by; the hand of the dial moved half-way on to eight, and yet nothing indicated the approach of the smugglers. In a few minutes after, however, the sound of horses’ feet galloping was heard; and a young man, who had been placed in the belfry to look out, shouted down to those below, ‘Only two!’ and the next moment a horseman in military half-dress, with a servant behind him, rode up at speed to the principal entrance of the churchyard.

“‘I am come to help you, my men,’ cried Sir Edward Digby, springing to the ground, and giving his rein to his servant — ‘Will you let us into your redoubt? The dragoons will soon be over; I sent your messenger on.’

“‘Perhaps, sir, you may have your trouble for your pains, after all,’ answered young Harris, opening the gate, to let Digby and his horses in; ‘the fellows have not shown themselves, and very likely won’t come.’

“‘Oh, yes, they will,’ said the young baronet, advancing amongst them, and looking round on every side; ‘I saw a long line of men on horseback moving over the hill as I came. Put the horses under cover of that shed, Somers. You should cut down those thick bushes near the wall. They will conceal their movements. — Have you any axes?’

" 'Here is one,' cried a young man, and immediately he set to work, hewing down the shrubs and bushes to which Digby pointed.

" In the meantime, the young officer ran over the groups with his eye, calculating their numbers, and at length he said: 'You had better confine yourselves to defending the church — you are not enough to meet them out here. I counted a hundred and fifty, and there may be more. Station your best marksmen at the windows and on the roof of the tower, and put a few stout resolute fellows to guard the door in case these scoundrels get nearer than we wish them. As we all act upon our own responsibility, however, we had better be cautious, and abstain from offensive measures, till they are absolutely necessary for the defence of ourselves and the security of the prisoners. Besides, if they are kept at bay for some time, the dragoons will take them in flank, and a good number may be captured.'

" 'We can deal with them ourselves,' said the voice of Harding, in a stern tone. He had been standing by, listening, in grave silence, with a gun in his hand, which he had borrowed at farmer Harris's; and now, as soon as he had spoken, he turned away, walked into the church, and climbed to the roof of the tower. There, after examining the priming of the piece, he seated himself coolly upon the little parapet, and looked out over the country. The moment after, his voice was heard, calling from above — 'They are coming up, Harris? — Tell the officer.'

Sir Edward Digby had, in the mean time, advanced to the gates, to insure that they were securely fastened; but he heard what Harding said, and turning his head, exclaimed — 'Go into the church; and garnish the windows with marksmen, as I said! I will be with you in a moment. — Here, Somers, help me here for a moment. They will soon pull this down;' and he proceeded calmly to fasten the barricade more strongly. Before he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, men on horseback were seen gathering thick in the road, and on the little open space in front; but he went on without pausing to look at them, till a loud voice exclaimed — 'What are you about there? — Do you intend to give the men up, or not?'

" Sir Edward Digby then raised his head, and replied: 'Certainly not! — Oh, Mr. Richard Radford — you will have the goodness to remark that, if you advance one step towards these gates, or attempt to pass that wall, you will be fired on from the church.'

" While he was speaking, he took a step back, and then walked slowly towards the building, making his servant go first; but half-way thither he paused, and turning towards the ruffians congregated at a little distance from the wall, he added aloud, addressing Richard Radford — 'You had better tell your gang what I say, my good friend, for they will find we will keep our word.'

" As he spoke, some one from the mass fired a pistol at him; but the ball did not take effect, and Digby raised his hand, waving to those in the church not to fire, and at the same time hurrying his pace a little till he had passed the door and ordered it to be shut.

" 'They have now fair warning,' he said to one of the young Harris's, who was on guard at the door: 'but I will go up above and call to you when I think anything is necessary to be done. — Remember, my good fellows, that some order must be kept; and as you cannot all be at the windows, let those who must stand back load while the rest fire.'

" Thus saying, he mounted to the top of the tower with a quick step, and found Harding and five others on the roof. The horsemen in front of the church were all gathered together at a little distance, and seemed in eager consultation; and amongst them the figures of young Radford and the two Ramleys, father and son, were conspicuous from the vehement gestures that they made — now pointing to the top of the tower, now to the wall of the churchyard.

" 'I think we could bring a good many down as they stand now,' said young William Harris, moving his gun towards his shoulder, as if the inclination to fire were almost irresistible.

" 'Stay — stay! not yet,' replied Sir Edward Digby; 'let it be clearly in our own defence. Besides, you must remember these are but fowling-pieces. At that distance, few shots would tell.'

" 'One shall tell, at least, before this day is over,' said Harding, who had re-

mained seated, hardly looking at the party without. 'Something tells me, I shall have vengeance this day.'

" 'Hallo ! they are going to begin !' cried another man ; and the same moment, the gang of miscreants spread out, and while some advanced on horseback towards the wall, at least fifty, who were armed with guns, dismounted and aimed deliberately at the tower and the windows.

" 'Down with your heads behind the parapet !' cried Digby, though he did not follow the caution himself ; 'no use of exposing your lives needlessly. Down — down, Harding !'

" But Harding sat where he was, saying, bitterly, 'They'll not hit me. — I know it — they've done worse already.' As he spoke, a single gun was fired, and then a volley, from the two sides of the churchyard wall. One of the balls whizzed close by Sir Edward Digby's head, and another struck the parapet near Harding ; but neither were touched, and the stout seaman did not move a muscle.

" 'Now up, and give it them back !' exclaimed Digby ; and, speaking down the trap that led to the stairs, he called to those below, 'Fire now, and pick them off. — Steadily — steadily !' he continued, addressing his companions on the roof, who were becoming somewhat too much excited. 'Make every shot tell, if you can — a good aim — a good aim !'

" 'Here goes for one !' cried William Harris, aiming at Jim Ramley, and hitting him in the thigh ; and instantly, from the roof and the windows of the church, blazed forth a sharp fire of musketry, which apparently was not without severe effect ; for the men who had dismounted were thrown into great confusion, and the horsemen who were advancing recoiled, with several of their horses plunging violently.

" The only one on the roof who did not fire was Harding, and he remained with his gun resting on the parapet beside him, gazing, with a stern, dark brow, upon the scene.

" 'There are three down,' cried one of the men, 'and a lot of horses !'

" But Richard Radford was seen gesticulating vehemently ; and at length, taking off his hat, he waved it in the air, shouting, so loud that his words reached those above, 'I will show you the way, then ; let every brave man follow me !' And as he spoke he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, galloped on, and pushed his beast at the low wall of the churchyard.

" The animal, a powerful hunter, which had been sent to him by his father the day before, rose to the leap as if with pride. But just then, Harding raised his gun, aimed steadily, and pulled the trigger. The smoke for a moment obscured Digby's view ; but the instant after he saw Richard Radford falling headlong from the saddle, and his shoulder striking the wall as the horse cleared it. The body then fell over, bent up, with the head leaning against the tombstone and the legs upon an adjoining grave.

" 'There ! — that's done !' said Harding ; and laying down the gun again, he betook himself quietly to his seat upon the parapet once more.

" 'The dragoons ! the dragoons !' cried a young man from the other side of the tower. But ere he spoke the gang of villains were already in retreat, several galloping away, and the rest wavering.

" 'Loading as fast as they could, the stout yeomanry in the church continued firing from the windows and from the roof, accelerating the movements of their assailants, who seemed only to pause for the purpose of carrying off their wounded companions. Sir Edward Digby, however, ran round to the opposite side of the tower, and clearly seeing the advance of some cavalry from the side of Cranbrook — though the trees prevented him from ascertaining their numbers — he bade the rest follow, and ran down into the body of the church.

" 'Now out, and after them !' he exclaimed ; 'we may make some prisoners !' But as soon as the large wooden doors were thrown back and the peasantry were seen pouring forth, old Ramley, who was amongst the last that lingered, turned his horse and galloped away, his companions following as fast as they could. Four men were found on the outside of the churchyard wall, of whom two were living ; but Sir Edward Digby advanced with several others to the spot where Richard Radford was lying. He did not appear to have moved at all since he fell ; and on

raising his head, which had fallen forward on his chest as he lay propped up by the grave-stone, a dark red spot, in the centre of the forehead, from which a small quantity of blood had flowed down over his eyes and cheeks, told how fatally true the shot had gone to the mark.

"When he had gazed on him for a moment, Digby turned round again, to look for Harding; but the man who had slain him, did not approach the corpse of Richard Radford; and Digby perceived him standing near a low shed, which at that time encumbered the churchyard of Goudhurst, and under which the young baronet's horses had been placed. Thither the strong hunter, which Radford had been riding, had trotted as soon as his master fell; and Harding had caught it by the bridle, and was gazing at it with a thoughtful look.

"The last time Sir Edward Digby had seen him, before that morning, he was in high happiness by the side of poor Kate Clare; and when the young officer looked at him as he stood there, with a sort of dull despair in his whole aspect, he could not but feel strong and painful sympathy with him, in his deep grief.

" 'Mr. Harding,' he said, approaching him, 'the unhappy man is quite dead.' "

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales. By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, Author of "A Summer among the Bocages and Vines," "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," "Bearn and the Pyrenees," &c. &c. With Illustrations by Thomas and Edward Gilks, from original sketches by D. H. McKewen. London: Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1845.

THE thanks of the public are due to the author, the artist, and the engraver, whose talents and skill have been united to bring out this beautiful publication. Its object, as described in the prospectus, "is to present to the Traveller, and the lover of the Picturesque, in a portable form, a graphic and correct portraiture of this beautiful and historically important portion of Great Britain: to give to every site its legends and poetical associations, revive the recollections attached to it, and to do for the region of the Harp and the Bard, what has been done for its brother-land of Brittany: to beguile the fatigues of travel, and to supply information on the spot, without the necessity of extensive research, and also to amuse the leisure of those who may desire to become acquainted with the most alluring scenes of Nature without seeking for them abroad." In aid of this plan there are seventy illustrations, being views "of all those romantic spots which attract the admiration of the tourist." The engravings and lithographs, but especially the latter, are admirable specimens of the art, and are sufficient to establish the reputation of Thomas and Edward Gilks, from whose hands they have proceeded; we wish we could transfer some of them to these pages, particularly Llyn Ogwen, Snowdon and Capel Curig, and Llyn y Dinas, as we are sure their own merits would speak more advantageously in their favour than any praise that we can give them. We have room only for one extract relating to the legend of St. Winefred.

"Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., erected the graceful chapel whose fretted roof is the boast of Holywell, but one had existed long before her time; for the miracle of St. Winefred happened, according to the monks of Basingwerk, to whom the world is indebted for the legend, early in the seventh century, and is thus told:

"Winefred, a beautiful and devout virgin, lived in the reign of an imaginary king, and was of noble birth, and the niece of a man whose sanctity had already made him conspicuous, and who was known as the good Beuno. A prince of the country, whose name was Caradoc, saw the fair damsel, and loved her; but his passion was not as pure as her goodness ought to have inspired. Even then there was a chapel at the foot of the hill, where, while Beuno was at the altar praying with certain of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town, amongst whom were the parents of Winefred, to the astonishment of all, a head rolled and bounded into the sacred enclosure, and stopped at the altar. Beuno stooped to raise up the head, and observed that where it had rested, instead of the pool of blood which was there but an instant before, a stream of crystal water had sprung up. His amazement was increased when he found that the beautiful features and long golden hair of the head he gazed upon were those of his beloved niece. He hastened from the spot, and mounting the hill, discovered her mutilated body lying prostrate, and the cruel prince Caradoc flying with a drawn sword in his hand. The truth became clear to him at once. Winefred had fled from the importunities of the prince, who, pursuing, had wreaked his vengeance on her by cutting off her head. The saint, for such Beuno afterwards became, immediately with devout prayers joined the severed head to the body, when, to the awe and delight of all beholders, the virgin arose, as if from sleep, uninjured and lovely as ever, nor was there a trace left of the accident but a slight white mark, like a thread, round her throat. Benno cursed the caitiff prince, 'who melted away as wax melts before the fire.' Winefred lived fifteen years after this event; she founded a monastery at Gwytherin in Denbighshire, of which she became the abbess, and died there.

"Before the event of her decapitation, it seems the valley was particularly dry, so much so as to bear the name of *Sychnant**, from that circumstance; therefore it was most fortunate that the head of the pursued damsel should have rolled where it did. Not only did the spring attest the miracle, but the very moss and stones around have properties that enforce the belief. The moss emits an odoriferous smell in testimony of the saint's purity, and the stones at the bottom are stained with her blood, and keep their tint to this day. It is true that some naturalists, who had not the same motive for keeping the world in ignorance as the monks of Basingwerk had, have proclaimed that the moss is only a sweet-scented plant called *Juncgermannia asplenoides*, and that the crimson stains on the stones are produced by a vegetable named *Byssus jolithus*, by no means uncommon, thus characterised by Linnaeus:—'The Byssus easily betrays itself by giving the stones, to which it adheres, an appearance of being smeared with blood. If rubbed, the plant yields a smell like violets.'

"Fortunately, all the botanical and other students, of the days of St. Winefred, were monks, who knew well how to keep their own counsel, and turn their knowledge to their own advantage.

"The Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Shrewsbury, was honoured with the keeping of the bones of St. Winefred, which, in the reign of Stephen, were removed from Gwytherin, where they had hitherto rested.

"The monks at Shrewsbury were very unhappy at having few or no sacred relics, such as brought wealth to other religious establishments; and, consequently, they cast about in their minds how they could repair this deficiency. It happened that a monk of their fraternity was seized with mental derangement; the brethren addressed prayers to Heaven for his recovery, and begged the assistance of neighbouring monasteries, among the rest that of Chester. In compliance with this request, the monks of Chester abbey made a procession in their church, and as they lay prostrate before the altar, singing the seven psalms, one of them, Ralph the sub-prior, 'a man of a very simple mind,' fell asleep and saw in a vision a beautiful virgin, who told him to go to the fountain of St. Winefreda and celebrate mass in her church, when the sick brother would be restored to health. The sub-prior, not liking to disclose his vision, kept the secret forty days; but the brother continuing ill, he at length got the better of his ill-timed timidity, and named what had happened to him in sleep. After this, mass was said at the fountain, and the monk

* *Sych*, i. e. *dry*, and *nant*, a *hollow*, a *brook*.

recovered. It now occurred to the brothers of Shrewsbury, that the bones of this blessed virgin would be a treasure, which, if they possessed, would render their abbey famous over the world. A series of visions of 'grave matrons,' and 'splendid youths with English countenances,' continued to encourage the idea of applying at Gwytherin for the desired relics, which were 'for a consideration' procured, in spite of the opposition of one 'man of Belial,' who tried, says the legend, to prevent their being moved: gold, however, or another miracle, silenced him, and the negotiating monks repaired to the spot where St. Winefred's body was said to repose. The cemetery was held in great reverence, and never entered without previous prayer: 'Any animal,' says the prior who related these facts, 'that grazes in it, immediately drops down dead; and about two years ago, a man endeavouring to cut off a small branch of the holy oak which grows there, that he might tie his shoes, (which after that country fashion were made of raw hide,) with some of the inner bark, had soon cause to repent of his boldness. His axe stuck so fast in the tree, that no one could move it; his arm became stiff and immovably fastened to the handle; nor could he obtain relief from his misery, till his parents and friends, by tears and prayers at the tomb of St. Winefred, released him.

"No sooner were the monks of Shrewsbury possessed of the holy bones, than miracles began to be performed by them — at every hostel where they reposed the sick were cured; and on the road the lame and blind were restored merely by the virtue of her passing by. The elements combined to show her honour, and the clouds big with rain which threatened to descend in a deluge, paused above the heads of those who formed the procession which bore the relics to St. Peter and St. Paul at Shrewsbury, and did not burst till all the ceremony was over.

"After all this, it is mortifying to find that the blessed St. Winefred never existed at all, nor was more than an Undine, a thought, a name, a fairy of a fountain! for Gwenwrewy, as she is called in Welsh, signifies *the white hill water*, or the *white gushing stream**, meaning the overflowing well, which Nature formed without a miracle."

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By CORNELIUS WEBBE, Author of "Posthumous Papers of a Person lately about Town," "The Man about Town," &c. Second Series. Sherwood and Bowyer, 137. Strand. 1845.

THIS is a book full of kindly feeling, gentle thoughts, and benevolent suggestions. Throughout the whole volume the author aims at assisting the cause of the lowly and the humble, and ameliorating the condition of the poor. As a specimen of his style, we extract the following. The speakers are endeavouring to describe a "dry" book:—

"B. Tragedians, if they read it, leave off their whey faces, and become dry drolls.

"A. It was the author of Liston's melancholy.

"B. And Charles Kemble's taking to comedy.

"A. Sir, I can believe that: I know the virtues as well as the vices of the work too well to doubt it. As another instance: an enemy to unions of all kinds has, for twenty years, prevented the junction of two convenient canals, by obstinately keeping this book in his library, situated midway between the two water-parties.

"B. Oh, that's nothing! A publican, owing to the swampiness of his ground, lost all his skittle-players. A true friend, I should call him, recommended him to try this book: he did yesterday; and to-day he has had re-painted over his door, "An undeniably dry ground for skittles!"

* In Brittany, the fairy of a fountain is called *Gwen-korrig*, or *Korrigwen*.

"A. A man who carried the book about him for a day was afflicted with a dry cough all the days of his life.

"B. The toll-tickets of a turnpike-road in Wales are printed by the same man who reprinted it. The London hackney-coachmen go down there, take a ticket, drive through the gate, return, and are dry for life.

"A. A man, living in a damp house, kept a copy in his bedroom, and waked in the morning in a fever.

"B. A gardener wrapped in a water-melon in a waste sheet; and, on cutting it open, it was as dusty as a dried poppy.

"A. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it instead of slates, and it answers the purpose admirably.

"B. A hatter makes waterproof heavers by pasting an inch of it inside.

"A. A bunch of grapes, bagged in it, in half an hour became raisins.

"B. They dry grasses for winter fodder for cattle, by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

"A. If you put a page of it in a hayrick, it never fires from damp.

"B. A cow, milked by a Welshwoman who had merely said she should like to read it, never yielded a drop of milk afterwards.

"A. Washerwomen recite a passage of it and take down their clothes — dry! They have sold their drying-grounds in consequence.

"B. Innkeepers keep the book in one of their bedrooms, and they want no warming-pans in the rest.

"A. Dry-nurses find it the shortest method of weaning children. Two sentences out of it will make any swaddled young gentleman so thoroughly satisfied, that he will decline taking in his afternoon milk as usual."

Sketches of Life and Character, taken at the Police Court, Bow Street. By GEORGE HOODER, (Reporter to the Morning Herald.) With Illustrations by Kenny Meadows, Leech, Ilne, Hamerton, Enning, and Newman. London: Sherwood and Bowyer, 137. Strand. 1845.

WE cannot do better than state the object of the writer of these sketches, in the following extract from his preface:—

"The object of the writer of this little volume, besides that of affording amusement to his readers, has been to prove that the inquiries which take place before Police Magistrates may be rendered interesting pictures of life. Many persons have been taught to look upon a Police-court as an arena in which all human miseries are exposed — a terror-striking place, in which aught but the wretchedness of life is seldom known, — a gloomy Tartarus, of which it might be said —

" ' All mirth abandon, ye who enter here! "

"True, there are facts disclosed and scenes enacted before the presiding functionaries, which human nature cannot contemplate without sorrow; but these are not of more frequent occurrence than exhibitions of folly and eccentricity, calculated to produce laughter rather than pain or displeasure."

Some of the illustrations are capital. Instead of entering into a critical analysis of the merits of the work, we think it best to let the author speak for himself in the following specimen of, —

"THE 'TWA-DOGS.'

"Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time. — BURNS.

"One fine summer's day, as Justice was on the point of shutting up shop, (at

five, P. M.) an elderly gentleman, named CHARLES RYMER,—whose furrowed cheek indicated that the iron hand of time had dealt him many severe blows,—was placed at the bar upon a charge of stealing a dog.

"The facts of the case were briefly these:—Mr. Daniel Livermead, *alias* Livermore, *alias* Liversiege, an inhabitant of Feathers-court, Drury-lane, was the proprietor of a female dog, which he valued, and his wife lost. Mr. Daniel Livermead was a journeyman carpenter; and about three weeks previous to this investigation, Mrs. Daniel Livermead had the misfortune to lose the dog whilst journeying with her husband's dinner to his place of business. The sagacious animal, finding that the contents of the blue bird's-eye pocket-handkerchief were not intended for her, 'took to her heels;' and she was not seen again until found in the possession of a grey-headed gentleman, whose name was Charles Rymer. This honourable member of the fraternity of dog-dealers was striving to sell the animal for 3*l*.; when a brother of Mr. D. L. very kindly undertook to recommend him and his dog to a customer. Mr. Rymer was delighted beyond measure at such glad tidings; and away he went to the house of the said 'customer,'—who soon made his appearance, in the person of Mr. Daniel Livermead! The dog was immediately claimed; Mrs. D. L. was pleased,—and Mr. Rymer was taken before the magistrate, to answer to the present complaint.

"The loss of the dog was proved by the evidence of Mr. Daniel Livermead, Mr. James Livermead, his brother, and Mrs. L., the spouse of the former; and whilst they were narrating the history of the dog the defendant offered no interruption, but stood, 'like patience,' in a drab coat, 'smiling at *law*.' He held the animal in his arms, and leered at the functionary on the bench, as much as to say, 'It is not in the power of one magistrate to effect a separation.'

"'Now as to the *identity*,' said the magistrate, addressing the complainant; 'have you any witness to prove that the dog, which the defendant now holds in his arms, is your property?'

"'Will your worship let me hinspect the hanimal?' cried a saucy young dog-fancier jumping into the box.

"The dog was 'presented,' as they say at Court; but she was not suffered to lick the hand of the gentleman whose business it was to 'hinspect' her. — 'Just gi' me hold on her, will you?' said the identifier, addressing the defendant. — 'Not if I knows it,' was the cool reply. — 'Taint o' no consequence,' said Nimble (such we understood to be his name,) 'I know that there's the hanimal that was in the 'abit of coming in and out o' my place at meal-time—ain't you, Dido?' A gentle waggung of the tail was Dido's reply.

"Magistrate. — A sensible dog! — (To the complainant) How did you get it, sir?

"Complainant. — How did I get it! — Why I bought her, about *ix* months ago, your worship.

"Magistrate. — Oh! she was as big then, I suppose, as she is now?

"Mr. Nimble. — Well, yer worship, I don't know but what she were. Tho' to speak the naked truth, she's rayther fatter than when Dan'l Livermead had her. But howsomever, I'm sartin sure that's the 'dential dog; and I ought to know, as took out her 'sucking teeth.' So saying, Mr. Nimble was about to survey the interior of Dido's mouth; but the animal growled at him, as if she wished him to understand that, although she had been deprived of her 'suckers,' she still retained her incisors.

"This was the complainant's case.

"'Now the dog' (like immortal *Launce's*) 'all this time shedd not a tear nor speaks a word,' but as the commencement of the defence was the signal for the entrance of 'three or four gentleman-like dogs,' she forthwith broke the peace most unceremoniously, and the defendant had some difficulty in calling her to order.

"A son of Mr. Charles Rymer then stated that the dog in question was his father's lawful property,—that it was given to him about three months ago by a gentleman who was now in court,—and that the animal's mother was outside in the yard.

" 'Indeed !' said his worship ; 'let us see the mother ; perhaps there is a likeness.' "

" The mother of Dido was accordingly ushered into the presence of the magistrate ; and a small hamper was placed on the floor, which, upon being opened, proved to contain a litter of *Didones*, younger than the dog at present in custody. The maternal parent was suffered to run about the court, in order that it might be ascertained whether she would recognise a lost child in the dog which Mr. Rymer still tightly embraced. 'Here ! Fan ! Dido !' cried the owner of Fan and the hamper of pups. Dido made no answer ; but Fan, neglecting her squealing offspring for a time, frisked and jumped about the court, poking her nose into 'all manner of places,' but finding nothing upon the floor more palatable than goose-quills and chloride of lime, she at length lighted upon the lawyers' table. Seizing a brief, which had been accidentally left there, the dog opened it so expeditiously that it was evident she expected to meet with something suitable to her taste !

" Everybody laughed at the simplicity of the disappointed animal ; and the magistrate exclaimed, — ' Ah ! she was never in a police-office before. Here, Fan ! Fan ! A handsome dog, — and what pretty pups ! You will get something for those pups.' "

" The owner assured the magistrate that they were already disposed of. He was then sworn ; and he stated, 'on his word as a gentleman,' that Dido was a veritable chip of the same block as the pups which his worship so much admired ; and that she was born on the 8th July, 1840, at four o'clock in the morning. The dog was a valuable one, belonging to the King Charles breed, and he (the witness) had given it to the defendant.

" The magistrate said that after such evidence he should dismiss the complaint, being of opinion that Dido was the property of the accused.

" The contending parties left the court, vowing vengeance against each other ; and the dogs growled, as if they had a 'bone of contention' between them."

The London Medical Directory, 1845. Containing the Name, Address, Qualification, Official Appointments, Honorary Distinctions, and Literary Productions of every Physician, Surgeon, and General Practitioner resident in London. John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

THIS seems to be a useful little book. Some such book was wanted, and at a rate this is a good beginning to a publication which we do not doubt will gradually reach a point of perfection when it may be quoted as an authority.

The Trapper's Bride: a Tale of the Rocky Mountains. With The Rose of Ouisconsin. Indian Tales. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. London: John Mortimer, Adelaide Street. 1845.

IT was a bold undertaking in Mr. St. John to take up a subject which Cooper seemed to have exhausted ; and it is no slight merit to have produced a tale which, even after the vivid and graphic scenes of the American novelist, is interesting and exciting. The present little book consists of two slight tales, which lead the reader to desire that the author would write more on the same subject, and this is as high praise as he can desire. In order to do justice to him, we present our readers with the following extracts, as specimens of his style and matter. We should premise that the author states in his preface, that

"a residence in the wilds of America, in the backwoods of Texas, and much study, have rendered him familiar with the scenes and habits which he has endeavoured to illustrate."

Free Trade in the Rocky Mountains :—

"The Indian girl is sold, perhaps for a dozen horses, perhaps for one, by those to whom these things are vast increase of worldly possessions."

Native aristocracy of Oregon :—

"Near the gate, seated upon mats, and smoking their long pipes, with a view to digesting the very rough breakfast they had just consumed, were two men in the garb of Indian chiefs. Their mocassins were of the most elegant and received fashion, being profusely ornamented with beads and porcupine-quills; their trousers were of prepared deer-skin, fringed from hip to ankle, while their handsome hunting shirts, of the same material, with sleeves also fringed on the elbow-seam from the wrist to the shoulder, and garnished with figures made of porcupine-quills of various colours, gave them altogether a most dashing and striking appearance. These were the brothers Bent, the monarchs of all they surveyed, and true chiefs within the whole district commanded by the fort."

Substitute for a lucifer match :—

"Placing a small piece of cotton in his rifle with a charge of loose powder, and having collected a handful of dry leaves, he discharged the gun towards the ground. The cotton was thus inflamed, and, being placed in the centre of the leaves, the hunter moved the whole mass backwards and forwards, producing as much quick motion in the wind as possible. A blaze ensued, the leaves were deposited on the ground, and a few chips of wood placed gently over them. Stick by stick, Pierre increased the body of the fire, until a goodly flame rose within the old willow grove, the spruce-boughs and other fuel crackling merrily in that unfrequented spot."

The natives :—

"The Eutaws, Utaws, or Tutaws, a brave race numbering from eight to ten thousand souls, dwell in their native hills, where they raise mules, horses, and sheep, cultivate corn and beans, hunt the beaver, and manufacture woollen blankets with a darning-needle. Though nominally at peace with the Mexicans and Americans, yet do they not hesitate to plunder and lay them under contribution whenever an opportunity occurs, that is, whenever their numbers considerably outvie those of the whites or Spaniards."

The Ojibbeway Indians have made the following picture of extempore dwelling-houses, exempt from rates and taxes, tolerably familiar to many persons in this country :—

"The wigwam was warm and neat. Conical in its shape, and supported by several sturdy poles, outside composed of huge buffalo-hides, within it was wholly lined with the furred skin of various mountain animals. Guns, spears, axes, knives hung from pegs protruding from the cross beam, while in the centre a steaming caldron was suspended over a sparkling fire. The whole was calculated to awake pleasant sensations in the human mind, but chiefly the meal which the lovely Moama was busily preparing. Before Pierre was spread a clean mat, on which two bowls, as many horn spoons, and a couple of knives were laid, while, curling round his head, and, despite every effort to prevent it, creeping within his nostrils, entering his mouth, and awakening the anxiously awaiting ministers of the interior, rose the strong odour of an Indian stew, in which the quantity and variety of the ingredients were not the only attraction."

It is difficult to extract any passage from "The Rose of Ouisconsin" without doing injustice to the author; the tale is short, and will not bear abridgement. We take the following, not as the best passage, but as the one which will best bear to be separated from the story:—

"Every white man had a rifle, every Indian a fusil, while all were abundantly supplied with powder and lead. Entering their several crafts, the whole party pushed out into the lake, the periagua taking the lead. Rapid was now the progress of this little host of hardy spirits, bent on an errand of very questionable character; for though an anxious desire to rescue the fair Tuscarora was a very strong motive in the breast of Harry, still vengeance was very far from asleep. In no case could such a feeling be less blamable than when experienced towards the murderer of a man's parents, yet never could it be wholly excused. However, we are not describing often as they should be, but recording a narrative of American border life in the last century, when the Indians were scarcely considered human creatures, and when to slay and exterminate the red-skins was the glory of most white men; when a little before venerable patriarchs offered rewards for scalps, and when the commissioners of the United Colonies assembled at Boston connived at the murder of Miantonnimoh!

"For some time the progress of the party continued unabated, and then suddenly slackened. The sound of the fall of Sycamore Creek explained the cause to Harry. They were near the enemies' camp. A halt took place, and the whole crowding together, young Folthorpe sternly recapitulated a fact he had formerly impressed upon the Indians and white men. The Sioux were to be taken alive if possible, and no woman or child was to be slain, on pain of death to the wrong-doer. A hurried assent being given, they then divided; Edward Fulton and the Winnebago taking the rear, while Harry and the Tuscaroras landed, and made, under their leader's guidance, way in the direction of his morning post. Walking in Indian file, dead silence was preserved, and the edge of the creek reached without the slightest interruption. They now halted a moment for Harry to reconnoitre.

"The clouds had passed away from the sky, and, though there was yet no moon, still the stars twinkled faintly, and shed a dim light. Harry hesitated but a moment, then, stooping low, motioned for all to follow. Each man obeyed, holding his breath and clutching his ready fire-arms. The young hunter soon reached the tree before mentioned. As he suspected, it was so arranged as to facilitate the crossing of the creek. Creeping along slowly and methodically, and pausing each moment to listen for any sound which should betray the awakening of the Sioux watchdogs, Harry presently reached the opposite side, and with ease descended the notched tree. In a few minutes more the whole party were congregated in the little cove where Mid-day Sun had first been discovered by the white hunter. Still not a sound was heard from the wigwams of their enemies; and Harry began to hope that the capture of Red Hand, and the rescue of the Rose of Ouisconsin, might be effected without bloodshed.

"The Tuscarora chief now took the lead, with Harry at his side, all crawling on the ground upon their knees, and dragging the gnus in their right hand. The surface of the prairie between the wood and the wigwams was soft and velvety, and admitted of progress being made with scarcely any perceptible noise. In this manner the rude stockade of the Sioux village was reached. Still not a sound was heard from within. By crossing the little plain diagonally, one of the entrances of the village had been gained—a considerable advantage, as it enabled the party to avoid the noise which must have been made while creeping round the outer wall. Harry now raised his finger in sign of utter silence, and then alone entered the Sioux camp.

"Rounding the corner of the stockade, still upon his hands and knees, the young hunter found himself at the upper end of a double row of wigwams, terminating in a small open space, where burnt the low embers of a fire near a stout upright post, as Harry supposed it to be. On crept the white hero, hesitating to give the signal for the onslaught, a sickening feeling coming over his soul as he thought how soon that breathless stillness would be changed to whooping yells, cries of death, the shout of victory, and the despairing groans of the vanquished. On therefore he

went, making for the centre fire, and often pausing to listen for the least sound; his eyes for some minutes had been fixed suspiciously on what he had at first taken for a post. He pauses, takes a long breath, clutches his rifle and knife. It is an Indian, his face turned directly towards him, and though, for fear of betraying himself, he dares not raise his head too high, he feels that his hot eyeballs are glaring full upon him. Harry sank slowly upon the ground, in the posture of a log, keeping his eyes fixed upon the red-skin, and striving to still the loud beating of his heart. It was a fearful moment. Harry felt himself discovered, and in the power of the Indian, upon whom the moon just risen was now shining in all her brilliance. Still he stirred not. At length, however, the figure moved, and exhibited his profile to the light, in the act of turning round, and at the same moment the low half-silent laugh of the wild American savage smote upon Harry's ear—next instant, gently, the hunter stood beside the Dancing Bear.

"Hist!" exclaimed Harry, in a whisper; 'shall we call in our men?' The Winnebago, answered, in a voice sweet in its low melancholy, 'Too late; Sioux gone.'

A PRETTY-LOOKING little book, under the title of "*Dawn Island*," has been sent to us in a green cover, and with a gold frontispiece. It looked very much, at first sight, like a book of poetry, and we felt that instinctive alarm which, from long experience in such matters, usually assails us on such occasions. But on examining the gold letters more closely, we made out that it was "a Tale, by H. Martineau." On referring to the title page, we ascertained that it was "written for the National Anti-Corn Law Bazaar." The figure of a black-looking old gentleman, dressed in a plantain leaf, and a young lady of the same colour, with half a ditto, who, we at first supposed, was poetically placed *in nubibus*, but who, on closer examination, we found to be only *in nudis*, led us to suppose that the story was to be a romantic one; but little did we know of the consummate art with which Miss Martineau insinuates her political economy among the millions! The book turned out to be a treatise on Free Trade! written, as the lady informs us, as "her offering" to the Bazaar of the National Anti-Corn Law League.

As Miss Martineau has acquired a notoriety as a political and statistical writer hardly less than her fame as a Mesmerist, it was not without some curiosity that we sat down to peruse the book, thinking that some phenomena, politico-economic or mesmeric might be exhibited, worthy the attention of the curious. We confess that it was with the utmost difficulty that we toiled through the serio-comic tale, short as it is; but, determined to fulfil our task, we waded through all the twaddle with a patient assiduity and a power of endurance worthy of a prize from the Anti-Corn Law League; and at last we arrived—oh! how happily!—at the end; and when we got there, we found ourselves as far advanced, in respect to the object of the work, as we were at the beginning. We are fully ready to admit that Miss Martineau intended this publication to be a most powerful auxiliary to the efforts of the Anti-Corn Law League to bring about that millennium of Free Trade, of which the lady, —albeit that such subjects are not the studies that ladies are usually prone to devote themselves to,—is so determined a champion.

We say that we have no doubt that such was the lady's intention; but a more miserable piece of nonsense, we are bound in truth to say,

it never was our lot to peruse. The whole that Miss Martineau's "Offering" proves,—if it proves any thing more than her incapability to understand what the question is between the advocates and the opponents of Free Trade,—is, that it is advantageous for one country to trade with another for the productions and manufactures which each wants of the other: but who doubts this? The world does not want a treatise from Miss Martineau to prove a truth which all the world acknowledges. But what Miss Martineau has to prove, and which she does not attempt to prove, is, that it is advantageous for this country to employ the population of other countries to do that which our own population can do for themselves; and more than that, she has to show how the population of this heavily taxed country can compete in its productions and manufactures with the population of lightly taxed countries, and afford to sell the produce of their labour at the same low prices as those which exist where large taxation does not greatly enhance the prices of commodities. But this is not a fit opportunity for the discussion of such a subject; besides, we cannot consider it fair to the lady to presume that she has nothing more to say than she has said in this most dull and nonsensical book, as it is evident that the lady has written it in a state of mesmeric coma.

We must consider it therefore as a case of phreno-mesmerism, in which the self-operator has entirely failed to excite the appropriate organs; that, in short, she has mistaken the bump; and instead of developing the cerebral division of "Free Trade," she has exhibited in very great perfection the organ of "twaddle."

MAYNOOTH.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has been laid on the table of the House of Commons respecting Maynooth College, which, as a document emanating from authority, we reprint in an abridged form for the information of the readers of the Magazine.

From this paper it appears, that the sums voted by parliament towards the support of the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth amounted, in 1841, 1842, and 1843, to 8928*l.* for each year; the average number of students having been, in 1841, 427; 1842, 425; and in 1843, 433. The average number of students annually admitted, in 1841, 1842, and 1843, are 86; the average number of students who have annually left the college within the same period, 86; and the average number of the latter who are in holy orders, 66.

The parliamentary vote of 8928*l.* is charged with the maintenance of 250 students. All the other students in the college are maintained

at their own expense, except a few who enjoy the benefit of private or family foundations. When, as it not unfrequently happens, the merits of two candidates, and their claims to a free place in the establishment, appear to their bishop to be nearly equal, he adjudges them an equal portion of one free place, in which case each is required to pay one half of the ordinary pension.

The sum allowed out of the parliamentary vote for the support of the 250 students charged therein, including, with the alimentary maintenance, the general heating, lighting, and repairs of the college, is 23*l.* per annum. The estimate for 1841, 1842, and 1843 (the same for each year), of the charge of the said Roman Catholic college amounted, as already mentioned, to the sum of 8928*l.*, which was voted in a committee of supply by the House of Commons. Of this sum 5750*l.* was appropriated to the subsistence, including commons, coals, candles, furniture, repairs, &c., of 250 students, at 23*l.* each; 425*l.* to commons for 17 masters, at 25*l.* each; 1100*l.* to commons and allowance for 20 scholars in the Dunboyne establishment, at 55*l.* each; 2572*l.* to salaries, including that of the president, at 326*l.*, that of the vice-president, at 150*l.*; that of the senior dean, at 122*l.*; that of the junior dean, at 112*l.*; that of the second junior dean, at 112*l.*; that of the prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, at 142*l.*; that of the bursar, at 122*l.*; those of three professors of theology, at 122*l.* each (366*l.* altogether); that of a professor of the Sacred Scriptures and Hebrew, at 122*l.*; that of a professor of mathematics, at 112*l.*; that of a professor of logic, metaphysics, and ethics, at 112*l.*; that of a professor of rhetoric, at 112*l.*; that of a professor of humanity, at 112*l.*; that of a professor of English elocution and French, at 112*l.*; and that of a professor of the Irish language, at 112*l.*; to the salary of the secretary of the trustees and treasurer, at 73*l.* 10*s.*; the physician, at 52*l.* 10*s.*; and the apothecary, at 200*l.*

The wages altogether amounted to 279*l.*, including those of the cook, at 40*l.*; the butler, at 18*l.* 12*s.*; four servants, at 12*l.* 12*s.* each; 12 servants, at 9*l.* 6*s.* each; and 8 servants, at 7*l.* 6*s.* each. This makes a gross total of 10,126*l.*, from which, however, was deducted the sum of 1,193*l.*, consisting partly of the rent of the Dunboyne estate (454*l.*), and partly of the fees of admission from students (744*l.*).

The number of students actually at the present moment within the walls of Maynooth College amounts to 438, all of whose names are given at length. They are all, generally speaking, young men, varying in age from 18 to 35.

It appears that the annual vacations ordinarily extend from July 1. to August 25. The time actually granted in 1842 and 1843 did not exceed these limits; but in 1844 the vacation was prolonged till the 1st of September, and moreover no student was permitted to remain in the college during that period, although usually all are allowed, and many prefer, to remain during the whole or a portion of the vacation. The cause of this departure from the usual course was, that in consequence of the increased price of provisions, and the con-

sequent inadequacy of the college income to meet the necessary demands upon it, a heavy debt had gradually been accumulated, and was still on the increase. The trustees, after attempting in vain other means of liquidating the debt, or at least preventing its further accumulation, had recourse, amongst other retrenchments, to a prolonged and compulsory vacation, as a means of diminishing the expenditure of the college.

With respect to the expression of public opinion on the Bill now before Parliament, we learn from the 24th Report of the Committee on Petitions, that 8758 petitions against the Bill have been presented to the House of Commons, signed by 1,106,772 persons. It may be observed, that these 1,106,772 persons exceed the aggregate number of electors on the registries of all the counties, cities, and boroughs in Great Britain; and that they represent in numerical force more than 1-18th part of the population of England, Wales, and Scotland. Amongst the petitions recently presented, may be mentioned one from the minister, elders, and deacons of the Free Church at Cardross; one from the vicar and churchwardens of Bishop Wilton, Yorkshire; one from the vicar, churchwardens, and inhabitants of Stockland parish, Bristol; one from the minister of Llanerelymedd and Coedana, and his parishioners of all denominations, in the county of Anglesey and diocese of Bangor; one from the curate, &c. of Ilstington, Devon; one from the rector, churchwardens, and inhabitants of Melmerby, in the county of Cumberland; one from 154 adherents of the Established Church of Scotland, besides several from Welsh Calvinistic Methodists and other respectable Dissenting bodies.

The second reading of the Bill was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 147; the numbers being 323 for, and 176 against the bill.

The third reading was carried on the 21st of May, by a majority of 133; the numbers being 317 for, and 184 against the bill.

After the third reading was carried, the following modifying clause was proposed by Mr. T. Duncombe:—

“And be it enacted, that the powers and provisions of this act shall not continue and be in force longer than the 1st of August, 1848, and thence to the end of the then session of Parliament.”

The numbers were—For the clause 145, against it 243; majority against the clause 98.

The Bill was then passed. The next step is the introduction of the Bill in the House of Lords, where it will have to pass through an ordeal not less trying than in the Commons.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

AT the conclusion of this paper, we have inserted some extracts from the *Literary Gazette*, and from the *Athenæum*, relating to the author whose melancholy decease has given rise to the present tribute of respect and admiration.

We might multiply such instances of laudatory notices *ad infinitum*. But it seems to us that the death and the circumstances of so distinguished a member of the republic of letters, affords a fit opportunity for some serious observations on the general subject of the state of literature in this country, which may be advantageously advanced on the present occasion. But first, we must rescue the memory of Thomas Hood from a slight which has been cast on it by some who have lightly considered, or hastily written, on the character of his literary compositions.

It has been said that Mr. Hood misdirected and wasted his talents by applying them to subjects of a light and frivolous character; that he was a joke-hunter instead of an instructor, more eager to make a pun than to point a moral. In a word, instead of being a didactic teacher, he was merely a facetious writer.

We readily admit that the character of Mr. Hood's writings was fun and laughter, and that, as a writer, he was a most facetious one; but we deny that laughter was his only object. He amused the multitude in order to attract their attention; his aim was to make mankind wiser, better, happier; and he made use of his wit and his humour as vehicles wherewith to convey his wholesome and more lasting lessons of morality. The light laugh passed away, but the solid truth remained. Thus many imbibed lessons of kindness and charity, who would have turned away from the inculcator of principles presented with a serious aspect. In truth, Hood was most serious in his purpose when he was most comic in his manner. He eschewed gravity, as runners in a race throw off the heavy articles of their apparel; and the light clothing of his thoughts enabled them to be wafted into places where precepts in a heavier dress would have failed to penetrate. Nothing better exemplifies this than his "Song of the Shirt."

The hardships inflicted on a large and industrious portion of the community was a flagrant oppression; profound thinkers condemned it; elaborate writers dissected it; enlightened humanity deplored it; but it was not until Hood popularised the exposure of the wrong, that the public, with one voice, expressed its determination to put it down. The comicality of this moral philippic was the secret of its success. It was the bitter-sweet of the composition that tickled the palate of the public; people tasted the intellectual food, and those who had resisted the injunctions of even Holy Writ, were roused to their sensibilities by epigrammatic couplets. This was Hood's excel-

lence ; he knew his public ; he looked straight to his mark ; his object was to produce the effect ; a thousand writers might have chosen a thousand different ways to do it ; he chose the right one ; and the proof of his judgment is the success of his hit ; — he struck the right nail right on the head, and drove it home at a single blow.

Hood was not a voluminous writer ; if his works are to be measured by the foot rule, he will fall short of many ; but it must be borne in mind that epigrams are not bulky ; that their brevity is their merit ; and that two and forty sixpences go to a guinea. — Hood has expressed, in many a pithy sentence, that which, with a little professional dexterity, might be diluted into an essay. But he did not seek to fill volumes, but to fill minds. His endeavour was to pemmicanise ideas, as the North-pole explorers did provisions, that they might be carried about the easier. He was an intellectual condensing-engine of vapourish imaginings into solid apothegms. The original bent of his genius, perhaps, was towards the discursive and the desultory ; — he possessed such a richness of imagination, that he could afford to be profuse where others were obliged to be thrifty of their resources ; but he could control at will the exuberance of his fancy to strengthen the energy of his wit : — this faculty is rare ; it is more than a tact ; it is a power.

It has been said that that man is a benefactor to his country who has caused two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. If this is true physically, it is not less so morally ; and in this sense Hood was, in no slight degree, a benefactor to his country, for he has caused a multitude of good thoughts to spring up where few existed before. He was the discoverer of a new sort of guano to fertilise men's minds, and to make them produce larger crops of good actions ; or rather it was an intellectual compost that he invented, and the materials of which were satire softened by kindness, and ridicule tempered with good feeling. He joked mankind into being better ; he made vice so comical that the evil-disposed dared not to indulge in their bad inclinations, from the dread of being laughing-stocks. He would have restrained the father of evil himself, if he could have got at him, from indulging his malice by the fear of his ridicule. Nothing could stand against it ; the foolish and the wicked could encounter all sorts of pains and penalties, but they could not bear being laughed at ; that was a comical sort of damnation that they shrunk from ; themselves furnished their own caricatures ; and to be gibbeted on high as the supremely ludicrous for the world to shoot its mirth at, was a climax of suffering too pointed to be endured by the most audacious ; — nobody likes to be "too ridiculous." Thus, in an age of reform, Hood was one of the most effectual of reformers. He played all sorts of vices and absurdities in Schedule A., to the great benefit of the community ; — if they do not remain there, it is not his fault.

Hood then has performed his part in the world well ; and in all his writings, let it never be forgotten, that in treating of the duties of the rich, and in advocating the cause of the poor, he ever upheld

the rights of the one, without attempting to foster erroneous prejudices and ill will against the other; for his aim was not to pull down the rich, but to raise up the poor. He has turned his talent to good account; that is, to the good account of others;—let us see what he has done for himself. This is a serious question; there is nothing comical in it at all;—but it is not a private question, it is one that concerns all literary men especially, as well as the great social body generally, of which they form an influential part;—it is a painful question; but it is one which, in duty to his family and to the public, cannot be passed by in silence.

With all his genius, with all his talents, with all the sense on the part of the public of the good that he has done, and with all his success, Mr. Hood has died a poor man. His success has been purely literary; in point of money he has failed; and he has left to his family only his fame for their patrimony. If it were not that a public announcement has been made of this painful fact, we should shrink from exposing it; but as the secret has been revealed, the more public it is now made the better, in order that it may stand the better chance of being remedied. The following are the terms in which it has been made known by those who, as his private friends, had the right to initiate such a proceeding on behalf of his family:—

“THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—This distinguished writer, who has for upwards of twenty years entertained the public with a constant succession of comic and humouristic works, in the whole range of which not a single line of immoral tendency, or calculated to pain an individual, can be pointed out, whose poems and serious writings rank among the noblest modern contributions to our national literature, and whose pen was ever the ready and efficient advocate of the unfortunate and oppressed (as recently, for instance, in the admirable ‘Song of the Shirt,’ which gave so remarkable an impulse to the movement on behalf of the distressed needlewomen,) has left, by his death, a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow’s life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessities, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. Under these circumstances, a subscription for the family has been set on foot. The admirers of Thomas Hood throughout the country, will, it is hoped, take this opportunity of publicly testifying their recognition of his genius and their sense of his personal worth.”

We confidently trust that such an appeal will be sufficient to interest the public, whom Thomas Hood has so long amused and instructed, and that it will have the effect of adding something more than barren laurels to the universal praise which hallows his tomb.

Let the public do honour to itself, by contributing to the comfort of those who inherit his name, and whom he has bequeathed as a legacy to his country; and while the memory of him is cherished in our

hearts, let our sense of his merits stimulate us, if not to generosity, at least to justice. It is not charity that is to be bestowed, but a debt that is to be paid; it is a return owing to him and to those whom he has left behind him; and we cannot doubt that it only requires to be suggested, to be gathered in abundantly. But the question does not rest here; it is our duty to say a few words on the general subject of the literary profession.

The great defect of the literary profession is, its want of pecuniary independence; it is not a money-making profession. During the lifetime of its professors, it is at best but a precarious means of subsistence; and when death closes the scene of their privations and their struggles, then it is in vain that the immortality of their works is appealed to in aid of the mortal wants of their survivors. It is not like a business which can be carried on by their descendants. The source of income ceases with the life of an author. But we think that literary men are themselves to blame in some degree for this lamentable position; and it is for the sake of suggesting some remedy for this evil that we venture to offer these observations. The remedy that we suggest is prompted by the practice of those of another profession, whose lives are necessarily held by a precarious tenure from the nature of their avocation, and from the effects of the destructive climate to which they are exposed; we allude to the officers of the army in the service of the East India Company. By a plan formed by themselves, it is the established rule for all officers in the Indian army to subscribe to a certain fund for the benefit of their widows and children. The reversionary fund thus secured is, in most cases, sufficient to preserve for their families a provision; and in all cases to secure them from the horrors of absolute want, so as to obviate the necessity of an appeal to public charity. Why could not literary men do the same? In the Indian army, if an officer were to neglect the securing of this provision for his family, it would be a disgrace which would cause him not only to lose caste among his associates, but which would draw on him public disesteem, and expose him to be pointed at as one destitute of proper feeling and regard for those whose welfare ought to be the principal object of his exertions. Thus the rule has become imperative. That its practice is most salutary is acknowledged by all, and is felt most convincingly by those who are benefited by its institution. Why should not literary men adopt some such system in their own case? The body is numerous, and in some few instances prosperous, in a worldly sense, and comparatively wealthy; so that in the beginning the strong might help the weak, and assist in the preliminary expences of the establishment. Such an institution would relieve literary men from some of their most bitter proscriptions, and by rendering them more independent in their profession would help to render them more independent in their works; at once raising them in their own opinions, and in the estimation of the public. Such an institution we confidently believe only wants some one to begin it; let those who have most leisure and means ennoble their names by being the founders of so honourable an association.

We have only one word more to say in reference to the gentleman whose name forms, and will continue to form, the title of this magazine. For some time past, all those acquainted with the current news of literature, have been aware that Mr. Hood's state of health allowed him to contribute but little to its pages; his genius and his benevolence, however, have stamped it with a character which has caused it to gain some favour with the public. It may be satisfactory to the friends of the magazine to know, that every endeavour will be made to carry it on in the admirable spirit of kindness to all men in which it was projected; and the expression of opinion which has been elicited by the publication of the last number leads us to hope that it has been considered as an earnest of the desire of its present conductors to preserve the tone of kindness and independence which distinguished its career while under the active superintendence of its projector. Its founder has passed away, but his spirit will still breathe in its pages.

From the Athenæum.

“THOMAS HOOD.

“‘Can Fulvia die?’ There are people in the world of literature as of social intercourse, who seem so indispensable to us that time must elapse ere we can believe that they are gone, to return no more. It is thus we feel in recording the death of Thomas Hood; after a wasting illness of many years’ slow progress, terminated by months of extreme debility and suffering, cheerfully borne. Often and familiarly as he was wont to talk of death and the things of the grave, there seemed a vitality in the man no less than in his genius, which makes the catastrophe startling as it is sad.

“Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Hood, the bookseller, of the firm of Verner and Hood. He gave to the public an outline of his early life, in the ‘Literary Reminiscences’ published in *Hood’s Own*. He was, as he there states, early placed ‘upon lofty stool, at lofty desk,’ in a merchant’s counting-house; but his commercial career was soon put an end to by his health, which began to fail; and by the recommendation of the physicians he was ‘shipped, as per advice, in a Scotch smack,’ to his father’s relations in Dundee. There he made his first literary venture in the local journals; subsequently he sent a paper to the *Dundee Magazine*, the editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, ‘to wrap my bit of nonsense under his Honor’s kiver, without charging for its insertion.’ Literature, however, was then only thought of as an amusement; for, on his return to London, he was, we believe, apprenticed to an uncle as an engraver, and subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keux. But though he always retained his early love for art, and had much facility in drawing, as the numberless quaint illustrations to his works testify, his tendencies were literary; and when, on the death of Mr. John Scott, the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Mr. Hood was installed in a sort of sub-editorship. From that time his career has been open and known to the public.

"The following is, we apprehend, something like a catalogue of Mr. Hood's works, dating from the period when his 'Odes and Addresses,' written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, brought him prominently before the public;—'Whims and Oddities,' 'National Tales,' 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' (a volume full of rich, imaginative poetry); 'The Comic Annuals,' subsequently reproduced, with the addition of new matter, as 'Hood's Own,' 'Tylney Hall,' 'Up the Rhine,' and 'Whimsicalities: a Periodical Gathering.' Nor must we forget one year's editorship of 'The Gem,' since that included 'Eugene Aram's Dream,' a ballad which we imagine will live as long as the language. Of later days Mr. Hood was an occasional contributor to *Punch's* basket of mirth and benevolence; and perhaps his last offering, 'The Song of the Shirt,' was his best—a poem of which the imitations have been countless, and the moral effect immeasurable.

"The secret of this effect, if analysed, would give the characteristics of one of the most original and powerful geniuses which ever was dropped by Faëry into infant's cradle, and oddly nursed up by man into a treasure, quaint, special, cameleon-coloured in the changefulness of its tints, yet complete and self-consistent. Of all the humourists, Hood was the most poetical. When dealing with the most familiar subjects, whether it might be a sweep bewailing the suppression of his cry, or a mother searching through St. Giles's for her lost infant, or a Miss Killmansegg's golden childhood—there was hardly a verse in which some touches of heart, or some play of fancy, did not beckon the laughing reader away into far other worlds than the jester's. It is true, that he was equally prone to vein and streak his noblest poems, on high and awful themes, with familiar allusions and grotesque similes; and this union of what is near and tangible with what soars high and sinks deep, wrought out in every capricious form which a gamesome invention could suggest, enabled him from time to time to strike home to the hearts of every one—the fastidious and the common-place—the man of wit and the man of dreams—of all, we should say, except the bigot and the charlatan. To these Hood's genial sarcasms must have been gall and wormwood, directed, as they were, to the noblest purposes. His jokes pierced the deeper, too, inasmuch as they were poet's jokes—clear of grossness or vulgarity. But what need is there once again, in this journal, to dissect or to display the gifts of one whose published works for years furnished out its richest mirth?—nor is the present the time. Our lips may speak of the wit which death could only exhaust, and the humour which sickness could not daunt, nor hard fortunes depress into silence; but our thoughts are fixed on the pall which hides them from us for ever!

"As little can we attempt any portraiture of the man: more original, we verily think, more gifted when met in the private social circle of those to whom he would open his stores, than when presenting himself to the world in print. The service is one comprehending too many mingled recollections to be borne at the moment. The world will presently feel how much poorer it is for Hood's with-

drawal ; and then there will be no lack of remembrancers and memorialists. Sufficient for the day is the regret !”

From the Literary Gazette.

“THOMAS HOOD

“Died on Saturday morning. A spirit of true philanthropy has departed from its earthly tenement ; the light of a curious and peculiar wit has been extinguished ; the feeling and pathos of a natural poet have descended into the grave ; and left those who knew, admired, and loved these qualities to feel and deplore the loss of him in whom they were so pre-eminently united.

“Yet we can hardly say that we lament his death. Poor Hood ! his sportive humour, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet, infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy, and a resigned soul. It had no terrors for him. A short while ago we sat for hours by his bed-side in general and cheerful conversation, as when in social and healthful intercourse. Then he spoke of the certain and unavoidable event about to take place with perfect unreserve, unruffled calmness ; and the lesson and example *how to die* was never given in a more impressive and consolatory manner than by Thomas Hood. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications—at times lively and jocular, at times serious and affecting ; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites,—a class he had always detested and written against ; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and purity of the faith professed. ‘Our common friend,’ he said, ‘Mrs. E.—, I love ; for she is a truly *religious*, and not a *pious*, woman.’ He seemed anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question should not be misrepresented ; and that his animosity against the pretended should not be misconstrued into a want of just estimation for the real.

“Another subject upon which he dwelt with much earnestness, and gratitude, was the grant of a pension of 100*l.* a year to his wife. ‘There is, after all,’ he observed, ‘much of good to counterbalance the bad in this world. I have now a better opinion of it than I once had, when pressed by wrongs and injuries,’ [of these he spoke, but they are not for public notice]. Two autograph letters from Sir Robert Peel, relating to this pension, gave him intense gratification, and were indeed most honourable to the heart of the writer, whose warmth in the expression of personal solicitude for himself and his family, and of admiration for his productions (with which Sir Robert seemed to be well acquainted), we firmly believe imparted more de-

light to the dying man than even the prospect that those so dear to him would not be left destitute. In his answer to the minister's first communication, he had alluded to the tendency of his writings ever being on the side of humanity and order, and not of the modern school, to separate society into two classes, the rich and poor, and to inflame hatred on one side, and fear on the other. This avowal appeared, from the reply, which acknowledged its truth, to have been very acceptable to the Premier, from whom the gift had emanated.

"We have thought that these particulars might possess an interest for our readers, and that, at least at the present period, a list and notice of Hood's works, so well and so generally known, would not be expected. As they have issued from the press we have always found a pleasure in pointing out their various merits and beauties, the idiosyncrasy of their humorous features, the touching tenderness of their more natural effusions. The smile and the sigh were ever blended together; the laugh at the grotesque idea and whimsical imagination (rarely seeing objects as other people saw them), and the tear which must flow over such pathetic narratives as *Eugene Aram* or the *Old Elm-Coffin*. Without a parallel and original as Hood was in the ludicrous, his more enduring fame will rest on the exquisitely humane and simply compassionate. There was no force or affectation in his efforts to serve his fellow-creatures—they were spontaneous and passionate; and all the art of picturesque and descriptive power bestowed upon them was but appropriate and congenial ornament, neither covering nor concealing the rich stream of benevolence which flowed in the depths below. His most cynical spark-lugs emanated from a kind heart; they were fireworks which revolved in many a quaint and brilliant device, but burnt or injured none. He could not help the droll conceit and dazzling sally; but the love of kind predominated throughout and over all.

"Mr. Hood was the son of the respectable publisher and bookseller of that name, long a partner in the firm of Vernor and Hood, Poultry, which is seen inscribed on many a title-page, some forty and fifty years ago. He has left a widow and two children, a son and a daughter, both inheriting much of his talent; and likely, we trust, to be more prosperous in the world than all his genius could make their parent.

"Mr. Hood's funeral is appointed to take place at noon to-day, in Kensal Green Cemetery; and a number of his friends will assemble there, to witness the last deposit of his remains in the grave."

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